

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY. 1874

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CHIEF TREASURES OF EUROPEAN LIBRARIES.

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BEFORE the age of letters, pictures, or representations, were largely used as chroniclers of events; obelisks and tombs, temples and palaces, furnished the tablature for these stone-hewn and painted histories. Books more stationary and local in their conditions were these than were those of mediæval times, that were chained to monastery and cathedral walls. Modern explorations in Egypt, Syria, and Moab, as well as about the sites of ruined Troy, Nineveh, and Babylon, have produced many illustrations of this ancient attempt at book-making. Even as late as the Spanish invasion of South America, letters were found to be wholly unknown to a people whose progress in the civilized arts had been by no means sluggish or contemptible. Emblems or pictorial representations were, however, in common use. The rudest savage met by Livingstone, in the heart of Africa, could draw a map in the sand which would be quite accurate enough for all practical purposes; but the aboriginal geographer, in every instance, was entirely destitute of any means of designating the names of rivers or villages, except verbally. In Yucatan and Honduras, books have been discovered made of the leaves of trees. In Mexico, the natives recorded events by the system of pictorial representation, so far as these would go toward furnishing an intelligent narrative; but when these failed, each respective author extemporized characters to suit his own fancy, but such as were meaningless to any but himself. The history of the origin of letters is an obscure one, and its dates very uncertain.

The books of the ancients were rolls of parch-
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ment or tanned hides, written upon in regular columns, but without spacing between the words, or punctuation into sentences, appearing to the unpracticed eye like an unmeaning and well-nigh endless string of letters. Many of the rarest Mexican books deposited in European libraries, claim to be written on human skin. The early practice of chiseling history on the walls of tombs and palaces was gradually supplanted by the custom of engraving or inscribing characters on tablets of stone, wood, metal, or burned clay. These archives were deposited in the temples, for the purpose of recording acts relating to history and public law; hence the origin of libraries. Osymandyas, one of the ancient kings of Egypt, is said to have been the first to found a library. He established it in one of the compartments of the edifice which has sometimes been called his palace, and sometimes his tomb. Diodorus describes it by saying that, "on the entrance was inscribed, in Greek, the words, *The Dispensary of the Soul*, while the sculptures on the walls represented a judge with the image of truth suspended from his neck, and many books or rolls lying at his feet." More recent travelers, such as Wilkinson, inform us that on the door-jambs of one of the inner halls may still be seen representations of Thoth, the inventor of letters, and the goddess Sof, his companion, with the title of "Lady of Letters," and "President of the Hall of Books."

But leaving the history of libraries, it is our task to name a few of the chief literary treasures deposited in the principal European libraries. Our attention is naturally directed first to the British Museum—that mammoth depository of literature, art, and antiquities. To attempt to name the most valuable and rare books of this massive collection would be useless,

since an octavo catalogue would not contain their titles alone. Those which stand forth most conspicuously above the rest can only receive a passing mention. In the department of manuscripts, the most precious and princely is the famous "Codex Alexandrinus," so called from its supposed origin at Alexandria. This is one of the three or four most noted copies of the Holy Scriptures. It contains the whole Bible in Greek, including the Septuagint version of the Old Testament, with the First (or genuine) Epistle of Clement to the Corinthians, and part of his Second (or apocryphal) Epistle. It is defective, however, in a few places in the Epistles and Psalms, where whole chapters are totally missing. The manuscript, which is on thin vellum and in semi-folio form, is now bound in four volumes, the first three of which contain the Old Testament. The pages are about thirteen inches long and ten broad; the writing on each is divided into two columns of fifty lines each, having about twenty letters in a line. These letters are continuously written in uncial characters without any space between the words. This manuscript was placed in the Museum in 1753; it previously belonged to the king's private collection, having been presented to Charles I through Sir Thomas Roe, English Ambassador to Turkey, by Cyril Lucas, Patriarch of Constantinople. An Arabic inscription several centuries old, at the back of the Table of Contents on the first leaf of the manuscript, states that it was written by the hand of Thecla, the martyr, and given to the Patriarchal Chamber in the year of the martyrs 814 (A. D. 1098). Another, and apparently an inscription in Moorish Arabic, declares that the book was dedicated to the Patriarchal Chamber at Alexandria. Neither of these postscripts is to be relied on. Scholars generally admit that it was brought from Alexandria by Cyril, the Patriarch, and fix its date at the beginning or middle of the fifth century.

The manuscript department of the Museum is especially rich in old scholastic divinity, embellished by many famous illuminators of different centuries. Among its curiosities is a collection of the domestic music of Henry VIII, and the "Basilicon Doron" of James I, in his own handwriting, and a volume of French romances, presented by Talbot, Earl of Shafisbury, to Queen Margaret of Anjou. One of the earliest known copies of the "Odyssey" of Homer, and another of the "Iliad," equally old, are deposited in different sections. A *fac-simile* of the Vatican Virgil, executed by Bartoli, in 1742, is also among its vast treasures of classic lore.

As examples of the expensive features of early book-making, there are two very old copies

of the Latin Gospels written in gold letters. The splendid Bible of Charlemagne, in two volumes, is another of the same class. In the entire collection, nothing surpasses in interest the six hundred volumes of Syriac manuscripts collected from their several depositories in the Nitrian Desert. These six hundred volumes comprise not less than twelve hundred distinct works, of which the oldest dates from the beginning of the fifth century, and the latest are of the beginning of the fourteenth. Among these is a copy of the Pentateuch, dated 464. Nearly thirty volumes contain books of the Old Testament in the Peshito version, and more than forty volumes contain portions of the New Testament, many of them of the sixth century. Nor is the collection of printed books destitute of literary rarities. Among these choice treasures we may mention the following: The Mentz Latin Bible (or Mazarine Bible), by Guttenberg, *circa* 1455, two volumes; this was the second publication that came forth from the joint press of Guttenberg, Faust, and Schœffer. The first edition of "Livy," on vellum, by Sweynheim & Pannartz, 1469, which, three hundred and forty-six years after publication, sold for the sum of eight hundred and sixty guineas, or upward of four thousand dollars. A copy of the first edition of "Ovid" by Azzoguidi, and a copy of that rare and superb edition of Virgil, the "Aldine" of 1505. One of the first Shakespeares, 1623, the finest known. Besides, thousands of other curiosities, whose worth can never be calculated, have found a permanent home, we trust, in this retreat of the muses. Some idea (if in fact an idea can at all be formed) of this vast treasure-house of literature can only be reached when we state that the catalogue of printed books alone, as late as 1849, reached eighty-seven large folio volumes; and another catalogue in process of completion, in which the titles of additions made to the collection since that date are recorded, has reached upward of three hundred volumes folio.

In the Royal Library at Windsor, a few rarities are to be found. The first is the most splendid copy of the "Psalterium" in existence, being from the press of Faust & Schœffer, in the year 1457, and is the earliest printed book known with a date. It is superbly bound in garter-blue velvet, having on the sides the royal crown and cipher in solid gold, with embossed gold corners and clasps. The second is the "Doctrynal" of Sappence, the only book known to have been printed by Caxton on vellum. A third is a "Shakespeare" of 1632, remarkable in being presented to Sir Thomas

Herbert by Charles I, bearing the king's autograph and favorite motto, *Dum Spiro Spero*.

Windsor Library also contains a very extensive collection of drawings by the old masters, which is arranged and bound in volumes. Among these Leonardo Da Vinci, Raffaele, Michael Angelo, the Caracci, Guercino, Claude Lorraine, and Nicolas Poussin are duly represented. Holbein's beautiful drawings of the distinguished members of the Court of Henry VIII are also deposited here. It is the boast of this library that it contains forty volumes printed by Caxton.

The library founded by Archbishop Bancroft, in the reign of James I, which formerly occupied an apartment at Lambeth Palace, is perhaps the richest in manuscripts of extreme rarity in Biblical literature of any in London. Two curiosities in this collection are the ancient French version and exposition of the Apocalypse, ornamented with miniature paintings; and the Latin copy of the Apocalypse, most beautifully illuminated, which is supposed to have been written in the thirteenth century.

The library of Trinity College, Cambridge, has a number of rarities. Among these are several manuscripts in the handwriting of Milton. They are contained in a thin folio volume, which was discovered by Professor Mason among the papers of Sir Henry Puckering, and consist of the original manuscript of the "Masque of Comus;" several plans of "Paradise Lost," composed at the period when the author intended to have made it the groundwork of a tragedy; also, the poems of "Lycidas," "Arcades," etc. The University or public library of Cambridge possesses the celebrated copy of the Four Gospels and Acts of the Apostles, known as the "Codex Bezae," which was presented to the University by the reformer himself. This manuscript dates from the middle of the sixth century. It also contains the "Magna Charta," written on vellum; a Coptic manuscript, written on long, narrow papyrus; and a Koran, on cotton paper, beautifully executed.

Of private libraries, Lord Spencer's, situated at Althorp, Northamptonshire, is the richest in curiosities. So numerous are these, that half a century ago an author (Dr. Dibdin) devoted seven octavo volumes to their description. "It contains several books, consisting of impressions taken from carved wooden blocks, previously to the invention of metallic types, and thus exhibiting the earliest specimens of stereotype printing. In others, engraved figures constitute the principal part, to which is added a small proportion of text; and only one side

of the leaf is employed, the other being left blank. Such is the 'Ars Memorandi Notabilis per Figuras Evangelistorum;' supposed to have been thrown off previous to the year 1430, and consisting of a number of rude cuts of the principal events recorded in the Gospels, with text on the opposite page; and such, also, is the 'Ars Moriendi;' the subject of which is a sick man in bed, surrounded by grotesque and hideous figures of angels and demons. The taste of the time inclined to the monstrous and the absurd. In the first named work, St. Luke is represented by a bull standing on his hind-legs, whilst St. Mark is depicted as a rampant lion. The 'Historia Veteris et Novi Testamenti, seu Biblia Pauperum,' also in this collection, is supposed to have been executed prior to the year 1400, and is by some considered as the earliest specimen of block-printing." (Edward Edwards, author of "Memoirs of Libraries.")

The library also contains, besides, a Mentz Bible; Faust & Schaeffer's Bible on vellum, 1462; the famous Latin Psalter, printed on the same press in 1457; being the first printed book, as stated above, to which a date is affixed. Two rarities especially deserve mention: the famous edition of "Horace," printed at Naples in 1474, by Arnoldus de Bruxella, of which there is no other known copy; and the noted Boccaccio's "Decameron," printed by Valdarfer in 1471. This work, at the Roxburgh sale in 1813, produced, for a single volume, the most extraordinary price of £2,260, or nearly \$11,000.

The department of manuscript of the Advocate's Library at Edinburgh, among other valuable relics, contains a copy of the "Epigrams of Martial," in perfect preservation, dating in the ninth century, and is supposed to be one of the most ancient copies of the "Epigrams" extant. So valuable is this manuscript considered, that, in 1811, an author (Mr. Dalzell) devoted an octavo volume to its description. A manuscript of St. Jerome's translation of the Bible, supposed to have been written about the tenth century, and originally found in the Abbey Church of Dunfermline during the reign of David I, is another book of interest. From the Auchinleck manuscript, which is a collection of ancient English poems and metrical romances, Sir Walter Scott printed the "Romance of Sir Tristram." The library also contains one hundred volumes of Icelandic manuscript; among which are many old Sagas. Hume, the historian, was once the librarian of this collection. Three manuscripts only, in the library of Aberdeen University, are worthy of mention; they are, one of the splendid copies of

the Koran, said to have belonged to Tippoo Saib; a work on Hindoo theology, written on fine vellum and rolled on a piece of ivory, like the rolls of the ancients; and a Shaster, in Sanskrit, written on the leaves of trees.

The Imperial Library in Paris is, without doubt, the richest in all Europe. Its number of printed books approximates closely to one million volumes, and its manuscripts to one hundred thousand. It is estimated that the total number of books extant, which are printed on vellum, do not exceed twenty-seven hundred, and the Imperial Library contains more than half of them. Its collections of fine portraits, painted and drawn on vellum and cards, all arranged chronologically, number considerably above a million and a half. Dr. Dibdin devotes a good proportion of the second volume of his "Bibliographical Tour," to a description of its rarities.

The convent of the Escorial (Spain) contains a library of considerable richness in one particular line. The vaulted ceilings of the building itself are decorated with arabesques and colossal figures by Pellegrino Tibaldi. The book-cases are of cedar, beautifully carved and frescoed by Carducci, emblematical of the several divisions of the works arranged upon the shelves. The books are all turned with their titles toward the wall and edges outward, according to the custom of Arius Montanus, who bequeathed his manuscripts to the Escorial. Four manuscripts, especially, are very valuable: the "Codex Aureus," containing the Four Gospels, written on one hundred and sixty leaves of vellum, in gold letters, and dating from the tenth century; a treatise by St. Augustine, "De Baptismo Parvulorum," claimed by Spanish writers to be an autograph copy; the original works of St. Teresa; and a parchment roll containing an original Greek manuscript by St. Basil. The Columbian Library, at Seville, contains a precious manuscript, the one in which Columbus tried to satisfy the Inquisition that his discovery had been Scripturally predicted. It also has some books that were his cabin companions, and bear his manuscript notes.

The Vatican Library, at Rome, founded A. D. 1447, has ever been an object of curiosity and mystery. Perhaps such an appellation as *the magnificent* can be applied to it more justly than to any other collection in Europe, not so much on account of its extent as because of its value. The library occupies three apartments,—the anteroom, the double gallery, and the great hall. "The vestibule contains Chinese works relating to geography and chronology, together with two columns bearing ancient inscriptions.

The anteroom is appropriated to the two keepers of the library, and the secretaries or interpreters, usually seven in number, who speak the principal languages of Europe, and who attend for the convenience of learned foreigners. In this apartment there are also accommodated those engaged in translating from the Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, Greek, and Latin languages. Passing from the anteroom, the visitor enters a double gallery of two hundred and twenty feet in length, on either side of which are arranged the Greek and Latin manuscripts of the ancient Papal collection, which strangers at first conceive to be the whole library; but at its extremity there opens up in almost interminable perspective, another gallery of about one thousand English feet in length. . . . These galleries and apartments, all vaulted and painted with varied effect by painters of different eras and talents, constitute the receptacle of this noble library. The books are nearly all kept in close cases, so that in the Vatican, the stranger seeks in vain for that imposing display of volumes which he may have seen and admired in other libraries." (Ency. Brit.)

The following are a few works of the greatest antiquity and value. The Virgil of the fourth or fifth century, written in uncial or capital letters, and illuminated with the most curious miniatures, is the finest in the world. A Terence, equally ancient and quite as elegant, and another not so old, dating from the ninth century, but illuminated with ancient masks. There is also deposited in this vast treasure-house, a palimpsest, containing the treatise of Cicero, "De Republica," supposed to be of the third century, and in the form of books. This and the Virgil are considered the oldest manuscripts in existence. Here also is one of the three great Biblical manuscripts which contend with each other for the greatest antiquity—the "Codex Vaticanus." It contains the Old and New Testaments, with various omissions or chasms, and is written in capital letters. Each page has three columns, except in some places of the Old Testament. It is placed usually at the middle of the fourth century. This great Biblical and textual authority was removed by the French Commissioners to the Imperial Library of Paris in 1797, together with five hundred and one other manuscripts, among which were the famous Virgil, Terence, Homer, Cæsar, and Plautus of the Vatican, besides other rare books. But in 1814 and 1815 these were all restored.

Among the rare manuscripts of Bibles is a very large Hebrew Bible, formerly in the library of the dukes of Urbino; for which, though it is so

ponderous as to require two men to carry it, Venetian Jews are said to have offered its weight in gold.

A Greek manuscript of the Acts of the Apostles, written in gold letters, and presented to Innocent VIII by the Queen of Cyprus, is worthy of note. The "Annals," of Barronius, in twelve volumes, written with his own hand; a copy of Dante's "Divina Commedia," in the handwriting of Boccaccio, and sent by him to Petrarch; an autograph manuscript of the "Rinaldo" of Petrarch, with his corrections; and another autograph of Tasso, including a sketch of his "Gierusalemme Liberata," written when nineteen years of age, are all to be found in this autograph collection. To this list might be added Henry VIII's love-letters to Anne Boleyn, nine in French and eight in English. Here, also, is Pynson's dedication copy, on vellum (London, 1521), of the same sovereign's treatise against Luther, which won for the king the title of "Defender of the Faith."

The Ambrosian Library of Milan has annexed to it a gallery of pictures, statues, antiques, and medals, comprising many articles of interest. Most noticeable among the contents of its manuscript collection is a ponderous volume of the "Physico-mathematical Works of Leonardo Da Vinci, with Mechanical Designs and Drawings." This volume fell into the hands of the French in 1791, when they availed themselves of the fortunes of war for a general literary grab. It was, however, afterward restored when the scales of fortune had changed. Among its other curiosities are a great Virgil, with annotations by Petrarch, in autograph, among which notes are his lines regarding Laura; ten letters of Lucretia Borgia, addressed to Cardinal Bembo; the "Missal" of Cardinal Borromeo, superbly illuminated; and among early Greek manuscripts, a "Josephus," translated by Rufinus, on papyrus, written on both sides of each leaf. According to Montfaucon, who visited the library in 1690, this rare manuscript at that time was twelve hundred years old.

Bologna possesses a great library, containing many interesting manuscripts, the most precious of which is a Lactantius in square quarto, of the sixth century, written in uncial letters; and the most curious volume is a Mexican manuscript which has puzzled all the learned men of Italy or Europe who have attempted to read it.

Of Florentine libraries, the Laurentian, founded and enriched by the Medici, was once the greatest; but perhaps no collection has suffered more from the changeful fortunes of war. It, however, still possesses many manuscripts of

interest, yet its chief glory has departed. The Magliabechi Library contains rich treasures. A few are the following: The "Mentz Bible of 1462," on vellum; the first edition of Homer, printed at Florence, 1488, on vellum, with miniatures; a copy of Dante, 1481, on vellum, beautifully embellished, and presented to the Senate of Florence by Landino; besides many others too numerous to refer to in our cursory account.

The Brancacciana Library of Naples displays among its choice manuscripts, a finely illuminated copy of the "Tragedies" of Seneca; but its most choice book is one of the three or four copies, printed on vellum, of the first edition of Homer, 1488. The volume containing the "Iliad" bears the marks of violence, some vandal having ruthlessly torn out several leaves simply for their illuminations. The "Odyssey," however, escaped such a fate. The first page is illuminated in the first style of Italian art, and one of the most charming portraits in existence, of the full size of the book, has been inserted. The picture is that of one of the Farnese family, and if not by the hand of Raffaello, is at least by his master, Pietro Perugino.

We would gladly linger among the classic and unrivaled mines of Italian literature and art, but must hasten with more rapid pace toward the conclusion of this brief sketch. Space will only permit of the barest mention of a few of the libraries of Germany. The Imperial Library of Vienna is contained in a room which exceeds in splendor any thing in Europe. The floor is red and white marble; the vaulted dome, one hundred and ninety-three feet high by fifty-seven wide, supported by columns of scagliola, with painted ceilings, and adorned with marble statues, is palatial in both its style and proportions. Passing the printed books by, we will name a few manuscripts of singular rarity. A Mexican manuscript, said to be written on human skin, and furnishing an interesting specimen of curious figure writing; the manuscript of the fifth decade of Livy, assigned to the sixth century; a "Psalter," written in letters of gold, and formerly the property of Charlemagne; a manuscript of St. Mark's and St. Luke's Gospels, written in gold and silver characters; a manuscript of Dioscorides, with colored drawings of plants, written in the year 505, by order of the Princess Julia Anicia, only daughter of the Emperor Olybrius, a very precious manuscript; and an autograph manuscript of the "Gierusalemme Liberata," of Tasso.

The King of Saxony's Public Library, at

Dresden, contains six hundred copies of the Aldine editions. Among the manuscripts is a Mexican manuscript, said to be written on human skin, and containing a calendar with some fragments of the history of the Incas; and the original manuscript of the "Reveries" of Marshal Saxe, bearing at the end a note, stating that he composed the work in thirteen nights, when suffering from a fever. The Imperial Library at Berlin is a vast collection. Among early printed books, there are several printed from blocks, of which are the "Rationale" of Durandus, 1462, on vellum; the Aldine "Petrarch," 1501; and Luther's Bible, on vellum. Its manuscript department contains a number of Egyptian works on papyrus. The Public Library at Stuttgart possesses the largest collection of Bibles in the world, numbering nearly nine thousand, in sixty different languages. It is scarcely necessary for us to remark that the "Codex Sinaiticus" is the crowning glory of the great Imperial Library at St. Petersburg. This noted manuscript was discovered in 1859, at the Convent of St. Catherine, Mt. Sinai, by Tischendorf. It consists of three hundred and forty-five leaves and a half, one hundred and ninety-nine in the Old Testament, and a hundred and forty-seven in the New. Besides the New Testament, it has Barnabas and Hermes at the end. The Old Testament has chasms, but the New Testament is complete. Tischendorf supposes it to be older than the "Vaticanus;" and if such is the case it would be the oldest manuscript of the Scriptures in existence. Its date is placed in the fourth century; however, some are disposed to be skeptical as to its extreme antiquity, and place its date in the sixth century, but admit that it was copied from a manuscript older and earlier than the "Vaticanus."

Thus we have attempted to name a few of the chief treasures of European libraries; but, in attempting it, have found our field altogether too broad for such a hasty review. While we have named a few works of interest and rarity, we have omitted the many, thousands of which are equally deserving of mention, and quite as interesting to the reader. Our task is one of about the same extent as would be that of a writer who would undertake a description in the same compass of all the stars visible to the naked eye on a cloudless Summer's night. We have been obliged to overlook the constellations, as such, and confine ourselves to the planets and fixed stars. Nor have we been able to mention all the large libraries that merit notice. To the antiquarian and the bibliophile, there is still a rich fund not yet opened.

THE WOMEN OF TENNYSON'S POEMS.

BY MISS ELIZA WOODWORTH.

WHEN Alfred Tennyson shall have passed away, and the future weighs his merits, and decides his peculiar and individual claims to be placed "high on the everlasting hills of fame," it will be found, we think, that the best efforts of his genius have culminated around one subject,—woman. From the melody chanted in his youth over the grassy grave of Claribel, to the story of "Queen Guinevere," finished at the noon of life, and to the idyl of Gareth and Lynette, recently told us, while the evening shadows are gathering round him, woman has been the inspirer of his clearest and loveliest visions, the theme evoking the highest displays of his genius. And his genius is exalted, his creative power is genuine. And in an age that has stooped to listen with but little surprise, not altogether free from a vague, disdainful admiration, to the foul, debauching ravings of Swinburne, sickening in their grossness, and contemptible in their vulgar, savage sensualism, it is at least an omen of good that the great English poet of the century and of woman has preserved his pages white in spotless purity.

It is just now quite the fashion of many writers to dissect what they imagine to be woman's "nature," as surgeons dissect a dead body. Woman's nature is cut to pieces, and held up in fragments for public inspection, with the cry, Lo, here is a spreading ulcer; lo, there is a tubercular deposit; in this place an imperfectly formed muscle, in that a swollen joint. From the crown of her head to the soles of her feet, there is no sound spot in her. But, *such as we are*, we are God's handiwork; and we live on, in spite of all the diseased and inconsequential portions of our nature; in spite of all our lacks, in spite of all our redundancies, we live on; and this stout old world contrives still to revolve, just as well as though man had trimmed, and pruned, and taken away from, and added to us, as much as he often thinks he ought to. Often, but not always. These men, who blame women so uselessly—for we are never "improved" by it, seldom grieved at it, but, on the whole, we find it rather amusing—these men really comprise very few of the men in the world, though they make more noise about women than all the others put together. But the "others" hold the great balance of power, and they are loyal to us; they know that we are the helpmeet for them; they know that if we are not what they *want*, we are what they *need*, which is of vastly more

importance. They also know that woman generally is true to her divinely given "nature;" that she is pure, loving, self-sacrificing, earnest, and reasonable. And no better knight have we than the present poet-laureate of England.

But Alfred Tennyson does not always deem himself to be our knight, which is the best part of it. In "The Princess"—well called "a medley"—he is any thing but chivalrous. Still he is our knight—will he, nill he, because we are ever his best, and often his only inspirers. Take from him what he has written about women, and he is despoiled of almost every claim to poetic power and fame. He thus carries, perforce, a gallant lance in the grand modern tourney of ideas, which is to result, within the present century, in placing woman fairly by the side of man—neither below him, nor above him.

Our knight is oddly like ourselves. Alfred Tennyson has all the requisites of a great and brilliant woman writer. He has delicate and exquisitely beautiful imagery; subtle intuition concerning the mystic relations between inner and visible things; rare taste in the choice of words, and wonderful artistic skill in arranging the lights and shades of his pictures. He has also a woman's faults. He is too youthful; he dwells too exclusively on love; he is ornate; he is same. But in his poems, taken together, there is so much beauty and thought and refinement, that the voice of censure quickly fails before it, and grows inaudible. As to "The Princess" (always an affliction of soul), it is unworthy of him, and we women will not judge him by it. For not all our knights of poesy have done us uniform honor—perhaps it would be asking too much, especially in view of our many and undeniable faults. If we sometimes feel aggrieved at the cavalier manner in which they treat us on their pages, let us consider what they would have done without us! What a small amount of very awkward poetry most of them could have written, if they had left us out altogether! Fancy our being banished from the pages of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Pope, Cowper, Moore, Scott, Tennyson! All these men, save the gentle Cowper, occasionally berate us—it is most ungrateful in them—but they are our knights notwithstanding, since they prove how "absolutely requisite" is the consideration of women in any comprehensive scale of life—how largely and intimately she enters into all broad schemes of thought, and how constant and resistless her influence for good or for evil.

Tennyson is emphatically, and in the best sense, the poet of love. No other has treated

the subject so exhaustlessly in single histories, or in so many different aspects. Accordingly, among his many portraits of women, some may be found of surpassing beauty. In every succeeding volume, extending from youth to his age's beginning, are charming delineations of different types of womanhood. Each of these word-portraits is remarkable for its distinct characterization of the one woman whom it describes. She is herself, and no other. The poet's ideals are never confused; each has her own peculiar graces of person, and her own individuality as to mental expression and moral life. We purpose outlining a few of the most striking, though our work will be but a pupil's dim penciling, wanting the rich color and perfect life of the master's painting.

All present editions of Tennyson's poems open, as in duty bound (he being poet-laureate), with an address to the queen; of whom he tells us the children of the future may say:

"Her court was pure; her life serene;
God gave her peace; her land reposed;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as mother, wife, and queen."

Had the poet lived in what he elsewhere calls,

"The spacious times of great Elizabeth,"

he might have found elements in that strong and stormy nature better befitting verse than the ordinary and acquiescent traits characterizing, but not individualizing, the present Queen of Britain. Always redeeming from commonness the first page of the "Complete Works," is the short poem "Claribel," published with the earliest issue of Tennyson's writings, in 1830. Alas! how many years have gathered lichens on the "mossed headstone" above that maiden! "Margaret," also a poem belonging to his youth, is a description of a pensive, tranquil, and self-contained nature. It seems to us one of the most beautiful and truthful of his portraits of women. We quote a few detached lines:

"O sweet, pale Margaret;
O rare, pale Margaret,
What lit your eyes with tearful power,
Like moonlight on a falling shower?
Who lent you, love, your mortal dower
Of pensive thought and aspect pale?
From the evening-lighted wood,
From all things outward, you have won
A tearful grace, as though you stood
Between the rainbow and the sun.
You are the evening star, always
Remaining betwixt dark and bright:
Lull'd echoes of laborious day
Come to you; gleams of mellow light
Float by you on the verge of night.
The arching limes are tall and shady,
And faint, rainy lights are seen.

Moving in the leavy beach;
Rise from the feat of sorrow, lady,
Where all day long you sit between
Joy and woe, and whisper each."

How harmoniously the out-door scenery of this poem is blended with the shadowed and pensive nature of the woman it enshrines! Lillian, "airy, fairy Lillian," is the opposite of Margaret. Tiresomely gay is she (like some women we all know), in a chronic state of laughter and dimple, causing her fatigued lover both to entreat and threaten:

"Prythee weep, May Lillian!
Gayety without eclipse,
Wearieth me, May Lillian.

If prayers will not hush thee,
Airy Lillian,
Like a rose-leaf I will crush thee,
Fairy Lillian."

"Madeline" is still another clear, sharp contrast. Ever varying, she ranges through light and shadow, and "all airy forms of fitting change." Her swiftly passing moods are finely likened to

"Hues of the silken sheeny woof,
Momentally shot into each other."

"Eleānore" is one of the most genuine love-poems of Tennyson's youth. It is short, but full of beautiful imagery. Distinct and delicate as the carved cameo appears the lovely woman of his poetic fancy, while all the scenic and outward comparisons and surroundings are toned to accord with herself. To Eleānore he sings,—

"Thou wert born on a Summer morn,
A mile beneath the cedar wood.

Thou wert nursed in some delicious land
Of lavish lights and floating shades;

The Oriental fairy brought
From old well-heads of haunted rills,
And the hearts of purple hills,
And shadowed coves on a sunny shore
The choicest wealth of all the earth,
Jewel or shell, or starry ore,
To deck thy cradle, Eleānore.

Or the yellow-banded bees
Fed thee, a child, lying alone,
With whitest honey in fairy gardens cull'd.

Summer herself should minister
To thee, with fruitage golden-rinded,
On golden salvers, or it may be
Youngest Autumn, in a bower
Grape-thicken'd from the light, and blinded
With many a deep-hued bell-like flower
Of fragrant trailers, when the air
Sleepeth over all the heaven,
And the crag that fronts the even
All along the shadowing shore,
Crimsons over an inland mere."

"Mariana" is also one of Tennyson's early poems. It was published forty-four years ago.

In power of description, it equals, we fancy, any of his other efforts. The failing, dreary house, and the darkened, hopeless life slowly fading out within its moldering walls, form a monograph of the utter desolation sometimes befalling women.

In 1842, Mr. Tennyson published a volume containing "The English Idyls," and also several short poems of great beauty. The days of "Eleānore" and of "Mariana" had passed away, and calmer sight, and wiser, deeper thoughts, and perhaps higher aims, came with the gathering years. In this collection is "St. Agnes," a poem, blanched and spotless in its purity, like frost-tracery, or a fair white lily blooming in moonlight. We quote the whole—it is too beautiful to be marred by omissions.

"Deep on the convent-roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon;
My breath to heaven like vapor goes—
May my soul follow soon!
The shadows of the convent-towers
Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours
That lead me to my Lord.
Make thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snowdrop of the year
That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soil'd and dark,
To yonder shining ground;
As this pale taper's earthy spark,
To yonder argent round:
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
My spirit before Thee:
So in mine earthly house I am
To that I hope to be.
Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far,
Through all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors;
The flashes come and go;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
And strews her lights below,
And deepens on and up! The gates
Roll back, and far within
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
To make me pure of sin.
The Sabbaths of eternity,
One Sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining sea—
The bridegroom with his bride!"

The women of Tennyson's poems, with a few exceptions, like St. Agnes and Godiva, may be massed in three classes,—those to whom he sings of love, rustic characters, and the court ladies of King Arthur's time. The love-poems, varied by the moralizing or regrets of "Maud," and "Locksley Hall," and "Aylmer's Field" (a trio like and yet unlike), are similar to those we have so briefly noted. The rustic characters are singularly few. The Gardener's Daughter, the Miller's Daughter, Annie in "Enoch Arden," with less than half-a-dozen others very faintly

sketched, comprise his allusions to lives of lowly and humble women. It is also a noticeable fact that the "great unwashed," in its feminine element, never appears among this poet's portraits. Unlike Mrs. Browning, who sometimes introduces the "great unwashed" so objectively, and with such life-like surroundings, that despite of one's righteous and utmost efforts to feel humane, one can not avoid a little nausea, Tennyson dedicates his thoughts about women almost solely to the cultivated and refined. Bating a few very clean and eminently respectable miller's daughters and fishermen's wives, his heroines are all what are technically termed *ladies*. His attempts at portraying simple and rural characters are failures, except that of Annie, whose individual life is overborne by her fate. He requires drapery, jewels, and costly surroundings; above all, interwoven lives and thoughts, refined wants, studied, elaborate preferences, and choice between choice. With these comparatively outside holds for his genius, he delves into souls, he seizes motives, he arraigns thought, he brings out, word by word, the true heart-history in fairest rhymic measure.

"The Idyls of the King," upon which his fame will finally rest, afford many fine examples of his power to do what he will with the choicest gifts of nature and of wealth. Its most prominent characteristic lies in its descriptions of beautiful women; each beautiful, but differing from the others as one star differeth from another in glory, though all are glorious.

Gentle Enid, wedded to Prince Geraint, is one of the most charming types of womanhood depicted in these "Idyls." Her husband, long loved in Arthur's splendid court,—

"To make her beauty vary day by day,
In crimsons, and in purples, and in gems;
He compassed her with sweet observances
And worship."

until, in an evil hour, his heart was filled with jealousy. Then he bade her put on her meanest dress, and ride forth with him while he sought adventures through a desolate land,

"By bandit-haunted holds,
Gray swamps and pools, waste places of the fern,
And wildernesses, perilous paths;"

sternly refusing to tell her, his gentle, loving Enid, the cause of his sudden displeasure. And they rode on, through weary days, he fighting and overcoming many enemies as they went, and she,

"Ever praying the sweet heavens
To save her dear lord whole from any wound.
And ever in her mind she cast about
For that unnoticed failing in herself
Which made him look so cloudy and so cold,"

while he mused sadly and sullenly on the time when he bore her from her father's castle,

"A blossom vermeil-white;

And felt were she the prize of bodily force,
Himself . . . could move
The chair of Idris."

How the prince was at last wounded and taken to the castle of an unknighly foe, who, believing him dead, smote Enid on the cheek when she repelled his loathsome advances, at which she, in her utter helplessness, and thinking all was lost,

"Sent forth a sudden sharp and bitter cry,
As of a wild thing taken in the trap,
Which sees the trapper coming through the wood;"

how the cry of her, once so tenderly loved, aroused Geraint, so that he rose against the beastly foe, and at one sweep of his sword,

"The russet-bearded head rolled on the floor;"

and how blameless Enid won her way back to his heart; what happy years they passed in their lordly hall, till the brave prince

"Crown'd
A happy life with a fair death, and fell
Against the heathen of the Northern Sea,
In battle,"—

these things ye all may read in the Second Idyl of good King Arthur's Court.

What a contrast to the guileless Enid is the "wily Vivien," the heroine of the Third Idyl! Vile in heart, but fair to the eye is she, all in a robe

"Of samite without price, . . .
In color like the satin shining palm
On willows in the windy gleams of March.

She played about with slight and sprightly talk,
And vivid smiles, and faintly-venom'd points
Of slander, glancing here, and grazing there."

In another Idyl, we read the sad, beautiful story of Elaine, "the lily maid of Astolat." Loving vainly, with that love which was her doom; guarding in her high tower the shield of guilty Lancelot; living in fantasy, while he rode to tilt in the diamond jousts, among

"Lords of waste marches, kings of desolate isles."

Alas! sweet wild blossom! fading in thy fair, early morning! Elaine, thou loveliest of all the golden-haired maidens of poesy, what a day was that when

"Death, like a friend's voice, from a distant field
Approaching, through the darkness called,"

and thy youth listened eagerly; and what a song was that thou didst so sweetly make to sing thyself to death's sleep! Listen to it, youths and maidens:

"Sweet is true love, though given in vain, in vain:
And sweet is death who puts an end to pain;
I know not which is sweeter—no, not I."

Love, art thou sweet? then bitter death must be:
Love, thou art bitter; sweet is death to me.
O love, if death be sweeter, let me die.

Sweet love, that seems not made to fade away!
Sweet death, that seems to make us loveless clay;
I know not which is sweeter—no, not I.

I fain would follow love, if that could be;
I needs must follow death, who calls for me;
Call and I follow—I follow! let me die."

"Gareth and Lynette" is among our poet's latest works. It is one of the series belonging to the "Idyls of the King," and is published in a dainty volume by itself. It describes the first quest of a young and fiery knight, and is the most spirited and humorous of Tennyson's poems. The character of Gareth's mother, Queen Bellicent, is finely drawn. She, tenderly regardful of the safety of her best loved son, long strove to keep him by her, far from the dangers of knighthood, while he thirsted for its perils and its honors, and longed to fly,—

"Discaged to sweep
In ever-highering eagle-circles up
To the great Sun of Glory, and thence swoop
Down upon all things base, and dash them dead,—
A knight of Arthur, working out his will
To cleanse the world."

Wearied by his prayers, the good queen at length consented, on condition that he should go disguised to Arthur's palace, hiding his princely name and noble lineage from all, and there hire himself to serve

"A twelvemonth and a day,
For meats and drinks,
Among the scullions and the kitchen knaves,
And those that hand the dish across the bar."

And go he did, and serve he did, and that with might and main a month, when the mother's heart relented, and she released him from his hard promise. Then he was made a knight, and went forth on his first glorious adventure, for the beautiful Lady Lynette. In comparing this Idyl with the others, it will be found to differ from them in almost every particular; it is plain in style, simple in structure, and full of suppressed humor. Bellicent is a perfect mother; Lynette a genuine "young woman." She might sit for her portrait in any age of the world between the Creation and to-day. We would all recognize her as a personal acquaintance; and she is very charming and willful and generous.

Many other blooming faces smile out upon us from Tennyson's poems. Lovely forms glide by; white hands beckon; low, sweet voices remind us that they are unnamed in this brief catalogue; but we can not heed them, they would lead us too far. We must bid our true and noble knight of poesy and of woman adieu. Long may he live! Many dreams of beauty

may he yet weave for us, from the warp and woof whose magical hues are born of the soul's light, and whose filaments are more precious than gold.

WHAT A SET OF PEARLS COST. A STORY OF SOCIAL EXTRAVAGANCE.

BY MISS JULIA WILLIAMS.

"MAMMA," said Lena Ashton, a fashionably dressed young lady of eighteen Summers, as she sat in the elegant drawing-room of their palatial abode, "mamma, can't I have a set of pearls like Nellie Bradley's? My old corals are all out of style, and they look really shabby. I shall be fairly ashamed to attend the reception on Wednesday evening if I don't have some pearls. I think if I wear my old silk dress when almost all the girls are getting such lovely new ones, that I ought to have a set of pearls; why, mamma, there's scarcely another girl of my age in our society but has a set of pearls. You surely do not wish me to appear so poverty-stricken."

"I would be glad to gratify you, my daughter," answered Mrs. Ashton; "but your father is somewhat embarrassed in his business affairs now, and if I spend so much at present, I fear he will not be able to pay Mr. Howland's bill when presented. You know Mr. Howland was very accommodating; and your father would be sorry to disappoint him."

"O pshaw! what possible difference can it make with Mr. Howland if he does have to wait a few weeks? I want the pearls particularly for Wednesday evening. That reception is to be the grandest of the season; and I can't bear the idea of going, looking like a dowdy. Do please, mamma, coax father to let you have the money. Tell him I *must* have the pearls."

"Well, I will see what we can do, Lena; but don't set your heart too much upon them. Your father will get them for you if he can; but he dislikes very much to postpone a payment when due. And Mr. Howland is not wealthy, you know; he may really need the money."

"Not more than I need the pearls, I know. I have worn my old corals ever since I began going into society here; and I can not think of wearing the old things again. It is absolutely necessary for me to have the pearls; and have them now too. Clara Atwell and I are going on a shopping excursion to-morrow; and I want so much to get them then. There's only one set left like Nell Bradley's, and I want to be sure and get that before any one else does."

They will not stay in the shop a great while, I know; for they are the very newest style—so elegant, and so much admired!"

"But, Lena, your father can not afford to dress you as nicely as Mr. Bradley does his daughter. He is worth his millions, and Nellie is an only child."

"And so am I. You know as well as I that there is no real reason why I can not have the pearls now, as well as at any other time. It won't hurt Mr. Howland to wait. The money will be just as acceptable to him at one time as at another; and I really can't bear to think of going unless I am dressed as well as Clara Atwell, at the least. And I can not give up attending now, anyway; for I promised Mr. Caldwell to accompany him. He is such a fine gentleman that he will be really ashamed to appear as my escort if I am not as elegantly dressed as the other girls. Really, mamma, I must have the pearls. There's no use talking!" And so saying, this youthful devotee of fashion left the apartment, leaving her mother to argue the matter with Mr. Ashton, when he appeared.

He at first objected. But, to make a long story short, the pearls were finally purchased with the money, the greater part of which in reality belonged to Mr. Howland, since it was legally due to him. Mr. Ashton called upon him the next day after the reception, politely requesting an extension of his bill, since he could not meet it at that time.

Mr. Howland was a rising young lawyer, who had been, as yet, more successful in winning fame than wealth. He had been employed as counsel in a business matter of importance by Mr. Ashton, and had successfully arranged it to his satisfaction, thereby securing him in the possession of a number of thousand dollars. He had neglected other business in attending to this; and yet, to satisfy a foolish pride and selfish ambition, Mr. Ashton had failed to pay his fees when due.

It was more necessary for Mr. Howland to have the money than Mr. Ashton imagined; for he had depended upon it, and was intending, with a portion of it, to pay for a nice dress which he had purchased but a few days before, for a birthday present to his wife. Mr. Ashton, if he had known of this, would have probably said that Mr. Howland should not have purchased so expensive an article of clothing on credit. This was true; but Mr. Howland supposed the money was sure, and would be forthcoming upon the presentation of his bill; and so ventured to buy then, promising to pay in a short time. If he had waited to secure the money before purchasing, he would have lost

the pleasure of presenting the dress to his wife upon her birthday, which was also the anniversary of their marriage.

On the evening after Mr. Ashton's call, Mr. Howland felt rather disheartened, as he could see no way of paying the debt which he had incurred, unless by borrowing, and he shrank from contracting one debt to pay another. He thought of the reception of the evening before, and wondered how the wealthy could have the heart to spend so much money for one evening's pleasure, when those in less fortunate circumstances were obliged to forego even the necessities of life. He knew that Mr. Ashton's daughter was there; and thought that, perhaps, there might be found the reason for the non-payment of his dues. He could see but one way of getting along until the money was paid, and that was to go to the merchant of whom he purchased the dress, and ask for longer time. He did not wish to mention the matter to his wife, as that would, of course, mar her pleasure in her elegant and beautiful dress. So the next day he called upon the merchant, who was an intimate friend of his, and stated the case to him, telling him that he was very sorry to disappoint him; but it would be impossible to pay the debt until he received his money from Mr. Ashton.

The merchant, Mr. Eldred, was, of course, disappointed, but could not blame his friend, as he had not the means to meet his liabilities when others refused to pay him. That very evening, Mrs. Eldred said to her husband:

"Charles, I wish you would let me have a little money to-night. Jane is going to leave me to-morrow, and I want to pay her all she has earned, now. Her little sister is very sick, so that is necessary for Jane to go home to take care of her; and I think, although she did not really say so, that they are in actual need of the money. You know her mother is feeble, and not able to earn much, and Jane has to help support the family. I hardly see how they can get along at all, with so many little ones to be fed and clothed."

"I am very sorry," said Mr. Eldred; "but it will be impossible for me to let you have more than five dollars to-night. I sent all my spare funds to the city, for new goods, just yesterday. If I had known of this, I would have reserved the money; and, indeed, I did not expect to be so shortened for means anyway. I have had scarcely a cash customer to-day; and then, I expected some money from Mr. Howland. He bought a nice dress—a birthday present for his wife—a few days ago, on credit. He seldom purchases on credit, but was obliged to do so

then, or defer getting the dress by his wife's birthday. He promised to pay soon; but he called to-day and said Mr. Ashton had failed to pay him as he expected, and so he could not pay me just at present. I am sorry, and will give you the remainder of the money due to Jane, as soon as possible; but you will have to ask her to wait a few days."

"I should think Mr. Ashton might have paid him," said Mrs. Eldred. "He surely can not be cramped for means—a man in his situation!"

"He has a very extravagant family to support. His daughter is the leader of the fashion in her set, and you know there are many who go in society with her, whose parents are worth nearly double the amount of property possessed by her father. But then she is an only child, and doubtless is indulged to the extent of their means."

"Well, I am sorry about Jane's wages. She has been very faithful to her duties, and I hate to have her leave, anyway; but since she must, I would be glad to pay her all she has earned. I suppose I may safely promise it to her within a short time."

"O yes: within a week at the very farthest. Mr. Howland will probably be able to pay me within that time; and if not, I shall get the money from some other quarter. You shall certainly have the money by that time." And so saying, Mr. Eldred resumed his newspaper, which he had been reading before he was interrupted by his wife's request.

Mrs. Eldred did not feel quite so easy about it; for she was sure that Jane would be sadly disappointed in not receiving her entire wages, and she felt very sorry that she could not pay her then. She thought, with pangs of self-reproach, of an elegant cloak which she had purchased only a few weeks before.

"O, if I only had waited a little while longer for that cloak, then I could have paid Jane out of my own allowance!" said she to herself. "But I did not know of this at that time, and I did really need the cloak," thought she in self-excuse.

The next morning came, and Jane entered the dining-room, soon after breakfast, to take her leave.

"I am sorry, Jane, but Mr. Eldred has not been able to obtain the money due to him, and so I can only give you this at present; but will pay you the remainder soon," said Mrs. Eldred, as she handed her the paltry sum of five dollars.

Jane glanced at the money. Tears came into her eyes as she thought how insignificant that sum would seem toward relieving the necessities of her mother and her younger brothers and sisters. She did not speak, for she could

not trust her voice; but Mrs. Eldred saw the tears welling up to her eyes, and she said, kindly:

"You are disappointed, Jane. I was afraid you would be; but I spoke to Mr. Eldred last evening, and he said it was impossible for him to give me any more then. Call in two or three days, Jane, and I think I shall be able to pay you the rest. You have been very faithful to your duties here, and I regret much that I am unable to pay you this morning."

"Thank you, ma'am! I have tried to do as well as I could, and I hate to leave; but little Annie is so very sick that mother can not get along without me. I do not blame you or Mr. Eldred about the money, of course; but we do need it. The rent is due, and then there is the doctor's bill to pay, and he says Annie must have a great many things that we can not get without the money. I will try to get along for a few days, if you can not give me more at present," said Jane, again glancing at the small sum in her hand; and then, hurriedly saying "good-by," she left to go to her home.

Her home, did we say? Yes: it was home! The four walls were there; but what else? What could you see there of all those little comforts and necessities which serve to make home? Scarcely one. Scantily furnished at first, one article after another had been parted with since little Annie's illness, until there was almost nothing left, save the poor, thinly covered bed upon which the little sufferer lay.

"Only five dollars, mother!" said Jane, as she entered her home; "only five dollars of all my wages. What shall we do? That will scarcely pay the rent due; and if we don't pay that right off, Mr. Crane will turn us out of the house."

"No, no, child; I can't believe that! When he comes here and sees how sick little Annie is, he will not turn us out until she is better. He can not be so hard-hearted as that."

"But he will, mother!" spoke up a boy of ten Summers, who had just entered the room. "I saw him to-day, and he said we must pay every cent to-morrow, or he would put us out of the house. I told him how sick Annie is, but it did n't make any difference. He said he must have the money, for it had been due quite a while now."

"O, mother!" said Jane, "rich people have no hearts. Every cent that we have must go to him, and what will become of little Annie? The doctor says he can not come much more without his pay, and he says Annie will die if she do n't have more nourishing food; and how can we get it? O, if Mrs. Eldred had only paid me the rest of my wages!"

Archie, the little boy, was immediately sent to Mr. Crane with the money for the rent, taking every cent which Jane had received, as well as a few shillings besides, which their mother, Mrs. Grey, had succeeded in saving. Presently the physician came—a skillful doctor, but a stern-looking, hard-hearted man. Looking at the little sufferer, he said: “Skillful nursing and nourishing food may save her, probably will, if you can obtain them; but nothing else will; and I may as well tell you that I can’t come any more without being paid, at least partially. I have only come out of charity, thus far; for I am neglecting profitable patients in attending to her, and I can not do it longer. There is danger for your other children, too, Mrs. Grey, unless you send them away from home. Scarlet-fever seldom leaves a family without prostrating more than one person, especially in these tenement-houses, where there are so many children huddled together.”

And after delivering this cold speech, so fearfully dreaded by the members of the household, the doctor departed, refusing to listen to Jane’s pleadings to come and see the child again, or her almost frantic promise that he should be paid as soon as possible. Buttoning up his coat as he went—for it was a bitter cold day—he walked away from the poverty-stricken residence, thoughtful only for his own comfort and prosperity.

Jane went from one grocery to another and another, endeavoring to procure, on credit, the many things needed for little Annie; but, in almost every instance, met only a stern refusal. At last, exhausted and discouraged, she wended her way homeward, with perhaps a shilling’s worth of meat, which she had alone succeeded in obtaining. That would make a soup or bit of broth, she thought. But how long would that last? And if she failed to get her pay when Mrs. Eldred promised it to her, she could see naught but starvation staring them all in the face; for even the baker would soon refuse to sell to them without the money; and it was out of the question for either herself or mother to earn even a dime, while little Annie remained so very ill. Slowly she went toward her lowly abode; for she dreaded to meet her mother without even a ray of hope to give her. Once she turned her feet toward Mr. Eldred’s store, thinking she would go to him and tell him she must have her wages; but her pride and fear restrained her footsteps. On arriving at home, still more dismal news awaited her. Archie had returned from Mr. Crane’s complaining of a severe headache; and Mrs. Grey feared that, as the physician said, another of her family was

coming down with that most dreaded of all diseases among children, the scarlet-fever.

There was no use in sending for the physician; that they knew. He would not come without the money; and that, alas! they had not got. How Jane longed for the time to come when she could go to Mrs. Eldred, and receive of her the money owing her yet; but it would be two long days ere she could expect any thing from her. Ere that time came, two more of the children, little Willie and Ervin, were also taken ill. Their provision was almost gone, and they feared it would be vain to attempt to procure more on credit. The rebuff they had received made them feel discouraged and timid in making further attempts, and still the sight of the little sufferers nerved them to fresh exertion.

At last, upon the evening of the second day, Jane called upon Mrs. Eldred. She was then scarcely prepared to pay; but upon Jane’s plaintive recital of the misery and poverty of their humble home, she succeeded in obtaining the money due to her. The physician was paid, and prevailed upon to go once more and prescribe for the children. Nourishing food and medicine were procured; and, thus laden, Jane proceeded homeward with a lighter heart than she had before had since Mrs. Eldred’s failure to pay her wages at her departure.

Her joy was of short duration, however; for, upon her arrival at home, she was met at the door by her mother, who was weeping and wringing her hands in agony. Scarcely noticing her mother’s tears, Jane proceeded to open her basket, cheerfully saying: “Good news, mother; I have got all my wages. Just see all these nice things; and the doctor has promised to come this afternoon. Why, mother, what is the matter?” said she, as she looked at her, and saw that a still heavier sorrow had fallen upon her. “Are the children worse?” continued she, as her mother gave her no answer.

For reply her mother only pointed to the cot upon which little Annie lay. Slowly and sorrowfully Jane approached the bed, only to see the lifeless form of her little sister. The dread messenger of death had been there, and removed the little sufferer. Only the frail casket remained; the jewel contained therein had departed. Too late for little Annie had come the medicine and nourishing provision. “O, too late; too late!” exclaimed Jane. “If I could have got my money just one day sooner, may be little Annie might have lived.” For a few moments she gave herself up to the tide of sorrow which almost overwhelmed her. But soon she

remembered that she must not neglect the living in bewailing the dead; so she set herself about ministering to the wants of the other helpless little ones. That afternoon the physician came; and his skill, together with the careful nursing of Jane and her mother, and the nourishing food which could now be procured, under Providence, saved the lives of the other children. But little Annie had departed forever from the hearts that loved her. "Forever," did we say? "Only through time's duration." Beyond the grave, poverty and parting are unknown.

Did Lena Ashton, as she attended the reception, gorgeously arrayed in silks and jewels, know that those jewels, which she surveyed with so much self-complacency and admiration, were purchased at so great a cost—even at the cost of a human life? Did she know that, but for those pearls, and their following train of evil, little Annie Grey's life might have been spared? Ah no! One act of extravagant indulgence may oftentimes plunge some less fortune-favored individual into poverty, disgrace, or death. We can not tell where it will lead, or where it will end, or how much misery it will entail upon others.

MICHAEL ANGELO, THE ARCHITECT OF ST. PETER'S.

BY MRS. H. S. LACHMAN.

IN a private office, in the town of Caprese, sat a man, in the prime of life, surrounded by renowned statesmen. The man was Ludovico Buonarroti, who in March, 1475 was podesta, or governor of that town and Chiusi. Whilst conferring upon diplomatic business, a page entered hastily, and, bowing profoundly, announced to his excellency that Signora Francesca, his wife, had just given birth to a son. This child, baptized Michael Angelo, thrived apace, the salubrious air of the country so well agreeing with him, that when Ludovico, with his family, returned to Florence, the infant was left at nurse at Settignano, on the estate owned by Buonarroti. The nurse was the wife of a stone-mason. The boy, running about in play, had thus many opportunities of using, even at a very early age, chisel and pencil. The first use he made of his hands was, to cover the walls of the house he lived in with pictures.

Soon as his age permitted, he was placed in a grammar-school at Florence, where he formed a boyish friendship with Francesco Granacci, a youth a few years his elder, a pupil of Ghirlandajo; this friend's influence strengthening his

love of art, causing him to oppose, with determination and will, the desire of his father and uncles that he should become a scholar. With obstinate persistence, he avowed his intention of becoming, instead, an artist, and, through dint of perseverance, carried the point; and in 1488 engaged himself to the Ghirlandajo, for three years, as apprentice. Under this able tutelage, progress in art studies was so rapid, the envy and jealousy of all the other pupils was excited. Soon he outrivalled the master, who exclaimed, "He understands more than I do myself!"

His first picture was the "Temptation of St. Anthony." To succeed in even the minutest details, he frequented the fish-markets, so as to paint accurately the fish in the picture.

He was still a mere youth when he made the acquaintance of Lorenzo de Medici, then at the head of the Government in Florence. The duke admitted him to his friendship, granting right of entrance to the gardens of San Marco, which contained all the art treasures of the Medici. A large number of young people were wont to assemble there to receive instruction from the old sculptor Bertoldo.

This introduction diverted Michael Angelo's attention from painting, reviving his old taste for stone masonry. Soon he made friends, and obtained a piece of marble and a chisel. His first copy was "The Mask of a Faun." The duke, walking through the garden, saw and admired it; at the same time, remarking the lips apart displaying the fine teeth, said: "You have forgotten your faun is old, yet you have left him all his teeth; at an advanced age some are always wanting." When next Lorenzo walked that way, he observed the defect was remedied. A gap in the teeth of the faun was so admirably executed, that he was charmed, not alone expressing his pleasure, but sending for Ludovico to gain consent to take Michael Angelo into the palace. But he refused to see the duke, shocked at the idea of his son becoming a stone-mason, exclaiming: "It was a bitter trial his becoming a painter; but to this other scheme he would never consent." Granacci, the friend, however, solicited him at least to see Lorenzo, even if determined to grant nothing. Won by his importunities to this, at last he consented, and called upon the duke, whose gracious manner overcame his prejudices and gained his favor, so that, when departing, he declared, "not only his son, but himself and all he possessed, was at the service of the duke." From this hour Michael Angelo became an inmate of the ducal palace, finely clad, with an allowance of five ducats a month; the

friend and intimate of Lorenzo, and the beloved of the entire household. There was a daily entertainment at the palace, the duke at the head of the table. Whoever entered first after him sat next him; it was the young artist who most frequently sat in this favored seat of honor. He was invited to share his walks, to explain his studies, and often summoned to inspect and admire Lorenzo's rare collection of coins, stones, and valuables.

Poliziano advised and furnished the marble for the artist's exquisite bass-relief of the "Battle of Hercules with the Centaurs," still to be seen in the palace of the Buonarrotti family.

Old Bertoldo was his instructor in casting bronze. Notwithstanding arduous artistic labors, he mingled constantly in social life. All cultured intellects and refined minds met in the charmed circles held within the ducal palace; for Lorenzo was the head of Florence, and "Florence the head of art, poetry, philosophy, and religious movements." Thus his hopes became animated, love of the beautiful fostered, his mind enriched, and his soul refined; whilst to his manners was imparted a grace and ease only to be acquired by association with pure taste and high culture.

The morals of the court circle, sad to relate, were as low as its culture was high; and this same year that gave *entrée* to Michael Angelo, Savonarola appeared, denouncing their crimes, preaching repentance or eternal death. Suddenly Lorenzo became dangerously ill; and, believing death near, desired to see the great preacher. A number of retainers stood around—among them Michael Angelo, not yet eighteen years of age. This death-bed scene of his friend and patron made a painful impression upon his mind that never was wholly effaced. Soon after, he left the palace and returned to his father's house, where he arranged an *atelier*.

A few months subsequent, Piero Medici invited him back to his old rooms. But their charm was lost; all things wore a different aspect. Even Florence, changed, plunged in political troubles, no longer attracted. So, caring not to remain, he escaped to Venice, where he formed the acquaintance of Gianfrancesco Aldromandi, the head of one of the noblest houses in Bologna, by whose urgings and invitation to become his guest, he visited that city, remaining one year; then returned to Florence, in consequence of the envy and hatred of the Bolognese artists, who denounced and threatened his life because of the successful execution of the commission to sculpture the figures on a sarcophagus containing the bones of St. Domenico, in the Church of St. Petronia, they main-

taining it should have been given to one of them, rather than one of foreign birth.

This one short year of absence had written change on every thing in Florence. The name of the Medici was a reproach, never uttered but with execrations and menaces. The beautiful pictures and statuary once contained within the gardens of San Marco were scattered wide over the world. Few of his brother artists had remained; but it was his home, and, however the spoliation and absences depressed, still his resolution was to abide there. After a while, when times became quieter, he found another friend and patron in another Lorenzo Medici, who, having been fiercely persecuted by Piero, had fled to France, and returned in the train of Charles VIII.

At the request of Lorenzo, he completed a few statues and a Cupid, to which, by his counsels, he imparted the appearance of an antique, so that a larger price could be had for it in Rome, where they purposed sending it for sale. The cardinal who purchased it mistrusted its genuineness, and sent a nobleman in his suite to investigate. Through him, Michael Angelo learned he also had been deceived, and a less amount given than had been received, and was induced, by argument and certain representations, to visit Rome. At that city, the mistress of the arts, he executed the work that at once transformed him from a good artist into the most celebrated sculptor in all Italy. It was "La Pietà," now in the chapel of St. Peter's; but none can appreciate its wondrous beauty, as it is placed so high, and in such poor light, it is impossible to form an accurate judgment concerning it. Condivi says "that, from the time it was finished, he was the first master in the world."

Again he revisited home; but other important changes had occurred in Florence during his absence, though now tending to her prosperity. She had united with Venice. Immediately he set to work and executed what is considered one of his finest, a Madonna—now in the Church of Notre Dame, at Bruges. It is impossible, within the limits of this article, to enumerate all the wonderfully beautiful works of this great sculptor; much he undertook that he never completed. His patrons knew he was not to be depended upon for punctuality in fulfillment of contracts, so they would stipulate so much to be executed in a specified time,—a statue, for instance, in a year. One of his greatest works—the casting in bronze of a copy of the "David" by Donatella—he became so enthusiastic over, and worked so steadily at, that he completed it in two years. A council

of all the artists in Florence was held to decide where it should be placed. After considerable argument and discussion, it was decided the choice should be left to Michael Angelo. He selected "next the gate of the palace of the Government, where the 'Judith' of Donatella then stood." It weighed eighteen thousand pounds. The statue was suspended upon a wooden frame-work, afterward laid upon oiled beams, and drawn by pulleys.

On the memorable evening of the 14th of May, at sunset, the front wall of the *atelier* was removed, and the statue by means of the pulleys, drawn into the open air. Three days were required to place it into position. A watch was set at night to guard it, there being a rumor of intent to destroy it; in fact, it was attacked with stones and the watch beaten, also a number of persons arrested and thrown into prison for the attack. Upon the 18th of May, success crowned their efforts, and the statue was placed in the spot chosen by the artist.

Frequently has the question of its removal to some more desirable location, where it could be sheltered and preserved from the wear of the atmosphere, been mooted; but always resisted by the Florentines, who look upon it as the good genius of the city. Grimm says, "The erection of the 'David' was like an occurrence in nature, from which people are accustomed to reckon. We find events dated so many years after the erection of the giant. It was mentioned in records in which there was not a line besides respecting art."

The appearance of Michael Angelo was by no means imposing. A broad head, with projecting brow, rose above small, light-blue eyes; his nose had been crushed in his youth by an encounter with Toringiana, who, instigated by envy, attacked him in the garden of the Medici, beating and leaving him prostrate on the ground for dead. This seriously disfigured him; besides, the lower portion of his face was small and insignificant, totally out of proportion with the upper part. In disposition he appeared gentle, careful of wounding the feelings of others; still, naturally he was bitter and ironical, standing up for his rights, never yielding that which he believed his due, nor permitting any one to interfere with him in matters of art. In 1504, the three greatest artists of modern times met together in Rome,—Michael Angelo, Raffaele, and Leonardo da Vinci; but no friendly feeling sprang up between the trio: instead, a fierce rivalry commenced between these dissimilar natures. Michael Angelo, temperate in all his tastes and habits, lived like a poor man. Raffaele surrounded himself with all the luxuries

and appliances of wealth; all sought his society but Michael Angelo. Leonardo, self-willed, egotistical, luxurious, and handsome, was ever attended by a band of flatterers. The Pope Julius II had given our sculptor, when in this year he arrived in the imperial city, a commission to build a colossal mausoleum for himself—the design was sketched and approved, also a place selected in the Basilica of St. Peter's—and Michael Angelo went to Carrara to engage the marble for this great work. After innumerable difficulties, it was secured and landed in the square. The entire city was amazed at the size of the blocks. The Pope, in an ecstasy of delight, and desiring daily to inspect the work, had a private passage constructed, so that he could pass unseen from the palace to the *atelier* of the sculptor. But a second journey to Carrara being necessary, the rivalries and jealousies existing took speech against him, influencing the Pope to discontinue the work, declaring to him it was an evil omen to build one's tomb while living. When Michael Angelo returned and found that all his marble had arrived, also the workmen whom he had hired in Florence, he sought an audience of the Pope; and being accustomed heretofore to enter his presence unannounced, thought to do so on this occasion, to inquire the cause of the indifference Julius now manifested for the completion of the work. To his infinite astonishment, he was refused admission by the guards; informed he could not enter. This was enough to rouse his ire. Proceeding to his rooms, he seized a pen and wrote: "Most Holy Father, I was this morning driven from the palace by the order of your Holiness. If you require me in the future, you can seek me elsewhere than in Rome."

Having dispatched this letter by one of the Pope's cup-bearers, he ordered a servant to call a dealer in furniture and sell to him all he there owned, mounted a good horse, nor pulled rein till once more on Florentine ground. The Pope, being much displeased, sent quickly after him, commanding they should forcibly bring him back. But he laughed at the threat, declaring he would "strike down the first man who dared lay a finger upon him, a freeborn Florentine citizen; he would neither return then, nor ever; that he had not deserved to be treated as a criminal, and considered himself released from all former engagements with his Holiness, and would make no others."

Determining not to be thwarted, Julius wrote to the Signiory, urging the return of Michael Angelo,*promising he should be received with gracious favor. Another letter soon followed,

even more insistent. The Gonfalonier, becoming alarmed for the consequences, sent for the artist, insisting upon his return to Rome, as a matter of policy: they being unwilling to risk a war and the safety of State on his account. A third letter induced consent, on the condition he was to be recognized as an ambassador, protected by the Florentine Republic. But this scheme was not carried out, as Julius left Rome to begin a war; and it was not till late in the Fall of 1506, after the taking of Bologna, and the receipt of a fourth letter, that Michael Angelo, complying, arrived in Bologna; and, whilst hearing mass in the Church of St. Petronia, was seen by a servant of the Pope's, and immediately taken to his presence. Julius had just sat down to table, and with difficulty restrained his anger, exclaiming, harshly, "You have waited thus long, it seems, till we ourselves should come to seek you." Michael Angelo kneeled, begging pardon, declaring he meant no evil, but had been offended. Julius still wearing an angry aspect, one of the ecclesiastics interposed. But this only brought down a torrent of invectives upon himself; when the Pope, having thus vented his rage, restored the artist to favor. He remained three years in this city; during this time casting a colossal statue in bronze of the Pope. It was three times as large as life, in a sitting posture, the right hand raised as in admonition, the left holding the keys of St. Peter.

Once more he returned to his much-loved Florence, where, though his brother artists, through fear of his sharp, biting reproofs, shunned him; still he found plenty to do. He was the center of his family, upon whom all depended for advice. A few months only elapsed, and he was in the midst of plans to paint cartoons, finish the "Apostles," and much else, when Julius summoned him to Rome to paint the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. He made many angry remonstrances, saying he had painted nothing in colors. But the Pope was obstinate; so he was compelled to obey.

He arranged the scaffolding himself, doing all the labor, grinding and mixing colors, finding at once the assistants he had hired were incompetent; and in twenty months completed the beautiful work, which is considered the beginning of modern painting. Before this period, arched ceilings were divided into different compartments. But in the present arrangement all this was changed; the pictures appearing as if the space above were open. He built into the air, by means of a delusory perspective, imaginary walls, which he united by airy arches, with magnificent cornices above,

filling in the intermediate spaces with paintings of colossal slaves, the Creation, Expulsion from Paradise, sibyls and prophets, etc. Bronze medallions appeared, inserted into the marble. Every imaginable subject was represented—no spot left bare—producing an exquisite monument of art, the wonder of admiring generations.

On the 21st of February, 1513, Julius died, and, in accordance with his will, Michael Angelo almost immediately resumed work upon his mausoleum. Many commissions, much other work, disappointments, sickness, failure of payments, not alone postponed the completion of the mausoleum, but greatly disheartened the artist.

For six years, early and late, sick and sorrowful, Michael Angelo worked at the greatest picture of the sixteenth century, "The Last Judgment." At the Christmas festival of 1541 it was unveiled in the Sistine Chapel to the view of the people. He also gave to the world the wonderful "Aurora," notwithstanding being beset with cares and anxieties. In September, 1551, his health visibly declined, appetite failed, sleep fled. Threescore years rested on his head; his spirits were much depressed, principally on account of the unfinished mausoleum of Julius, for which he had been already paid. He feared if he died without making a settlement concerning it, his heirs would be involved in a lawsuit. His soul also still trembled from the shock received two years previous, at the demise of his father.

The only alleviation for these cares and anxieties was found in the friendship of Vittoria Colonna, a noble lady, descended from Fabrizio Colonna, and the widow of Pescara. She ranked among the first nobles in Europe. The Pope received her, and the emperor visited her. Michael Angelo had lived all these long years, till verging on seventy, alone, loving only children, admiring women. Now, in the Winter of his years, for the first time his heart thrilled with tenderness. The affection of this aged man for this beautiful woman—for she was still beautiful, though long past her first youth—was pure and chaste, his first experience of loving a good, noble woman. We are told she possessed a charming complexion, intellectual and animated, exercising great influence over the artist, who declared these were the happiest years of his life. The terrible Inquisition, recently established in Rome, placed its ban upon this lady, obliging her to fly. Two years—a very long period when a man has passed threescore—the friends were separated. Interchange of letters and sonnets was their only consolation. In 1542, Vittoria returned to Rome, ill

in health, the last of her family within the Eternal City. A convent became her refuge till death released her from earth's trials, in 1547. Michael Angelo never left her bedside during her last illness, and so chaste was the friendship uniting them, that in those supreme moments, when the soul was about leaving its earthly tenement, he only permitted himself the liberty of pressing his lips upon her hand as farewell.

Her loss was a bereavement almost too sad to be endured. All joy seemed to depart; death appearing grateful rest. But his time of departure was not yet come; nearly twenty weary years were yet to run ere his pilgrimage was completed. Paul III called him from the renewed work on Julius's mausoleum to fresco the new chapel he had added to the Vatican. But for this he had little heart or inclination; but he was obliged to comply, although weighed down with many cares and sorrows.

One Aretino, a famous writer of those days, attacked him in print, calling him a thief, accusing him of ingratitude to Julius, also a foe to Christianity. Great as Michael Angelo was, these accusations cast a stain on him, causing infinite pain. He had never ceased mourning for Vittoria. Besides, his hopes of Florence becoming free had been disappointed. All these combined made him reluctant to commence new work.

The year of Vittoria's death, he was made director of the building of St. Peter's, which, although it had been commenced in 1508, by Bramante, and there had been six others since that period, yet when Michael Angelo undertook the work, there was so little done that he was fully able to construct according to his own plans, which were so far carried into execution that he is really the true architect of St. Peter's. Yet, even so, the St. Peter's he imagined was not the St. Peter's of the present day. Subsequent years, and other architects, have added façades, colonnades, obelisk, and fountains. Still we have not, nor ever shall see, the grand, mighty creation planned in the brain of Michael Angelo. He lived not to complete the splendid structure his mental vision saw. The brain which conceived it had become dust, and the soul returned to its Maker, long ere the church was finished, although he passed not away till the beginning of his ninetieth year.

He had many difficulties to contend with about this building. Receiving no pay himself for his labors, he was able to reduce the expenses considerably by dismissing some of the architects engaged, and reducing the wages of others. This occasioned trouble and complaint,

so that at length Julius III called a council, requiring the sculptor to appear and defend himself. Julius III died in 1555, and one of the cardinals whom he had deeply offended in this matter, by opposing him, ascended the Papal throne, under the title of Paul IV. He at once deprived the artist of his pension, listening to the plots formed for his ruin, and to the reports that declared him childish, old, and weak, unfit to perform artistic work. In his eighty-sixth year, he wrote a letter to Cardinal di Carpi, which, for perspicuity and intelligence, can not be surpassed, clearly proving if his body failed, his mind retained all its early vigor. Soon after this, the Committee appointed to inspect the building gave him offense by dismissing a workman in whom he was interested, and he resolved to enter the building no more. Taking advantage of his absence, they changed his plans, which roused him to resent, and assert his rights by an appeal to the Pope, who issued a brief, decreeing that in no particular were the plans of Michael Angelo to be departed from. He foresaw that he would not live to see the completion of the dome; so he made a model in clay, so accurate in its proportions that when, many years later, it was commenced, they had only to copy it on a colossal scale. A year previous to his death, the Academy of Arts in Florence appointed him an honorary director of that institution. Although the artistic world had titled him "*Il gran Michael Angelo*," still he might, with his great talents and towering genius, have executed much greater works than he has left us. This we know by comparing his unfinished works with his original designs. Now, he was in his old age honored by all, rivalry fled, his authority quoted, his blessing craved. Anatomy became his passion; if a human subject could not be obtained, he took whatever animal offered for dissection. Unlike his youth and early manhood, he now delighted in forming friendships, in gathering around him the young, always having two or three young men living in his house.

Long ago he had ceased to paint great pictures; but still for his own pleasure he painted, and worked with the chisel. Often rising at night, when unable to sleep, and fitting on a pasteboard cap, in which was arranged a candle to afford him sufficient light, he would spend the hours that should have been devoted to sleep and rest in arduous labor. A marble group of Christ lying dead in his mother's lap, with Joseph of Arimathea standing by, wrought during these nights of inquietude, when hourly expecting death—of whom he said, "Being so old, he often pulls me by the coat to come to

him; and some day I shall fall down, and my spark of life be extinguished,"—is now under the dome of St. Maria del Fiore, in Florence. In the beginning of the year 1564, it was apparent to all his friends the sands of life were nearly spent. On the 18th of February, near evening, peacefully his soul passed from earth; and in accordance with his desire to have his body conveyed to Florence, it was carried as merchandise out of the gates of Rome to prevent possible opposition from the Romans at its removal.

It arrived in Florence late on Saturday, the 11th day of March and was carried privately to the Church of St. Piero Maggiore. After sundown on the following day, Sunday, the artists assembled to view the body. It was covered with a black velvet pall richly embroidered with gold, and a gold crucifix placed upon it. A grand procession was formed. All the old artists carried torches; the younger ones walked behind; eight of them took the bier upon their shoulders, and all proceeded to Santa Croce. As the rumor had sped through Florence of this funeral procession, a great crowd gathered, following the remains. The coffin was opened in the sacristy, and, though dead three weeks, the features were unchanged. So curious was the multitude to see the face, so closely they pressed round, it became impossible for some time to close the tomb. But night was near; and, as she drew her sable curtains, slowly they dispersed. The following July magnificent funeral ceremonies were held in the Church of St. Lorenzo, which was splendidly decorated for the occasion; an oration was delivered by Varchi. His nephew Leonardo erected a grand monument in Santa Croce, the duke furnishing the marble. His house still stands in the Ghibelline Street. "He was a poet, a painter, and one who was great in all the arts." "It is art alone which makes the prime of nations."

PROVERBS.

BY GEORGE C. JONES, A. M.

PERHAPS no one who has not carefully considered the matter is at all aware how much of this sterling coinage circulates among us. An early collection contains between seven and eight thousand. The elder Disraeli reckoned the proverbs of Europe at about twenty thousand, while Juan Yriarte collected, of Spanish proverbs alone, to the almost incredible number of more than twenty-five thousand.

The day when proverbs were fashionable has

long gone by. Said Lord Chesterfield, "A man of fashion never has recourse to proverbs and vulgar aphorisms:" and the ban of his interdict seems to have blighted their use; but in earlier times they were much in vogue among the learned and the fashionable. At the period when Grecian genius had received its highest refinement, the dramatists, who embodied the nation's whole scope of thought far more fully than any one class of writers now, greatly affected the proverbial style. Paul quotes a Greek proverb, which we learn when we learn to write, "Evil communications corrupt good manners." Even our Lord, who spake as never man spake, consecrated the use of proverbs by their occasional application, and the sanction of inspiration is stamped upon the collection composed or culled by the royal Hebrew sage. The ancients considered the man who was skilled and ready in the use of proverbs to be perfectly learned, and the writings of Cicero are thickly jeweled with maxims drawn from the Greek. We are told that the wisdom of the seven wise men was of this kind, short sentences uttered by each, and worthy to be remembered, exemplified in such terse phrases as "know thyself," and "nothing too much." The game of acting charades probably had its origin in the custom of Louis XIV's court, of forming a pantomimical dance or performing an opera founded on a proverb.

It is somewhat difficult to define a proverb. It must be distinguished from a proverbial phrase or a sententious maxim. Dr. Johnson defines a proverb to be "a short sentence frequently repeated by the people;" but this definition includes a wretched mass of slang and profanity, and excludes a proverb's vital qualities. Quaint old Howell describes the ingredients of a proverb to be "sense, shortness, and salt,"—a definition correct, but incomplete. To perfect the description we must add to Howell's the qualification of popularity; for there are many expressions good enough to be proverbs which have never become such. For instance, Goethe's "A man needs not be an architect to live in a house," would have made a very graceful proverb, had it only been fortunate enough to catch the popular taste. How clearly and tersely it teaches that our natural faculties are beneficently adapted to the receiving of pleasure, and that science is not necessary to satisfaction! A man needs not be an artist to appreciate a landscape, a theologian to enjoy religion, nor an architect to live in a house. Schiller says, "Heaven and earth fight in vain against a dunce," an expression well worthy to become a proverb, and illustrated by the inferior

Chinese one, expressing the same sentiment, "One has never so much need of his wit as when he has to deal with a fool." Howell, an English writer of the seventeenth century, wrote five hundred sayings, which he fondly trusted might be accepted by future generations as proverbs, and many of them are happily expressed; for instance, "Pride is a flower that grows in the devil's garden," "Burn not thy fingers to snuff another man's candle;" and in the following is the material for more than one sermon: "Faith is a great lady, and good works are her attendants;" "The poor are God's receivers, and the angels are his auditors."

Though proverbs are now *in* little use, it would be far from correct to say that they are *of* little use. As the philologist reads history in etymologies, and the geologist in rocks and fossils, so the annals and characteristics of nations are often imbedded in proverbs. And what a mass of common sense, of natural justice, of good feeling, of kindness, of quaint shrewdness, of rules for patience, frugality, perseverance, are inculcated by them! How deep an insight they give us into domestic life and into the heart of man! Though they may not now be the ornaments of conversation, they can never cease to be the treasures of thought. It is the affectation of a false refinement that despises their use, and condemns them to be employed only by the ignorant and vulgar. How wonderfully Shakespeare shows his knowledge of human nature when he makes Coriolanus, who was utterly destitute of sympathy for the populace, express his scorn for them in scorn for their proverbs:

"Hang 'em!

They said they were an-hungry; sighed forth proverbs:
That 'hunger broke stone walls'; that 'dogs must eat';
That 'meat was made for mouths'; that 'the gods sent not
'Corn for the rich men only.' With these shreds,
They vented their complainings."

But proverbs have ever been dear to the world's true intellect. Aristotle loved them, and first collected them. We find them sparkling thickly among Shakespeare's creations, and popular proverbs are titles for some of his plays, such as "Measure for Measure," "All's Well that Ends Well," and perhaps "Much Ado About Nothing." Don Quixote's squire can scarce speak except in proverbs. Plautus, the most genial of Latin writers; Rabelais and Montaigne, the most original of French authors, hold the proverb in high honor. Quaint Fuller's style is proverbial; and let us not forget our own Franklin, who introduced to us "Poor Richard," better known and more highly honored in other lands than his own.

Of very few proverbs is it possible to trace the parentage. This perhaps arises in most cases from their immense antiquity. The vast majority of our proverbs are merely translations, or adaptations from earlier ones originating in prehistoric times. Even Aristotle speaks of proverbs as "the fragments of an elder wisdom, which, on account of their brevity and aptness, had, amid a general wreck and ruin, been preserved."

"It is not well to look a gift-horse in the mouth," and "Good company on a journey is worth a coach," come to us from the Latin. Jerome, who has saved some proverbs which would otherwise have perished, speaks of a person as *oblitus veteris proverbii*, *Mendaces memores esse oportere*,—"unmindful of the ancient proverb, that liars should have good memories." Fuller elegantly expands this proverb—"Memory in a liar is no more than needs. For first, lies are hard to be remembered, because many; whereas, truth is but one. Secondly, because a lie cursorily told takes little footing and settled fastness in the teller's memory, but prints itself deeper in the hearers', who take the greater notice because of the improbability and deformity thereof; and one will remember the sight of a monster longer than the sight of a handsome body. Hence comes it to pass that when the liar hath forgotten himself, his auditors put him in mind of the lie and take him therein." "A rolling stone gathers no moss," "Hungry bellies have no ears," "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," are among many of our most familiar proverbs which were current coin among the ancients.

New proverbs are sometimes quarried out of books which the people have made their own; and occasionally some master genius comes along and inflates the proverbial currency without depreciating its value. An ignoramus once attended a representation of Hamlet, and expressed his dissatisfaction with the performance because the play contained so many quotations! How thickly the language is strewn with proverbs from Shakespeare, though sometimes it is difficult to determine whether he originated the proverb or found it already in existence.

Sometimes an event has laid hold strongly on the imagination of a people, and become embodied in a proverb. How frequently "Is Saul also among the prophets?" is applied to a man who has suddenly awakened to the consciousness and employment of powers which neither himself nor any other had imagined him possessed of! "The cranes of Ibycus" was a favorite among the Greeks, corresponding to our "Murder will out," and was founded

on a legend. Ibycus, a lyric poet, when traveling through a desert near Corinth, was attacked by robbers, and murdered. As he fell he cried out for witnesses to avenge his death; but the only spectators of the crime besides the murderers were a flock of cranes who happened to fly over the spot. Sometime afterward the murderers were present in the theater at Corinth, when a flock of cranes hovered overhead. One of the murderers in jest whispered to another, "Behold the avengers of Ibycus!" A by-stander caught the words, suspicion was excited, and this event proved the clew which led to the conviction of the criminals. The phrase, "The cranes of Ibycus," became proverbial to express the wonderful way in which are brought to light the secretest deeds of blood.

A legend hands down to us from the Greek our proverb, "There's many a slip betwixt the cup and the lip." A master treated with extreme cruelty his slaves, who were building and planting a vineyard for him. One of them, stung to anger, muttered that his master would never taste the wine of those grapes. The words were reported to his lord; and when the first vintage was completed, he ordered this slave to present to him the goblet, at the same time taunting him with the non-fulfillment of his prediction. The slave replied in the words which have since become proverbial. Just then a report reached the hall that a huge wild boar was ravaging the vineyard. The lord put down the cup untasted, rushed out to destroy the monster, but was himself slain by it, and so was the prophecy fulfilled, and the proverb originated.

There is a very keen Spanish proverb: "Let that which is lost be for God." A man, when dying, called his children round him, and distributed his property among them. The priest advised him of the importance of remembering the Church in a bequest. Sometime previously one of his cows had been lost. The dying man willed that the straying animal, if found, should go to the eldest son; but, if irretrievably lost, should become the property of the Church. Hence the proverb applied to those who will give to God that which is valueless to themselves.

The Italians apply a proverb to a man who takes blows quietly: "Luckily they were not peaches." And when they would threaten a man with a thrashing, they speak of "A peach in the eye." The household of the Castle Pagigibonsi used to pay a tribute of peaches to the Court of Tuscany, which are divided among the pages of the court. It happened one season that peaches were very scarce, and, instead of the customary tribute, a quantity of fine juicy

figs was sent. This was so much disapproved of by the pages that they began to empty the baskets on the heads of the persons who brought them, who, in attempting to escape from the pulpy shower, half-blinded, and recollecting that peaches would have had stones in them, cried out, "*Per beato ch'elk non furon pesche*"—"Luckily they were not peaches."

It is interesting to consider the nationality of proverbs, and observe how they reflect national idiosyncrasies, modes of thinking and acting, and reveal the innermost heart of nations. The proverbs of Greece show just what we might expect,—correct thinking, high intellectual training, a republican absence of reference to king, subject, or oppression; an occasional mention of the supernatural, more as the ornament of poetry than the basis of devotion; and a refinement of thought and expression, contrasting strongly with the coarseness of so many of the proverbs of the Middle Ages.

Turning from Greece to Rome—a land more active in deed than thought—we find fewer proverbs, less poetry, less mythology, but also less skepticism in treating of it; scarce any refined mention of love, but a giving of all their power to set out friendship and its claims. In many Roman proverbs a vigorous moral sense speaks out; and the language of Cincinnatus pays all honor to the high arts of agriculture. Both Greece and Rome show, in their proverbs, the lack of the sweetening, elevating, heart-awakening power of Christianity; and, as Archbishop Trench remarks, "A proverb of such religious depth and beauty as our own, 'Marriages are made in heaven,' it would have been quite impossible for all heathen antiquity to have produced, or even remotely to have approached."

Perhaps no people so reflect themselves and their history, in their proverbs, as the Italians. Probably a majority of Italian proverbs show selfishness, calculating shrewdness, distrust of neighbors, a cold-blooded spirit of revenge, or political animosity. Their political proverbs are those of a people sometimes distracted among republics, and sometimes compelled to stoop to slavish flattery in petty courts. They say, "Who knows not how to flatter, knows not how to reign." The ingratitude of kings affords a sentiment convenient for disappointed courtiers: "Who serves at court, lies on straw." A wary cunning often appears, as in, "An open countenance, but close thoughts;" somewhat resembling Burns in the Epistle to a Friend:

"But still keep something to yourself!
Ye'll scarcely tell to ony."

"Make yourself all honey, and the flies will devour you;" perhaps one crumb of the philosophy in our Lord's "Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you." The man whose mind is too deep and solid to be impatient under slight provocation, will perhaps be all the more dangerous when the occasion comes which really rouses his wrath; and the Italians delicately say, "Beware of vinegar made of sweet wine." The Italian conception of a soldier, derived from a long, blood-stained experience, was that of a mercenary plunderer, utterly destitute of patriotic feeling, and hired for his work, irrespective of its merits, as a lawyer by his clients. This unheroic notion frequently appears in their proverbs: "The soldier is well paid for doing mischief;" "A soldier, fire, and water, soon make room for themselves." How diabolical a spirit of revenge crops out in, "Revenge is a morsel for God!" What a spirit, not of headlong passion, but of deliberate calculation in, "Wait time and place to act thy revenge, for it is never well done in a hurry!" And see the immortality of hatred cherished in, "Revenge of an hundred years old hath still its sucking teeth." The Romish intolerant short-sightedness, which fears reading of the Bible by the laity, gives birth to a proverb, which is the best argument against its own policy: "With the Gospel, one becomes a heretic." The numerous rival States and cities taunt one another with proverbs: "He who deals with a Tuscan must not have his eyes shut;" "Whom Venice breeds she poorly feeds." And they sometimes openly flaunt their wretched exclusiveness, as in, "First Venetian, and then Christian."

Spain, so poor in many other provinces of learning, is most fertile of all lands in proverbial literature. In reading Spanish proverbs, so fully do they body forth the inmost thought of the people, that we can scarcely forbear thinking them the words of Don Quixote. See the delicate chivalry in, "White hands can not hurt;" the stately humor of, "The ass knows in whose face he brays." How the latent facetiousness of the country of Cervantes appears, through its mantle of gravity, to satirize the Church, where crimes are condoned for money, and spiritual blessings are marketable: "Steal a sheep, and give away the trotters for God's cause!" The Mohammedans, who ruled Spain for five centuries, left many traces of their occupation—amongst others, a strong tinge of their apathetic fatalism, which shows itself in, "When thou seest thy house in flames, approach and warm thyself by it." The haughty spirit of the Spanish feudal nobility says, "The

king goes as far as he may, not as far as he would." The well-known enmity between the two nations of the Peninsula finds expression in the Spanish proverb: "Take from a Spaniard all his good qualities, and there remains a Portuguese." What a fearful glimpse of the bloody *vendetta* we have in the following: "Kill, and thou shalt be killed; and they shall kill him who kills thee."

Even when they do not declare the secretest things of the nation's heart, proverbs often contain reference to some local or national features, whereby we can trace the place or time of their birth. For instance: "A fog can not be dispelled with a fan," is a proverb which could not have been originated every-where. It comes to us from Japan, where fogs are frequent, and where, from infancy, all the inhabitants carry fans. The Spaniards, to describe those who give their favors churlishly, and delight to vex whom they are about to benefit, say: "Show the gallows before they show the town;" alluding to the custom of their towns, which place a gallows on an eminence, so that it breaks on the eye of the traveler before he gets a view of the town itself. "Make hay while the sun shines," could only find place in a country under such variable skies as those of England; and the proverb, "Those who will not be ruled by the rudder must be ruled by the rock"—meaning that those who will not be guided by reason must be directed by necessity or misfortune—could only have arisen upon such a rock-strewn, wreck-strewn coast as that of Cornwall. The Latins applied a curious proverb to a fop: "He scratches the head with a single finger"—that is, lest he should discompose the arrangement of his hair. Among pastoral tribes, as the Arabs, milk is symbolic of excellence; and the most striking description of a fertile land, in Oriental parlance, is, that it flows with milk and honey. An Arab, to praise an orator, would say, "How large his flow of milk!" while, to express perfect rest, he alludes to the custom of loosing the cords of the camels, and throwing them over their backs, when turning them out to pasture; and makes use of the proverb, "I throw the bridle over my back." "Do not talk Arabic in the house of a Moor," of course, comes to us from Arabia. It means do not talk upon any subject, such as a science or a trade, in the presence of one who is master of it, lest you betray your ignorance. What but such a debased and servile spirit as that of the Bengalese, trodden into the dust by their Mogul rulers, could produce, "He who gives blows is a master; he who gives none is a dog." Did we not know that the Egyptians have been

for centuries so spoiled by rapacious and corrupt tax-gatherers, that scarce enough of the results of the tillage of the land is left to keep life in the wretched tillers; that the rulers suspect and punish goodness, instinctively feeling it to be their foe, and knowing their only security to consist in the dead level of a national apathy, we should almost guess it from their proverb: "Do no good, and thou shalt find no evil." The following openly betray their nationality: "Big and empty, like the Heidelberg tun;" that is, like the enormous vessel, with a capacity of three hundred thousand bottles, and which has never yet been full. "Not every parish priest can wear Dr. Luther's shoes." Into our "Man's extremity is God's opportunity," the Jews weave a legend drawn from their own history: "When the tale of bricks is doubled, Moses comes;" and, poetically they say, Let us be slow to curse, but swift to bless, in, "We must creep into Ebal, and leap into Gerizim." Our Lord, warning of the complete discomfiture and destruction that must befall any person or principle coming in hostile collision with his Gospel, said, "Whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken; but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder." And the Jews, in their devotion to their sublime theocracy, had a somewhat parallel expression: "None ever took a stone out of the temple that the dust did not fly into his eyes."

THE BLACK TULIP.

FROM THE FRENCH: BY MRS. ELIZABETH S. MARTIN.

XIV.

THE PRESIDENT, VAN HERYSSEN.

ROSA was one of those women who are dejected by trifles; but who, in great emergencies, are supplied, by the misfortune itself, with the energy for combating, or with the resources for remedying it.

Knowing that all the hopes on the fulfillment of which Van Baerle had rested his ambition for the last seven years, were now crushed, she went to her room, and carefully searching each nook and corner, where the tulip might possibly be stowed away and thus have escaped her notice, without success, she made up a small parcel of indispensable articles for a journey, took her three hundred guilders, brought the third sucker from among her lace, where she had heretofore kept it, and carefully placed it in her bosom. Then she left the prison, after double-locking her chamber, by the same door which an hour before had let out Boxel, and went to

the stable-keeper for a carriage. Boxel had already secured the only available vehicle, a two-wheel chaise, in which he was now driving along the road to Delft; for the road from Loevestein to Haarlem, being intersected by canals, rivers, and rivulets, is exceedingly circuitous. Rosa was, therefore, obliged to take a horse, which was readily intrusted to her, as being the daughter of the jailer of the fortress.

She also was fortunate enough to overtake her kind-hearted and honest young messenger, who could at the same time serve as a guide and protector, although the note which he carried had now become useless. The two travelers, therefore, had been on their way for five hours, and made more than eight leagues, before Gryphus had the least suspicion of his daughter's whereabouts.

Thus, the cruel and spiteful turnkey was congratulating himself upon having a nice story to tell his boon companion Jacob; and rejoicing, this affectionate father, at the thought of Rosa weeping in her room, whereas the prisoner alone was where Gryphus thought him to be.

The girl was so little with her father that, until the dinner-hour, Gryphus had thought little about her prolonged absence; but, being reminded by his appetite that it was twelve o'clock, he sent one of the under-turnkeys to call her. The man came back with the assurance that he had sought and called her in vain. Gryphus resolved to go for her himself to the chamber, where, loudly as he knocked, there was no response. The locksmith of the fortress was sent for, he opened the door only to find the inmate fled; for Rosa, at that very moment, entered Rotterdam. The kitchen, the garden, the neighborhood was searched in vain, until at last he heard that, like a silly adventurer, she had set out on a journey without telling him where she was going. Then the jailer went up in a fury to Van Baerle, abused him, threatened him, knocked all the miserable furniture of his cell about, and promised him all sorts of misery, even to starvation and flogging.

The damsel, in the meanwhile, after having rested for two hours at Rotterdam, had again started on her journey, and on that evening she slept at Delft. The following morning she reached Haarlem, just four hours after her enemy Boxel. Rosa, first of all, caused herself to be led before Mynheer Van Herysen, President of the Horticultural Society, which worthy gentleman she found in not a promising condition. He was engaged in drawing up a report to the Committee of the Society, on the largest-sized paper, and in the finest handwriting.

The girl being simply announced as Rosa Gryphus, and the name quite unknown to the president, she was refused admittance. But Rosa had vowed in her heart to pursue her cause without fear, and not to allow herself to be put down, either by refusal, abuse, or even brutality.

"Announce to the president," she said to the servant, "that I wish to speak to him about the black tulip!"

These words seemed to be an "open sesame;" for she soon found herself in the office of President Van Herysen, who gallantly rose from his chair to meet her. He was a thin little man, who resembled the stem of a flower, his head forming the chalice, and his two limp arms representing the double-leaf of the tulip, which likeness was rendered more complete by his waddling gait, which made him even more like that flower when it bends under the breeze.

"Well, Miss," he said, "you are coming, I am told, about the affair of the black tulip."

"Yes, sir!" answered Rosa. "I come, at least to speak about it."

"Is it doing well, then?" Van Herysen resumed, with a smile of tender veneration.

"Alas, sir! I do not know. A very great misfortune has happened, not to the flower, but to me. It has been stolen from me!"

"Stolen! the black tulip! And do you know the thief?"

"I have my suspicions, sir; but I ought not to accuse any one."

"But the matter may be very easily ascertained, as the thief can not be far off."

"How is that, Mynheer President?"

"Because I have seen the black tulip only two hours ago!"

"You have seen it?" cried Rosa, rushing up to Van Herysen.

"As I see you, miss—and with your master, of course."

"With my master, sir?"

"Yes. Are you not in the service of Master Isaac Boxtel?"

"For whom do you take me, sir?"

"And for whom do you take me?"

"I hope, sir, I take you for what you are; that is to say, the honorable Mynheer Van Herysen, Burgomaster of Haarlem, and President of the Horticultural Society."

"And what is it you told me just now?"

"I told you, sir, that my tulip had been stolen!"

"Then your tulip is that of Mynheer Boxtel. Well, my child, you express yourself badly. The tulip has been stolen, not from you, but from Mynheer Boxtel."

"I repeat to you, sir, that I do not know who Mynheer Boxtel is, and that I have now heard his name for the first time!"

"You do not know who Isaac Boxtel is; and you also had a black tulip?"

"But is there any other besides mine?" asked Rosa, trembling.

"Yes: that of Mynheer Boxtel."

"How is it?"

"Black, of course—without even a single speck, or even point."

"And have you this tulip deposited here?"

"Not yet: but it will soon be, as it has to be exhibited before the committee previous to the prize being awarded."

"O, sir!" cried Rosa, "this Boxtel, this Isaac Boxtel, who calls himself the owner of the black tulip,—is he not a very thin man?"

"Yes."

"Bald, and with sunken eyes?"

"I think so."

"Restless, stooping, and bow-legged?"

"In truth, you draw Master Boxtel's portrait well, my girl."

"And the tulip, sir? Is it not in a pot of white and blue earthenware, with yellowish flowers, in a basket on three sides?"

"O, as to that I am not sure, as I was attracted by the flower, not by its jar."

"O sir! that is my tulip, which has been stolen from me; and I came here to reclaim it before you, and from you!"

"O, O!" said Van Herysen, looking keenly at Rosa. "What! You are here to claim the tulip of Master Boxtel? Well, little girl, that is cool enough."

"Honored sir!" said Rosa, offended by this slighting apostrophe, "I do not say I am coming to claim the tulip of Master Boxtel; but to reclaim my own."

"Yours?"

"Yes: the one which I have myself planted and nursed!"

"Well, then, go and find out Master Boxtel, at the White Swan Inn, and you can settle matters with him. It is a case as difficult for me to decide as the one brought before King Solomon; and so I must content myself with making a report, and ordering a hundred thousand guilders to be paid to the grower. Good-bye, my child."

"O, sir, sir!" said Rosa, imploringly.

"Only, my child," continued Van Herysen, "as you are young and pretty, and there is good in you, let me give you some advice. Be prudent in this matter; for we have a court of justice and a prison here at Haarlem, and we are very tetchy, as far as the honor of our tulips is

concerned. Go, my child, go. Remember,—Master Isaac Boxtel, at the White Swan Inn."

And the president, taking up his fine pen, resumed his report, which had been interrupted by Rosa's visit.

It was difficult to tell whether the daughter of Gryphus was beside herself with fear or joy, at the idea of the black tulip being found, when she started for the White Swan, followed by the stout young Frisian boatman. When they arrived at the great market-place, a sudden thought struck her, and she exclaimed:

"O heaven! I fear I have made a mistake, and may thus bring ruin upon Cornelius, the tulip, and myself. I have given the alarm, and perhaps excited suspicion. I am but a woman—these men may league themselves against me, and then I am lost. If I do not know that Boxtel when I see him, and it proves to be another tulip-fancier than my Jacob; if I do not recognize the man—only the tulip—how shall I prove that it belongs to me? On the other hand, perhaps during the contest, if I know Boxtel to be Jacob, the tulip may die!"

In the meanwhile a noise like the distant roar of the sea was heard at the other extremity of the market-place. People were running about, doors opening and shutting, which hubbub Rosa scarcely noticed; but she muttered, as her doubts arose,—

"We must return to the president."

They took a small street which led them straight to the mansion of Van Herysen, who was still continuing to draw up his report. The news of the black tulip had spread like wild-fire, and Rosa heard the multitude speaking only of it and the prize of a hundred thousand guilders.

As the president recognized Rosa, whom he had set down in his own mind as mad, or even worse, an angry flush mounted to his face, and he was about giving an order for her departure, when the girl, with clasped hands, and that tone of honest truth which generally finds its way to the hearts of good men, cried:

"For heaven's sake, sir, do not turn me away; listen to what I have to tell, and, if possible, do me justice, or you will have to reproach yourself before God, for having been an accomplice in a bad action." The president stamped his foot with impatience. "Mynheer Van Herysen," Rosa continued, with the firmness of innocence and truth, "your report on the black tulip will, if you do not hear me, be based on crime and falsehood. I implore you, let this Master Boxtel—whom I assert to be Master Jacob—be brought before you and me, and I promise sacredly, that if I do not recognize the

flower and its holder, to leave him in undisputed possession of the tulip."

"Well, I declare, this is a fine proposal!" said Van Herysen. "What can be proved by recognizing them?"

"After all," continued Rosa, "you are an honest man, sir. Would you not relent, if you found out one day, when it was too late, that you had given the prize to a man who had not only never raised the tulip, but had even stolen it?"

This speech seemed to bring a certain conviction to the heart of the judge; for, as he was about replying in a gentler tone, a great noise was heard in the street, and almost immediately the staircase was invaded by the multitude, up to the very landing-place, who followed a young man, simply clad in a violet-colored velvet, embroidered with silver; who, with a certain aristocratic slowness, ascended the white stone steps of the house. In his wake followed two officers, one of the navy, the other of the cavalry. Van Herysen began to bow, almost to prostrate himself, before his visitor.

"Monseigneur!" he called out; "Monseigneur! what distinguished honor is your Highness always bestowing on my humble home by your visit!"

"Dear Mynheer Van Herysen," answered William of Orange, "I am a true Hollander. I am fond of the water, of beer, and of flowers—sometimes even of that cheese the flavor of which seems so grateful to the French. The flower which I prefer is, of course, the tulip; and now I have come to ascertain the truth of the incredible news, about this black tulip, from the president of the Horticultural Society."

"It is glory enough, Monseigneur," said Van Herysen, "if the endeavors of this Society are pleasing to your Highness. I am sorry to say, however, that we have not, as yet, the flower here."

"Where is it, then?"

"With the owner—an honest tulip-grower of Dort, Boxtel by name."

"And his present quarters?"

"At the White Swan. I shall send for him to lose no time in bringing his tulip, if, in the meanwhile your Highness will do me the honor of sitting in my drawing-room. But, Monseigneur, if it must be said, a little difficulty has presented itself."

"Every thing is of consequence, Mynheer President, at this time; so what is the difficulty?"

"The tulip is claimed by usurpers, by forgers perhaps!"

"This is a crime, Mynheer Van Herysen. Have you any proof of their guilt?"

"No, Monseigneur, the guilty woman—"

"The guilty woman, sir, did you say?"

"I ought, perhaps, Monseigneur, to say the woman who claims the tulip is here, in a room near us. I think it possible the bait of a hundred thousand guilders may have tempted her!"

"And what proof does she offer for her claim?"

"I was just about to question her when your Highness came in."

"Question her, Mynheer President; question her. I am the first magistrate. I will hear the case, and administer justice."

"I have found my King Solomon," said Van Herysen, bowing, and showing the way to the prince.

"Go before me, and call me plain Mynheer," said William.

The two then entered the cabinet, where Rosa was still standing at the same place, leaning on the window, and looking through its panes into the garden.

"Ah! a Frisian girl," said the prince, as he noticed the gold brocade head-dress and red petticoat.

At the noise of their footsteps, she turned round, but scarcely observed the prince, who seated himself in the darkest corner of the apartment. All her attention was fixed on the important Van Herysen, so that she had no time to give to the scrutiny of the humble stranger, who followed the master of the house. This humble stranger took a book down from the shelf, and, by a sign with it, made the president understand he was to commence the examination forthwith.

Both Van Herysen and the young man dressed in violet velvet sat down, and with a proud air the questioner began:

"My child, you promise to tell me the truth, and the whole truth, concerning this tulip?"

"I promise, sir. But what am I to tell you, Mynheer, besides that which I have told you already? I repeat the request which I addressed to you before."

"What is that?"

"That you will order Master Boxel to come here with his tulip. If I do not recognize it as mine, I will frankly tell it; but if I do recognize it, I will reclaim it, even if I must go before his highness, the stadtholder himself, with my proof in my hands."

"You have, then, some proof, my child?"

"God, who knows my good right, will assist me to some."

As the two men exchanged glances at this answer, the prince, who, since the girl first spoke, had seemed to have a dim remembrance

of her, as if it were not the only time that the same sweet voice had rung in his ears. An officer was sent for Boxel, the president meanwhile continuing his examination.

"With what do you support your assertion that you are the real owner of the tulip?"

"With the simple fact of my having planted and grown it in my own chamber at the Loevestein."

"You are from Loevestein?"

"I am the daughter of the jailer of the fortress."

The prince said to himself, with a suggestive movement: "Yes, that is it; I remember now." Feigning to be engaged with his book, he watched Rosa now more intently than ever.

"And you are fond of flowers?" continued Van Herysen.

"Yes, Mynheer, very fond."

"Then you are an experienced florist, I dare say?"

The Frisian hesitated for a moment; then, with a tone so earnest that all knew it came from the depth of her heart, she said:

"Gentlemen, I am speaking to men of honor?"

There was such an expression of truth in her voice that both men answered by an involuntary affirmative movement of their heads.

"Well, then, I am: not an experienced florist. I am only a poor girl, one of the people, who three months ago could neither read nor write. No: the black tulip has not been found by myself."

"But by whom else?"

"By a poor prisoner of the Loevestein."

"By a prisoner of the Loevestein?" repeated the prince.

The tone of his voice startled Rosa, to whom it seemed strangely familiar.

"By a prisoner of State, then?" he continued, "as there are none else in the fortress."

"Yes," said Rosa, with a faltering voice; "yes, by a prisoner of State."

"Continue," said William, dryly, to Van Herysen, who trembled at such a confession before such a witness.

"From what you tell me, child, you took advantage of your position, as daughter of the jailer, to communicate with a prisoner of State about the cultivation of flowers, when he ought to be kept in close confinement."

"Ah, sir, I am going to incriminate myself very seriously. Alas! for me, Mynheer President, I am bound to confess that I saw him every day."

"Unfortunate girl!" exclaimed Van Herysen, who grew pale, as did Rosa, with fear, the one at her questioner, the other at the presence of

his august spectator. The prince, observing this agitation in the president, raised his head, and in his clear, decided tone, said :

"This can not signify any thing to the Horticultural Society, who have to judge on the black tulip and take no cognizance of political offenses. Go on, young woman ; go on."

Rosa, reassured by this kind of encouragement, related all that had happened for the last three months, all that she had done, and all that she had suffered. She described the cruelty of Gryphus, the destruction of the first offshoot, the grief of the prisoner, the precaution to insure the success of the second sprout, the patience of the prisoner, then his grief at their separation, and loss of appetite and strength because he had no longer news of his tulip, his joy when she went to him again, and lastly their despair when they found that the tulip, just one hour after coming in flower, had been stolen.

All this was detailed with an accent of truth which, although producing no change in the impassable mien of the prince, did not fail to take effect on Van Herysen.

"But," said the prince, "it can not be long since you knew the prisoner."

Rosa opened her large, violet eyes and looked at the stranger, who drew back into his dark corner.

"Why, sir?" she asked him.

"Because it is not yet four months since the jailer Gryphus and his daughter were removed to Loevestein."

"That is true, sir ; but I must confess," continued the girl, blushing, "I knew the prisoner at the Hague."

"Happy prisoner!" said William of Orange, smiling.

XV.

THE THIRD OFFSHOOT.

THE prince, on hearing Boxtel announced in the adjoining drawing-room of the president, left the cabinet, and passed into the apartment where two men had just deposited their precious burden on a table. He admired the flower, and silently resumed his seat in the dark corner, where he had himself placed his chair.

Rosa, trembling, pale, terrified, expected to be invited in her turn to see the tulip. She now heard the voice of Boxtel.

"Is it he?" she exclaimed.

The prince made her a sign to go and look through the open door into the reception-room.

"It is my tulip," cried Rosa ; "I recognize it. O, my poor Cornelius!" And saying this, she burst into tears.

The prince rose from his seat, went to the

door, where with the full light falling upon his figure, Rosa felt more than ever convinced that she had seen this stranger before.

"Master Boxtel," said he, "come in here, if you please."

Boxtel eagerly approached, and, finding himself face to face with William of Orange, started back, as he called out :

"His highness !"

"His highness !" repeated Rosa, in dismay.

Hearing this exclamation at his side, Boxtel turned round, and perceived Rosa. At this sight, the whole frame of the thief shook as if under a galvanic shock.

"Ah !" muttered the prince to himself, "he is confused."

"Master Boxtel," he said, "you seem to have discovered the secret of growing the black tulip?"

"Yes, your Highness," answered Boxtel, betraying some confusion in his voice.

"But," continued the stadtholder, "here is a young damsel who also pretends to have discovered it."

Boxtel shrugged his shoulders with an air of disdain. William watched his every motion in a curious and interested way.

"Then you don't know this young girl?" said the prince.

"No, your Highness."

"And you, child, do you know Master Boxtel?"

"No, I don't know Master Boxtel ; but I know Master Jacob."

"How is that, my good girl?"

"I mean to say, that, at Loevestein, the man who here calls himself Isaac Boxtel, went by the name of Master Jacob."

"And I say, your Highness, that this damsel lies."

"You deny, therefore, having ever been at Loevestein?" said William.

Boxtel hesitated ; the fixed and searching glance from the eye of the prince was a fearful thing to meet if one were false.

"I can not deny having been at Loevestein, your Highness ; but I deny having stolen the tulip."

"Now, listen to me," cried Rosa, with indignation. "Do you deny having followed me into the garden, on the day when I prepared the spot for planting my bulb? Do you deny having followed me to the same place when I pretended to plant it? Do you deny that on that evening you rushed, after my departure, to the spot, where you hoped to find the bulb? Do you deny having dug in the ground with your hands?—but, thank Heaven, in vain. Say, do you deny all this?"

Boxtel did not see fit to answer these several charges; but, turning to the prince, continued:

"I have now, for twenty years, grown tulips at Dort. I have even acquired some reputation in my art. One of my hybrids is entered in the catalogue under the name of an illustrious personage, 'The King of Portugal.' Here is the truth of this matter: The damsel before you, knew that I had produced the black tulip, and, in concert with a lover of hers, confined in the Fortress of Loevestein, formed the plan of ruining us by appropriating the prize of a hundred thousand guilders."

"Yah!" cried Rosa, beyond herself with anger.

"Silence!" said the prince.

"And who is that prisoner to whom you allude as the lover of this young woman?" continued William of Orange.

Rosa nearly swooned; for Van Baerle was designated as a dangerous prisoner, over whom the prince had recommended especial surveillance of the jailer.

"This prisoner, your Highness," answered Boxtel, "is a prisoner of State, who was once condemned to death; and his name is Cornelius Van Baerle, and he is godson of that villain Cornelius De Witte."

The prince gave a start; his usually quiet eye flashed, and his impassive features became of a deathly pallor.

Rosa hid her face in her hands with a movement of despair. The prince went up to her, and with his own hand removed hers from before her eyes.

"It was, then, to follow this man that you came to me at Leyden to solicit for the transfer of your father?"

With drooping head and choking voice, the girl still bravely replied, "Yes, your Highness."

"Go on," said the prince to Boxtel.

"I have nothing more to say," Isaac continued: "I came on business to Loevestein, and made the acquaintance of old Gryphus; and, falling in love with his daughter, made her an offer of marriage. Not being rich, I committed the imprudence of telling them my prospect of gaining a hundred thousand guilders; in proof of which I showed them the black tulip. Her lover, having himself made a show at Dort of cultivating tulips to hide his political intrigues, now plotted with her for my ruin; and, on the eve of the day when the flower was expected to open, it was taken away by this young woman."

"O, will not the great Lord above revenge such infamous falsehood?" exclaimed Rosa, bursting into tears, and throwing herself at the

feet of the stadtholder, who, although half believing her guilty, still felt a pity for her anguish.

"You have done wrong, my child," he said; "and your lover must be punished for advising you so badly. For you are so young, and have such an honest look, that I believe the mischief to be his, and not your own."

"Monseigneur! Monseigneur!" cried Rosa, "Cornelius is not guilty."

"Not guilty of having advised you—is that what you would say?"

"What I wish to say, your Highness, is that Mynheer Van Baerle is as little guilty of the second crime as he was of the first imputed to him."

"And do you know what was his first crime? Of having, as an accomplice of Cornelius De Witt, concealed the correspondence of the grand pensionary and the Marquis de Louvois?"

"Well, sir, he was ignorant of this correspondence being deposited with him—completely ignorant. I am as certain as of my life, that if it were not so he would have told me; for how could that pure mind have harbored a secret without revealing it to me? No; no, Monseigneur; I repeat it, even at the risk of incurring your displeasure, Cornelius is no more guilty of the first crime than the second. O, would to Heaven your Highness knew my Cornelius Van Baerle!"

"He is a De Witt!" cried Boxtel.

"Silence!" said the prince. "Do not dare to bring these affairs of State into the Horticultural Society of Haarlem."

Then, knitting his brow, he added: "As to the tulip, Master Boxtel, make yourself easy. You shall have full justice done to you."

With a heart full of joy, Boxtel bowed, and received the congratulations of the president.

"You, my child," William of Orange continued, "were young to commit a crime. I shall not punish you, but the real evil-doer. A man of his name may be a conspirator, and even a traitor, but he ought not to be a thief."

"A thief!" cried Rosa. "Cornelius a thief! Pray, your Highness, do not say such a word; it would kill him if he knew it. No one but this man, I swear to you, sir—if theft there has been—is guilty."

"Prove it, my girl," exultingly said Boxtel.

"I shall prove it—with the help of God, I shall." Then, turning toward Boxtel, she asked: "The tulip is yours?"

"It is," answered the man.

"How many suckers were there from it?"

Boxtel hesitated for a moment; then made up his mind that she would not ask this

question if there had only been the two bulbs of which he had known already. He therefore answered, "Three."

"What has become of these suckers?"

"O! what has become of them? Well, one failed; the second has produced the black tulip."

"And the third!"

"The third!"

"Yes, the third—where is it?"

"I have it at home," said Boxtel, quite confused.

"At home? Where? At Loevestein, or at Dort?"

"At Dort," replied Boxtel.

"It is false!" cried Rosa. "Monseigneur," she continued, "I will tell you the true story of these three suckers. The first was crushed by my father in the prisoner's cell, as this man is very well aware, having very nearly quarreled with my father, who had thus baulked his hope of getting hold of the bulb. The second sucker, planted by me, has produced the black tulip. The third and last"—saying this she drew it from her bosom—"here it is, in the very same paper in which it was wrapped up together with the other two. When about to be led to the scaffold, Cornelius Van Baerle gave me all three. Take it, Monseigneur, take it." And the girl, unfolding the paper, offered the bulb to the prince, who took it from her hand, and examined it.

"But, Monseigneur, this young woman may have stolen the sprout, as she did the tulip," Boxtel said, with a faltering voice, alarmed at the scrutiny William was bestowing upon the bulb, and still more at the movements of Rosa, who was reading some lines written on the paper, which remained in her hands.

Her eyes suddenly lighted up; she read, with breathless attention, the mysterious paper over and over again; and at last, uttering a cry, held it out to the prince, and said:

"Read, Monseigneur, for Heaven's sake read!"

William of Orange handed the third offshoot to Van Herysen, took the paper, and read it. His hand trembled; he staggered as he stood, and the expression of pain and compassion in his features was so unnatural that it seemed fearful to witness.

The paper was that fly-leaf taken from the Bible, which Cornelius De Witt had sent to Dort by Craeke, the servant of his brother Jean, to request Van Baerle to burn the correspondence of the grand pensionary with the Marquis de Louvois. This request, the reader may remember, was couched in the following terms:

"MY DEAR GODSON,—Burn the parcel which I have intrusted to you. Burn it without looking at it, and without opening it, so that its contents may remain unknown to yourself. Secrets of this description are death to those with whom they are deposited. Burn it, and you will have saved Jean and Cornelius De Witt. Farewell, and love me,

"CORNELIUS DE WITT.

"20th of August, 1672."

This slip of paper offered the proof, both of Van Baerle's innocence, and of his claim to the property of the tulip. Rosa and the stadtholder exchanged one look only. The prince wiped the cold sweat from his forehead, and slowly folded up the paper, whilst his thoughts were wandering through a labyrinth, without a guide and without a goal. Soon, however, raising his head, he said, with an effort, however, in his usual voice: "Go, Heer Boxtel, justice shall be done, I promise you." Then, turning to the president, he added: "You, my dear Mynheer Van Herysen, take charge of this young woman and of the tulip. Good-bye."

All bowed, and the prince left, amid the deafening cheers of the crowd outside, while the man Boxtel returned to his inn, rather puzzled, uneasy, and tormented by misgivings about the paper that Rosa had given William the Stadtholder.

Rosa went up to the tulip, tenderly kissed its leaves, and, with a heart full of happiness and confidence in the ways of the great All-Father, broke out in the words: "Thou knowest best for what end thou didst inspire my good Cornelius to teach me to read."

"WOMAN'S EDUCATION AND WOMAN'S HEALTH."*

BY RUNA S. MICHAELS.

HERE is one fact in which the women of America should rejoice—a fact which marks an era in her history and civilization—and this is, that our philanthropists and scholars are discussing her merits and qualifications on the vast field of intellectual power. It is not surprising that the idea of coeducation should meet with stern opposition from conservatives. The world is as illiberal to-day as during the eras of either of the great reforms in science, art, politics, or religion. Customs and principles of a past century are clung to as if they possessed some magic charm for

* *Woman's Education and Woman's Health.* Thomas W. Durston & Co., Publishers. Syracuse. 1874.

the souls of men; this may be a reverence for age, or it may be a dogged conservatism, blindly hating all change—all progress.

The recent agitation of the subject of a higher education for woman has led to an investigation of many of the tenets of our educational system, revealing its deficiencies and excellencies, and has formed a fruitful theme for the general press. College journals and minor periodicals came forward with their protests—unimportant in themselves, however, as their anathemas were aimed at the “co” rather than the “education” part of the idea. In October, 1873, appeared Dr. Clarke's little volume, in which he based all his “cons” upon the physical constitution of woman:

“*Arnolphe*. Je veux qu'elle réponde—une tarte à la crème
En un mot, qu'elle soit d'une ignorance extrême.
Et c'est assez pour elle, à vous en bien parler,
De savoir prier Dieu, m'aimer, coudre, et filer.”
—*L'Ecole des Femmes*.

These words of Molière's hero would have been a most fitting prelude to “Sex in Education,” and might have expressed the sentiment which prompted its publication. The *furor* which this work occasioned in literary circles, and the popularity which it so suddenly acquired, were owing to “its captivating title, its flowing, graceful, and still pungent and popular style, its positive and uncompromising tone, the residence, rank, and former official position of its author, and the vital importance of the question discussed by Dr. Clarke” to humanity. Sensational in the extreme, oftentimes appealing to the emotional nature to conceal its biased and unsound reasoning, dogmatically asserting a theory and principles which find no place or authority in medical science, it succeeded in deceiving the public mind, and received marked and favorable attention from many critics. None of these reviewers attempted to follow Dr. Clarke in his peculiar line of discussion; they either did, or did not, believe in a thorough education for woman, and accordingly either accepted or rejected his premises and conclusions.

To weigh carefully the evidence contained in his argumentation, it is necessary to penetrate deeper, to its foundation; to trace it through all the essential steps; to observe where the fallacy enters, and note its influence on the general course of reasoning; to show the irrelevancy of facts cited as corroborative proof; and to point out its errors and defects. This task has been successfully accomplished in a review entitled “Woman's Education and Woman's Health,” dedicated to “the Mothers of America.” The character and social position of

the authors—Professor George F. Comfort, A. M., a distinguished scholar and educator; and Mrs. Anna Manning Comfort, M. D., a lady of high culture and refinement—would alone recommend it to the consideration of every conscientious parent or guardian. The subject is viewed from two stand-points; namely, “the educational and the medical, or psychological and the physiological.” In addition to the discussion of the most essential features of Dr. Clarke's argument, they have followed him into various side issues, noted many important omissions in his argument, and pointed out some changes which would be beneficial to our national life and education. The contents of “Woman's Education and Woman's Health” may be considered under nine divisions.

I. Dr. Clarke's argument may be briefly stated as follows: An important portion of the ill-health of American women is attributable to their studying in our schools under the present *régime*; that for a healthful and normal development of woman's physical organization, her mind demands rest and quiet during one week of each month from the age of fourteen until twenty; that “boys' way of uninterrupted study” is not in accordance with the laws of her being; and, hence, coeducation is disastrous to the health of American women; and our female seminaries and colleges, by following the “boys' method” of study, are as productive of evil results as if they were arenas of coeducation. Our authors term this argument “a masterly example of modern ‘destructive criticism;’” for its author has displayed marvelous zeal in demolishing the structure which cost years of conscientious labor and study, but has failed to lay any plan for the erection of one more satisfactory and beneficial to humanity.

A corollary of his argument would be the utter impracticability of any organized school for girls; for no two young ladies could recite together. Tutorial instruction would be impossible, for all but the daughters of the wealthy; and it is not these, as a general rule, who desire a liberal education. And tutorial instruction of the highest grade—as from Professors Pierce, Dana, and Chandler, by Guizot and Curtius—would evidently be very limited, and the benefits now derived from costly apparatus and cabinets would be lost.

Again, there would be no female teachers—an element of vast importance in our educational *régime*. We might extend Dr. Clarke's arguments to other than literary fields; for his restrictions apply to physical as well as mental exertion. But he has given us no plan for the performance of household duties, so arranged

that woman can be excused from labor during one week of every four. "Perhaps Dr. Clarke has a man cook in his kitchen, or a Chinaman in his laundry." Our authors ask, "If girls do not receive a liberal education, with what will they occupy their youthful years, and what will be their history in after life?"—a question every mother should answer before she deprives her daughter of that mental culture which makes the mind an inner heaven of beauties and chaste pleasures.

II. It is not a question of morals, but of facts; not what ought to occur, but what does occur. All of Dr. Clarke's reasoning is shown to be tinged with an *a priori* expectation of finding the result, and entirely ignores all that conservative sanitary influence which is realized in the experience of every educated person; and when, from a few crucial cases, he lays down a broad principle for the ill-health of womankind, he is guilty of a hasty generalization, which he would not approve "in deciding the influence of free trade upon the wealth of a nation, or of capital punishment in repressing crime." "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" is a question very pertinent to the subject; for while some of the profession are cautious in forming any opinion as regards the truth of Dr. Clarke's statements, others declare them to be erroneous. There are also other important witnesses to be consulted as educators and pastors. Looking over his argument again, we find "it is not asserted that *all* the female graduates of our schools and colleges are pathological specimens!" Our authors ask with Solomon, "Can one go on coals, and not be burned?" Another effusion is, "Corsets that embrace the waist with a tighter and steadier grip than any lover's arm, etc."—we question the propriety and *force* of the expression—"are productive of grievous maladies." And in a succeeding paragraph we are told that "these grievous maladies . . . which torture a woman's existence are indirectly affected by food, clothing, and exercise."

Dr. Clarke's peculiar theory is, that "in childhood, girls and boys are very nearly alike. . . . The curves of separation swell out as childhood recedes; and, as old age draws on, approach until they unite in an ellipse again. In old age—the second childhood—the difference becomes as of little note as during the first. Not as man or as woman, but as a sexless being, does age enter and pass the portal of what is called death!" On the contrary, our authors truthfully assert that the "peculiar spiritual characteristics of the two sexes are manifest with the first dawning of the infant

mind;" and "Humboldt at ninety, and Titian at ninety-nine, were as distinctly men and not women as Queen Elizabeth and Catharine de Medici, at seventy, were women and not men." They might also have asked by what gender he would designate an aged mother. Again, in attributing the ill-health of our women to mental exertion, he has substituted the occasion for the cause: "When young women with enfeebled vital powers, though charming vivacity of spirit and manner, expose themselves to any thing that taxes their endurance, whether it be to continued study, to the giddy dissipation of fashionable life, or to the cares, anxieties, and perplexities of married life, no wonder that their beauty vanishes, their systems yield in sudden collapse, and they die prematurely, or become the victims of ill-health for the remainder of their lives!"

III. "Chiefly Physiological," is devoted to a discussion of Dr. Clarke's erroneous statements concerning the formation and action of woman's peculiar organization, and also points out various reasons for the non-development of the upper portions of the body; prominent among which is a lack of all exercise that would tend to strengthen the muscles of the chest and arms; also certain peculiarities of dress, which contribute to the same effect.

An elaborate explication of our author's remarks on the physiological questions involved are unnecessary in a review of this character, as the great majority of even educated persons are not sufficiently conversant with medical science to appreciate them. Dr. Clarke would have displayed a far greater sense of propriety by presenting his opinions to the members of his profession instead of the public; but perhaps he counted on this lack of critical ability on the part of his auditors.

IV. "The conservative, sanitary influence of education" is an important element in all discussions of the relation of health to education; yet our authors find that Dr. Clarke has entirely omitted it in his argument.

He seems to forget that woman is a spiritual as well as a physical being. A child leaving school at the age of thirteen could not have that sweep of mental activity, or precision in thought and reasoning, which would characterize a person who remained under wise and judicious instruction until twenty years of age.

"The feminine mind is naturally inclined to the pursuit of æsthetic studies." All truth is beautiful and attractive; and when woman is excluded from the world of truth enshrined in the temples of science, literature, and art, she is deprived of that pure, wholesome enjoyment,

for which the frivolous pleasures of the fashionable drawing-room can never compensate. No one can doubt the influence of a refined and cultivated intellect upon the moral conduct of its possessor. An enlightened conscience is the most potent safeguard in keeping the feet of youth in the paths of virtue and piety. Physiology, hygiene, and anatomy are taught in all our higher institutions of learning: thus giving every student an opportunity to study the structure of the human system, the laws of its action, and enabling him to acquire a knowledge by which he may avert or remedy abnormal health.

Again: Physical exercise is not so neglected in our schools as Dr. Clarke would represent. A calisthenic gymnasium is often a prominent feature of a seminary or college, and regularity of habits is more or less enforced. Neither is school-life a continued "mental strain." To say nothing of Saturdays, intermissions, etc., every institution has vacations of ten or thirteen weeks.

According to Dr. Clarke's physiology (we should term this part of it a sort of refined Darwinianism), this mental development of woman will produce another race or species of human beings, which he would denominate "Agenes." To this Clarkeian prognostication our authors reply, that "coarseness of features and of manners, unfeminine traits, and masculine looks and actions, are not more common among women of a liberal education than among those who lack such education. If the new race of 'Agenes' ever comes into the world, it will not be peopled from the educated classes of American women."

V. If the ill-health of American women is not attributable to studying in our schools, as now organized, the question arises, Where shall we find its cause?

Our authors claim that this low state of health is not confined to girls between the ages of fourteen and twenty, but extends to all persons, of whatever sex, age, or class; that it is a national inheritance from the last generation; a sequence of some of the customs that prevailed during the "much-vaunted good old times of our grandfathers." Want of healthful exercise, and the use of superfluous clothing, are potent agents in destroying the vitality and activity of the American woman. Not less efficacious are the spiritual characteristics of our national life; a restless, nervous excitement seems to pervade every class of American society. "Every thing is done at railroad speed." Children are intrusted to the care of the teacher, pastor, and physician, so that the parents may

comply with the requirements of business or fashionable life; and these children, at an early age, are hurried into the same whirl of dissipation (society calls it pleasure!) in which their parents have lived. As an example of this, our authors quote from a Syracuse paper a *recherche* social affair among the "masters" and "misses" of that city—it may be from the same journal which has contained bitter editorials on Coeducation, and quoted Dr. Clarke's sentiments with such charming devotion!

VI. We may say history teaches and experience proves that there is no "European way," as Dr. Clarke terms the fanciful method by which he would regulate the education of our daughters. Our authors prove that there is no uniformity of education in the various countries of Europe, much less such an absurd custom as he describes.

VII. Coeducation, against which Dr. Clarke's arguments seem to be specially directed, is a subject of great interest. Our authors think that its universal adoption by colleges would not be advisable; for the present plan would not only admit of a comparison between the various methods, but also accommodates all persons, either indifferent, prejudiced, or liberal.

"Juxta-education" is a plan suggested by Dr. Clarke, by which young ladies should recite in the same buildings, and to the same professors, but not in the same classes. Two reasons would render this impracticable,—first, the number of the Faculty is always reduced to a minimum limit, and their time is fully occupied; secondly, it would be absurd to attempt class recitation when Dr. Clarke's theory would necessitate individual instruction.

There seems to be a blind devotion to traditional courses of study; and he or she who can not write A. B. or A. M. after their name must (in A. B.'s opinion) surrender all claim to the rank of a scholar. Upon this subject our authors write, when they remember how some of these will resort to every artifice to avoid study, and yet pass through their curriculum, "it is refreshing to witness the anxiety of these aspirants for A. B. lest the scholarship of our country should be degraded by opening the doors of our colleges and universities to their sisters!"

The propriety of women entering professional life is then discussed by our authors, favoring her admission to any toward which her peculiar talents, genius, or inclination, would lead her. The medical profession is one in which woman can be of great and unquestionable good to humanity; but we question the usefulness of a lady parson or a lady judge.

VIII. Under "Testimonials" are given extracts of letters from physicians and educators of distinction, among which may be mentioned one from Dr. J. H. Congdon, Superintendent of the New York State Inebriate Asylum, in which, among other causes, he attributes the ill-health of American women to a "neglect of mental development rather than overwork of the brain."

Rev. Howard Crosby, D. D., Chancellor of the University of the City of New York, after a few remarks on the effects of "pernicious diet," and the prevailing habits of dress, concludes: "If girls would be girls, and not attempt to be fashionable women, we would have a splendid race of women in this favored land!"

Mr. J. M. Schwartz, many years a teacher in the normal-schools of Germany, reveals the absurdity of Dr. Clarke's chapter, entitled the "European Way," by showing that it is "full of inconsistencies, errors, and contradictions."

IX. In conclusion, the authors give a happy illustration of the manner in which "Sex in Education" can be said to "have done much good." A cry of "fire!" in a vessel at sea, even though a false alarm, will put officers and crew upon the alert to use extra cautions to avoid so fearful a disaster as the burning of a steamship, with its precious freight of human life, a thousand miles from land. Not the lives of a few hundred passengers for a few days are committed to the charge of educators, but, in a large degree, the health, the lives, and the general well-being of the entire race. The false alarm created by Dr. Clarke will doubtless lead to a re-examination of the merits, defects, and errors of our present system of education!

As a reply to "Sex in Education," the merits of this work can not be doubted. It evinces careful thought and analysis, an accurate knowledge of the physical laws involved, and introduces many important facts, which Dr. Clarke inadvertently omitted, but which give the picture quite a different coloring.

Valuable discoveries have been made in all departments of knowledge; but it has remained for a physician of the nineteenth century to try to demonstrate that an all-wise and beneficent Creator has bestowed upon one-half of the human race an unnecessary faculty. Reason is the link which connects man with Divinity. Even Dr. Clarke would not term it an evil! Divine law commands us to cultivate every pure and ennobling faculty we possess. No zealot will deny that his wife or daughter has a reason, a mind; and in bestowing an intellect upon woman (the very possession of which demands culture), is it reasonable to suppose that

he has given her a physical nature not in harmony with this spirituality? The economy everywhere displayed in the plan of creation would contradict the supposition. Christian reason would deny it! When God created her for the sacred office and duties of maternity, he endowed her with that spark of divine wisdom which can alone fit her for its requirements. Woman can rule the world, through the cultivation of thought, domestic love and peace, better than its mightiest king! There was true wisdom in Professor Seelye's eloquent appeal: "That if we give the best education to men to fit them for the learned professions, much more should we give it to women, upon whom, more than all preachers, depends the care of human souls; upon whom, more than all physicians, depends the health of the human bodies; upon whom, more than all lawyers, depend those conceptions of law and order which are the foundations of justice."

Coeducation is now discussed more with reference to the propriety of "mixed colleges," a term neither elegant or appropriate. Like the "Free-will controversy," this problem will be solved practically, but never (in this generation) nominally. So long as tradition tells "young America" of the good old times, when college halls were not desecrated by feminine feet, when classic aspirants went home to doting mammas and awe-struck fair ones, elevating themselves on pedestals of self-glorification, to be worshiped like so many little gods, so long will there be cries of "fire!" from some part of the literary deck! But if woman is true to her God and herself, the time will come when all mankind will regard her as the companion for which the Creator designed her—a companion in those pure and spiritual enjoyments which render this life a happy prelude to a happier heaven.

THE ENGAGEMENT KEPT.

BY REV. I. DAYTON DECKER.

It is the time. The hours I dedicate
To tempered sorrow, easy-flowing tears,
And memory. Five years have come and gone,
Alas! too soon, too soon! and she is dead!
We stood upon this spot five years ago
Together; heart to heart, and hand in hand—
Repeating that which either loved to hear
So dearly, though so often heard before;
And new, though told from Adam's age to ours,—
She confidence, and I my heart's warm love.
Ah! dear the day, and dear those loving eyes
In which her trusting soul met mine; and dear
Those ears so quick to hear; and dear that voice

In answer low and sweet as mother's voice
 Who sits and sings beside her baby's cot.
 Our hopes were high that day; accomplishment
 Was drawing close to expectation's door;
 And much too wild the tumult in our hearts
 To hear the moan that nature uttered round.
 How dark that cavern—damp and deep and chill!
 How like a grave! Yet not to her or me;
 For love was there, and made it light and warm.
 And see! upon the earth has fallen a shade!
 The sun his burning has forgotten; changed
 In force and form, he seems a glittering moon,
 As if for evening's rest. The chirping birds
 Have ceased their wonted music, and have sought
 The customary bough. Deeper the shade;
 And sickly horror settles over all!
 But what to us of harm? Our hearts were glad,
 And we as little felt a weeping world
 As those well-housed and warm and happy feel
 The Winter's sleet and chills; as light the gloom
 As lazy shadows on the mountain-side.
 Ah, dear! we dreamed and laughed and wept that
 day—
 For life, though joyous, has enough of tears—
 Forecasting what the future years might bring.
 "But let us come," she says, "five years from this,
 And place reality at fancy's side."
 The time has passed. I come again alone.
 Those graceful limbs are rigid; mute her tongue;
 Ashes her heart; and caverns those dear eyes.
 Till resurrection's trump shall wake all dead,
 No sound shall reach again those dusty ears.
 And roses now are growing on her grave.

A FOREST LEGEND.

BY FLOA BRET HARRIS.

It was in the years afar-off,
 In that early twilight hour,
 When out of the sea-foam budded
 The New World, like a flower.

In a forest's grand cathedral,
 The sunset light was dim;
 And a royal priesthood chanted
 A weird, majestic hymn.

Softly the Maple counted
 Her bright-leaved rosary;
 In crimson Autumn beauty,
 A prophetess was she.

While the Oak that frowned beside her,
 Was a druid dark and hoar,
 And had garnered in his bosom
 Full a century of lore.

And the Pine-tree, facing heaven—
 In its soul a vague desire
 For the wasting wine of sunbeams—
 Was a worshiper of fire.

There stood, in the evening glimmer,
 A friar with locks of gray,

With a brow where grief was sleeping,
 And eyes where a shadow lay.

He heard not the sweet wind-anthem,
 And saw not, in affright,
 The eyes of the wild-wood creatures
 Glare through the gath'ring night.

For his brother's blood was crying
 With a louder tongue than all,
 And he saw the crimson grasses
 Grow strangely rank and tall.

'T was over the seas—what matter?
 A soul hath the fateful eyes
 That pierce through the spaces round it,
 As stars through the midnight skies.
 A ghost from the vale of shadow
 Had sung to his heart and brain
 The song of the lost, till reason
 Fled the horrible strain.

And he heard, in his somber madness,
 The sound of a stealthy tread;
 And ever he saw, outreaching,
 The hungry hand of the dead.

There stole on his fevered vision
 A glimpse of the fabled stream—
 The fountain of life and beauty,
 That flashed on the Old World's dream.

And by night and day he journeyed,
 And over the sea and shore;
 But the rose-girt fount of healing
 Fled from him evermore.

And now as the gloom inclosed him
 With its great black dungeon-bars,
 He sped while the grim eyes watched him,
 By the light of pitying stars.

Lo! a limpid stream, entangled
 In the dusky forest green,
 Climbed over the rocks that scorned it,
 Like a vine of silver sheen.

And the madman strove to gain it;
 But his sight grew strangely dim:
 For a phantom-hand had clutched him,
 Close by the torrent's brim.
 And the stars shone on in heaven,
 But the night reigned over him.

SOLITUDE.

DEAR solitary groves where peace doth dwell,
 Sweet harbors of pure love and innocence,
 How willingly could I forever stay
 Beneath the shade of your embracing greens!
 Listening the harmony of warbling birds,
 Tuned with the gentle murmur of the streams;
 Upon whose bank, in various livery,
 The fragrant offspring of the early year,
 Their heads, like graceful swans, bent proudly down,
 See their own beauties in the crystal flood.

EVIL SPIRITS.

BY MRS. ELLEN T. H. HARVEY.

IN my childhood I heard two independent thinkers in dispute about a personal devil.

One said: "There is no Satan, devil, or evil spirit, by whatever name the myths of the ages apply to this figment of the imagination. But there is an evil tendency inherent in man, an oppugnation connected with the conditions of the natural body, which exerts a baleful influence. This ceases with the natural existence." The other disputant was certain of the presence of evil spirits, as well as good spirits, and of their powerful influence in human affairs.

When challenged for his proof by the one who believed in "oppugnation," he said the proofs were so numerous he did not choose to adduce one, except the testimony of experience. He himself had seen a devil, who had spoken to him one late hour on returning home. Replying with a stone, the spirit had resolved himself into a thousand sparks of fire.

"What did you think he said to you?" inquired the "oppugnation."

"That, I shall never disclose," answered the other solemnly.

"How did you know it was a devil?"

"The same as Martin Luther knew when he threw his inkstand at his evil spirit,—by internal consciousness."

"Say, rather, a disordered imagination. 'He hath a devil,' was a common way of accusing Jesus when he announced an unknown truth. The unregulated passions springing from hereditary transmission of evil are only answerable for all the written and unwritten tricks of Diabolus and the derived tribe of this convenient scape-goat for our own personal evil," persisted "oppugnation," with that delightful placidity which wisdom assumes in presence of its favorite allegation of "ignorance" and "superstition."

Even now, I can remember the smile of conscious superiority which sat on the face of this opponent of a personal evil spirit. Many times since that day I have seen that smile radiating from the same annunciation.

I have yet to find the man or woman who believes in the divinity of Jesus Christ, as recorded in the New Testament, who does not also believe in the influence of personal spirits of evil. There are different degrees of this belief, from that which makes devils sometimes possess others besides themselves, to the decided recognition of the necessity of constant watchfulness and devout prayer with living faith in the personal struggle "against the rulers of the

darkness of this world"—against "the wiles of the devil."

From the faith comes the life; from the life comes the faith. Which is the prior source of power, is a mooted point, as much as that problem whether mind governs matter, or matter rules the mind. One truth is fixed: Every man has one center, from which springs the will directing his real life. This center must be either the Lord or self. When the Lord is the ruling love of man, he is regenerated, born into the new life, contrary to the natural life of the soul. When the Lord is the will of the soul, the man is passed into that progressive state called sanctification, perfect love, or holiness. Those who have not entered with Christ upon his regeneration, make self the sovereign of the consciousness. Thought and life proceed from the one Source, however it may appear otherwise. It is the nature of evil to deny itself. "And no marvel, for Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light." If he were known and understood, his power would be comparatively annulled. Hence, when self is the center of the life, or the ruling love of man, we never really know that it is so. Not until the regeneration is commenced do we see that this love of self was evil, and brought the soul into communication and fellowship with spirits of evil. They whose ruling love is self deny the existence of evil spirits; or, if they do not in distinct negation, they deny such existence and influence as a personal concern.

Not until the soul passes into the life of sanctification does it begin to perceive the real relation which evil spirits sustain to man in this world. In an initial state, previous to the surrender of the will, one may assent to the truth of their presence and agency, but can not realize even the outermost limit of their power. The reason of this is, that so long as self rules the man, he has the pride inherent in nature, and can not perceive or acknowledge any state of subjection to that which is opposed to the right. When the man begins to turn to the Lord, he holds himself in a truer relation, and acknowledges the power of evil to a certain degree. When wholly turned to the Lord, he is divested of pride, and acknowledges truth in humility and love.

The history of the recognition of evil spirits is coeval with the history of the world. It has appeared in the account of all the religions of every people under the sun. Whether embodied or personified in the Typhon of Egyptian mythology; in Ahriman, the evil principle of Zoroaster; the cacodemons of the Greeks; or the Beelzebub of the Hebrews; or under

the divers names of the thousand legends which appear in the sacred books of the remnants of peoples supposed to have sprung from the lost tribes, all agree in the invisible agency of Evil external to man in human affairs. The abstractions, hereditary taints, and vulgar superstitions, to which the "rational scientists" resolve all this recognized power in the world, can never satisfactorily account for the universality of the recognition of evil spirits, both from consciousness and tradition. But one other idea has exceeded the prevalence and power of this; namely, that of the Supreme God who created all things. Not even the acknowledgment of good spirits inferior to God has equalled that of bad spirits.

From whence do evil spirits come? All existence proceeds from God. Without him was not any thing made that was made. "The dust returns to the earth as it was; and the spirit returns to God who gave it." God rules the universe, equally those worlds within that world whose inhabitants have by perversity separated themselves from the Supreme Good, which place or state we call hell, as those worlds we call heaven. "Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?" "If I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there!"

We answer, evil spirits come from God. This seeming paradox is fully substantiated in the lessons as well as words of Divine inspiration. "But the spirit of the Lord departed from Saul, and an evil spirit from the Lord troubled him." Later in this narrative we read: "And it came to pass on the morrow, that the evil spirit from God came upon Saul." Again, "And the evil spirit from the Lord was upon Saul." Thus it reads in 1 Samuel. In Judges ix, 23: "Then God sent an evil spirit between Abimelech and the men of Shechem." If it be objected that this "evil spirit" was a spirit of "oppugnation" or division among the people, for which only their own passions were responsible, we ask leave to refer to Job. "And the Lord said unto Satan, Behold, all that he hath is in thy power; only upon himself put not forth thine hand. So Satan went forth from the presence of the Lord." This took place directly after God had commended Job as a man who feared God and eschewed evil.

Why are evil spirits sent to man?

Canst thou, by searching, find out God? How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out! We are permitted, nay commanded, to "inquire, and make search, and ask diligently;" "for when thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world

will learn righteousness." It is therefore not presumptuous for us to study the history of God's dealings with men, to discover some of the causes and objects of his will.

Evil spirits are permitted to trouble us for at least a twofold reason,—to punish and to prove. When evil spirits are sent in judgment, the sin will be seen to be rebellion against the government of God, or the worship of self, instead of the true God. The soul will not have God, or "this man Christ Jesus," to rule over it, but will be ruled by its own will. And Samuel said to Saul: "When thou wast little in thine own sight, wast thou not made the head of the tribes of Israel?" Afterward we read of him: "Thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, and the Lord hath rejected thee from being king over Israel;" "for rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft, and stubbornness is as iniquity and idolatry." It is generally thought that Job was permitted by the Lord to be tried by Satan, in order to prove him, and that this discipline was in no wise retributive. But it appears that when Job saw himself before God, he repented and abhorred himself, in dust and ashes. Even as God drew near to his consciousness, by patient reflection, he confesses that he had said in his prosperity: "I shall die in my nest, and I shall multiply my days as the sand." "My glory was fresh in me." "The light of my countenance they cast not down. I chose out their way and sat chief." Perhaps there was nothing which could so strikingly have illustrated his consciousness of greatness as his words: "When I prepared my seat in the street, the young men saw me, and hid themselves, and the aged arose, and stood up." If he had stood himself, in the coming of the aged, it is possible Satan would have found no place for his work.

Signs are not always revelations of the sense, but often do they repeat the soul. When the Abbot Augustine was sent forth by Gregory for the conversion of the ancient Britons, and their union with the Romish Anglo-Saxon Church, it is recorded that there was danger lest the Divine work might be hindered by his want of humility. The Britons applied to one of their pious hermits for counsel. He told them they might follow Augustine, if he were a man of God. They inquired how they might know if he were a man of God? He replied: "If he be meek and lowly in heart, like the Lord, it is to be expected that he will bear the yoke of his master as a disciple of Christ, and not wish to impose on you any other burden; but, if he be of a violent and proud spirit, it is clear that he is not born of God, and we must not

give heed to his words." When they further asked by what signs they would know whether he were a meek and humble man, he said: "They had better cause him and his retinue to enter first, and take their places in the assembly, where these affairs were to be discussed. If, when they afterward went in, he rose at their entrance, they should acknowledge him as a servant of Christ; but, if he remained sitting, though their numbers far exceeded his, they were not to recognize him."

God allows us to be troubled by evil spirits, that we may, in our freedom, prove what is our ruling love. When self reigns, men once good and wise fall gradually into union with evil spirits, and, after a time, they cease to discern how they are led. Says Thomas à Kempis: "Oftentimes those who have been in the greatest esteem and account amongst men, have fallen into the greatest danger by over-much self-confidence. 'When Ephraim spake trembling in Israel he exalted himself, but when he offended in Baal he died.'"

Sin obscures the soul. By degrees, never at the first, it induces belief in its deceptions. Then the soul, in self-confidence, will "call evil good, and good evil; put darkness for light, and light for darkness."

Man's appointments, which are called his success, are far more dangerous than his disappointments, called his defeats. Few men are great enough, rather good enough, to bear prosperity. Even a saint like the apostle Paul says: "Lest I should be exalted above measure, through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest," he repeats, "I should be exalted above measure." "Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me;" "for when I am weak, then am I strong."

From this is derived the pendent reflection: How may men prove that they are not led by evil spirits?

Much is said about the power of the imagination in accounting for the apparent influence of bad spirits. As reasonably may we select any faculty of the mind, and by its abnormal operation seek to account for all the phenomena connected with the use of that faculty. For instance: a person may be affected by a disease, which finally terminates in lunacy. The lunatic imagines he is a king, and demands allegiance from all around him as his subjects. Is not this, inquires the opposer of the doctrine of devils, a clear case of imagination disordered by a diseased body? Another would

reply that the lunatic was permitted by God to be possessed by a devil as a punishment for formerly cultivating a spirit of overweening authority, and willfully allowing his mind to dwell upon some disappointed ambition growing from this assumption.

Nebuchadnezzar was punished with lunacy for his pride of soul until seven times had passed over him. "At the end of the days I Nebuchadnezzar lifted up mine eyes unto Heaven, and mine understanding returned unto me, and I blessed the most High, and I praised and honored him that liveth forever," etc. "And all the inhabitants of the earth are reputed as nothing: and he doeth according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou? And at the same time my reason returned unto me." It will be noticed in this account that he first lifted up his eyes unto Heaven, and then his understanding returned unto him.

Whenever any soul assumes to be led by his own will, in defiance of the Divine will, he is ripening for God's punishment by infestation of evil spirits. There is no exemption in behalf of the most reputed saint or acknowledged leader of a Christian Church. "But I must have a will of my own, identifying my egoity in distinction from all others, else I am become a nonentity, a mere nobody," replies the objector. True; not only a will, but learn to will powerfully, if you would accomplish much. Our will should be encircled by God's will, that we may be "in subjection to the Father of spirits, and live." The faces of our will, like the creatures of Ezekiel's vision, should have one likeness. "And their appearance and their work was as it were a wheel in the middle of a wheel." "Whithersoever the spirit was to go, they went, thither was their spirit to go." This is what is sometimes described as being lost in the will of God; yet, like "a fire infolding itself," is the work of the consecrated and sanctified will. Like "the voice of the Almighty, the voice of speech, as the noise of an host," as such go, is "the noise of their wings."

The greatest, truest saints who have left their record for us, have demonstrated clearly that Satan found no place in them. He came to them, even more than to those of lesser mold; but he found, often at first, and at the last always, that "the door was shut." And this was one of the ways they had, by which the door was fast against him. The favorite disciple, who was honored with the best place in Christ's presence, even on his breast, writes of himself thus: "And so did another disciple;"

"that disciple was known unto the high-priest;" "the disciple whom Jesus loved." But Peter, the boaster, who was even bold enough to rebuke Jesus, was called "an offense," and "Satan," by the lips of Him from whom, of all others, he would most wish for honor.

Julianus, a contemporary of Attila, king of the Huns, thus speaks of a pious bishop of his time: "By a holy life and holy preaching he converts many to God. He does nothing in a domineering way, but every thing in humility. He places himself on a level with his inferiors by the efforts of holy love. He seeks, in his life and preaching, not his own glory, but Christ's. All the honor which is paid him for his priestly life and teaching he constantly refers to God."

"But, beloved brother," wrote Gregory to Augustine, after congratulating him upon the success of the Gospel under his ministrations, "there is something in this heavenly gift which should cause you to fear in the midst of your great joy. You must fear lest your weak soul be lifted up on account of the events which have taken place. We must remember the words of the Master to his disciples when they returned delighted from their preaching, and told him—'Rejoice not in that the spirits are subject to you; but rather rejoice that your names are written in heaven.'"

"Ascribe nothing of all this to my work," said Severinus, whose prayers often healed the sick. "This grace has been obtained by fervent faith, and this occurs in many places and among many nations, that it may be seen that there is one God, who doeth wonders in heaven and earth; who awakens the lost to salvation and recalls the dead to life."

Says Thomas à Kempis: "The chiefest saints before God are the least in their own judgments; and the more glorious they are, so much the humbler within themselves."

We can never attain to the power given by God, whereby we may do wonderful works in his name, until we renounce ourselves entirely. In just that degree we do attain to, or approximate toward, this attainment, can we accomplish success, and receive that honor which comes from God.

If men and women were wholly given to God, in the will, though they were of necessity in the world, in their life, they might perform miracles, as did good men in the early age of the Christian Church. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

"That man," said a critic of an eminent

preacher and successful leader among a powerful body of Christians, "does not have the power he once had. He has not lost his voice, but he has lost his strength." "Ah," replied the other, "he has lost nothing but the superior grace by which to bear unexampled prosperity." But it signifies nothing how well a man may succeed in life, within the scope of his aspirations, if he remain in soul, like the crystal, so clear of the impurities of nature that the heavenly light may shine through all his life. Whatever he does is done for the glory of God. Like the good Pastor Oberlin, God will honor his faith by answering his prayers in a manner that appears to be miraculous.

Would that all the men and women who choose Christian work for their life-service, might turn their faces wholly to the Lord, that the veil of the world would be taken away from their heart. How rich, how full, how strong would then be the power of the Church in these days!

The line between the Church and the world is now grown so faint, who may tell where evil spirits come in, or by what signs we may know that they are not more numerous and powerful than the good? It is a great mistake of the present day that the externalities of Christian life are made so indistinct; in other words, that "bearing the cross of Christ," in any definite reality, has become so nearly obsolete. It is true there remain some few duties or "privileges" that are called crosses, in the ordinary life of a professing Christian; but these same crosses are the ones which are calculated to develop a consciousness of self, rather than the Supreme God.

The days are approaching when the Church must come into another scene. Christendom is marked by epochs. Christ will have a peculiar people: "For ye are the temple of the living God." If this temple become desecrated, he will drive out what has no right to be there. The unspeakable gift is not vouchsafed in traffic. The only condition mentioned with its possession is, "Thanks be unto God!"

Wright, in his history of sorcery and magic, says: "It has been an article of popular belief, from the earliest period of the history of the nations of Western Europe, that women were more easily brought into connection with the spiritual world than men; priestesses were the favorite agents of the deities of the ages of paganism." This theory is justified, not only by the history of the first work with an evil spirit, but by that of many memorable passages of this order in all subsequent time.

Few elements of the worldliness of the

Church to the slow but certain weakening of its power, equal those for which women are responsible. Directly is this evident in their personal life, and yet more indirectly in the training of their children. If the mother, though called Christian, is in sympathy with that spirit which makes self the central source of the life, the children will be nourished by the same spirit. By insensible degrees, while most impressible, they acquire fellowship with evil, and are led by spirits of darkness until their innocence is sacrificed to deceptions of various kinds.

If all mothers were like the mother of Eligius, Bishop of Lyons, who instructed her son with the greatest care in the principles of honesty and truth, the world, and especially the Church, would be arrayed with more commanding influence against the spirits of evil. This good man, while yet young and engaged in a secular calling, was intrusted by the treasurer of the king, Clotaire, to make a chair of gold and precious stones. He employed his material with such care and economy, that he was enabled to make two chairs instead of one. After the first chair was sent to the king, and Eligius had received the royal testimony of satisfaction, the king was astonished when Eligius brought him the other chair. He said, "He who is so faithful in little things will be faithful also in greater things." So great was the confidence of the court in him after this, that when any work was to be done by him, gold, silver, and precious stones were sent him without weight, because he never used any more than was necessary.

It is not strange that we find this man, after he was raised to be a father in the Church, exhorting his people with a holy, irresistible unction, to bring up their children in the fear of God. "Let no man deceive you," he enjoins; "he who committeth sin is of the devil. Strive that ye may be separated from the devil, and united to God who has redeemed you."

LESSONS FROM MY BLOTTER.

BY REV. E. M. BATTIS.

HOW suggestive are the little things that are scattered all about us! Who gives any value to the little irregular piece of coal that is stepped on half a dozen times a day? But many pages would be required to contain its history,—the elements that compose it, the scenes of the geological period when, as woody fiber, it swelled and grew; the mighty convulsions that depressed the land on which it grew; poured the torrents of the sea upon it;

tore it from its foundations, and deposited it with unmeasured tons of vegetable matter in some mammoth basin; the many years that intervened before earth, air, and sea, with all their mighty forces, could cover the mass to the present depth of coal-beds; the kindling of the fires, and the great heat of subterranean furnaces that were necessary to drive off the oxygen and hydrogen; and last, not least, the history of mining operations by which it was brought from its hidden veins to the channels of commerce.

Upon my table lies a piece of blotting-paper. It has none of the charms of age or value or beauty, and yet it is as useful as many a book in my library, as attractive as the yellow leaves that have fallen near my window, and as suggestive as the little piece of coal that came from the distant ages.

I am interested in its earlier history. Years before its paperhood, it was a little bunch of cotton rags. Just when the cotton was gathered from the pods, I do not know; but somebody's Sambo hurriedly dressed himself before sunrise of some August day, and picked the cotton from the bursting pods. Then several four hundred pound bales were put aboard a steamer at one of the river towns, and shipped to some mill in the North-eastern States. Each pound of the raw cotton made four yards of muslin. Some one purchasing these four yards had a good undergarment made, that endured many a terrible scrubbing and many a heartless pounding and many a fearful scorching, until it could stand no longer, and it was shoved over on the supernumerary list. It soon became a magic thing in Biddy's hands to wash the dishes that fried the meat that covered the plate that held the gravy that seasoned the potato that suited the taste of Mr. Jones. But who, with all the pounding and scrubbing and ironing, could long stand so much grease and other muss? Rags! rags! Superannuate them; tuck them away in the rag-bag; tuck them down so hard that the old green gingham rag-bag will tear; then trade the whole off for a tin wash-dish, and sorrow not, for great things shall yet come from the faithful but much abused old rags.

2. The old rag-bag went out from Mr. Jones's back-door one day, and was thrown to the top of a peddler's cart. Like other unfortunates, one end of it was shoved over roughly, and one corner jammed in, and the whole concern tremendously pressed out of shape so as to take up as little room as possible—though, of course, without the least intention of wronging the bag; its severe treatment was only for the public

good. Then jolt, jolt away to the picking-room of the paper manufactory. Here a score or more of women are seated around a room—women of all ages and descriptions. They are old and young, wrinkled and fair, rude and gentle, healthy and sick, cheerful and sad. There are Irish and Dutch, and English and Yankee, and some who are nothing at all.

The white cotton rags are placed by themselves; the colored cottons, the woollens, and the silks in separate piles. Mrs. Jones's crinoline, and an old rubber shoe that once belonged to one of the girls, and Mr. Jones's old felt hat—all of which were in the bottom of the rag-bag—were thrown out of the window. It was the children who put such things among the rags; for Mr. Jones knows nothing about rag-bags, and Biddy cares nothing for them, and Mrs. Jones goes regularly to church, and frequently, in stormy weather, to the mite society; and when she feels like it, she "does so like to go to prayer-meeting."

The white rags are placed in an immense, slowly revolving boiler, and steamed and rolled and boiled until they are cooked. They are then shoveled into hoppers, and made to pass through wheels filled with knives which cut them very fine, when water is turned on, and the mush is thoroughly washed. It is then carried into a small vat, whence it forms a thin deposit upon a long piece of felt that is carried over and under, above and below, "round and round" several steam-heated iron cylinders, until it is dry enough to run alone. Then it leaves the felt, and goes on over and under several more cylinders, until it is thoroughly dry; and, passing through a pair of shears, it comes out at the end clear, smooth-pressed, porous paper, cut into a size adapted to the market.

3. On the face of my blotter are the evidences of design. I am sure that some intelligence once had something to do with it. There are patches of red ink on it of various sizes, and whose straight or curved outlines were evidently designed so to be. Now red ink does not grow, but is manufactured, and manufactured not by the secretive organs of animal or plant, but by the hands that obey the mandates of will. I am sure that the bloody hand of a man, if laid upon this blotter a dozen times would not have left such marks as these. The wounded foot of beast or bird would not have left such impressions. No footmarks of the *Anomæpus Major*, or the *Anisopus Gracilis*, or the *Polemarchus Gigas*, or the *Otozoum Moodii*, or of any other *ood-ii* that line the rocks of the Connecticut valley, show such regularity as do these on my blotter. The

mutilated end of the most cautiously crawling worm would not leave impressions so regularly outlined and so ingeniously contrived. But they are no more ingeniously contrived than the leaves of the forest, or the human frame, or the wing of a bird, or the snow-flakes, or the orbits of the planets. These marks on my blotter are round, straight, scalloped, and curved. Leaves are auriculate, bipinnate, cinate, digitate, etc. The orbits of the planets are slightly elliptical. The snow-flakes are triangular, radiate, stellate, etc. I doubt if the most skillful penman or painter can put upon the paper or the canvas any thing showing greater evidences of design than these marks on my blotter. But, after all, may I not call them the result of chance? May I not suppose that some of the chemicals used in the manufacture of the paper happening to be deposited on one side of it, have, in obedience to the law of affinity, sought each other's society, and in the course of matrimonial negotiations, have manifested the "crimson blush" until it has set? Or has n't the poor old blotter grown red in the face at the indignities that have been heaped upon it. I have never seen the man who executed this design, nor the instruments he used. If watches grow spontaneously in unfrequented places, and landscapes weave their own robes, and pianos grow in the woods, and stars rise and set without an instituted law; if objects leap from earth to sky without any known cause, and comets whirl without a master; if this article has no author, and the universe has no God,—then surely I am under no obligation to suppose that the designs on this blotter are the work of intellect. I know not when nor where nor how nor why these things were done. My blotter came to me as the leaves fall upon my pathway. Its author, and the circumstances of its origin, are to my experience as if they were not. If I must deny that the leaves, the mountains, the seas, and the planets are the work of mind, let me deny the same of my blotter, for I wish to be consistent.

THE HAND ON THE HELM.

BY ERSKINE M. HAMILTON.

It was a rambling, antiquated old structure—the house on the corner. Built away back beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant, it would have served admirably in an illustrated article, as a "Washington's Headquarters," the "Place where Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence," or "The House in which General Tom Thumb and the Marquis

de Lafayette signed a treaty of peace," or any other historical spot one chooses to imagine. But it is not with the old house we have to do just now. It stood a little back in the large yard, and from it projected a long, covered passage-way, connecting it with an office on the street. The office was just as antiquated and old in style as the main building, and its inside in strict harmony with its exterior.

The room was of goodly size, to begin with, and its floor covered with carpet, faded, worn, and with pattern nearly effaced by dust and usage. The furniture was old-fashioned, heavy, and solid, and, from its looks, might have come down from unknown past generations; for in the olden time they made furniture to wear—none of your weakling chairs and tables of nowadays, that get rheumatic from a month's use. A comfortable old sofa occupied one corner near the fire-place, a curiously carved massive escritoire stood in another, while back in the gloom of the furthest corner a tall, brass-hinged, brass-mounted case reached from floor to ceiling, the upper part being filled with law-books, and the lower made up of pigeon-holes from which projected numerous bundles of papers, yellowed and blackened by age and dust. In front of the fire-place, and in the center of the room, stood a heavy writing-table, with its great brass-clawed feet glittering in the fire-light; and this, with a few old-time mahogany chairs, scattered here and there, completed the furniture. Not an unpleasant office, one would say. Neither was it, once; but now, over office and furniture prevailed a deserted, lonesome appearance—a moldering, musty, dusty look, as if they belonged to an age that was past, and somehow had slipped into a world with which they had no sympathy, and had been left forgotten and unnoticed.

There was one thing cheerful in the office,—the fire. A bright, blazing wood-fire, crackling, and roaring up the wide old chimney. And there was one occupant to the room too. Up and down the floor paced a young man. Now pausing at the window to glance out at the gray November sky, now turning his steps to the dim recesses of a distant corner, and then flinging himself impatiently into a chair by the fire, only to resume his walk again after a moment, he seemed possessed with a strange spirit of restlessness. A good-looking young fellow too, as he came within the glow of the firelight,—tall, well-proportioned; high forehead, clear-cut features, and hazel eyes: yet there was a cynical, gloomy, despondent expression, that would spoil the good looks to a casual observer. But closer scrutiny would show the expression as unnat-

ural, and not in accord with the young man's character. And it was not. Mark Redwood was genial and pleasant enough naturally; but not now. And why?

Three years before, in that very office, and sitting by that very table, his father had died—of heart disease. No one was with him at the time, and, from his position when found, it was evident he found himself going, and had endeavored to leave some message, as a sheet of paper before him contained some rambling, incoherent words, and the pen yet remained in his stiffened fingers. Mark was in college when the sad intelligence reached him; and, being the only child—his mother dead years before—he hastened home to attend the funeral as sole mourner.

'Squire Redwood, the father, had been a prominent lawyer, and was supposed to be the possessor of a comfortable amount of property. It was known he owned the home-place, that it was free of incumbrance, and it was generally believed he had other considerable means; but whether invested in securities or lying in bank, was not known.

In this belief of community, Mark shared. Judge, therefore, of his surprise when the estate went to probate, no trace of property beyond the homestead could be found. On inquiry, the bank officers testified that the 'squire had an account with them for ten thousand dollars, and on the morning of his death had checked out the entire amount; but what he did with it, they did not know, nor could any one be found who did. The most diligent search among his father's papers threw no light upon the subject, and Mark finally gave up all hope of recovering the missing money. However, he had youth and health, a few hundred dollars left him by his mother, which, with rent derived from the home-place, he hoped, would carry him through college, and settle him down in the practice of law; and then—then came a fond dream of the future, where a bright-eyed, brown-haired little maiden should play a prominent part, and fame and fortune should be won.

But "misfortune never comes alone," it is said; and it did not in Mark's case. About a month after his father's death, Mr. Sydney Giles, the affable, portly president of the Stockwell Bank—the same from which the missing money had been drawn—presented himself at the county recorder's office, and, in presenting himself, also presented for record a mortgage on the Redwood homestead. The mortgage purported to be for the sum of ten thousand dollars, loaned by "the said Sydney Giles" to 'Squire Redwood.

To Mark's hopes this was a crushing blow. He could n't dispute his father's signature; it certainly was genuine. He could n't dispute Mr. Giles—the oily, polished, affable Sydney Giles—the richest man in the county, at whose bank one-half the people, 't was said, paid their tithes of ten per cent per annum, and three and four and five per cent per month. He could commit no fraud! That was n't to be thought of. But yet it was curious. A man with ten thousand dollars in bank borrowing ten thousand more, and no trace left of either of these large sums, was certainly a mystery. Mark thought so; and so did Mr. Giles. That gentleman mildly insinuated whether his "father was not in the habit of gaming?" No: 'Squire Redwood was no gambler. Mark repudiated the idea so indignantly that his interrogator stood momentarily abashed; and from that time onward, the young man's suspicions were aroused. But he could prove nothing. True, the date of the check and the date of the mortgage were the same; but that was no evidence of wrong. Merely a coincidence probably, that was all.

So the matter stood. Mark could no more pay off the mortgage than he could fly; the homestead was sold, and Mr. Giles bought it in for the amount of his claim. Of course, our young friend had to leave college; and he took to school-teaching and the study of law together, and in process of time was admitted to the bar. The books, papers, office furniture, and the like, he had left in the office until Mr. Giles should lease the room; but as that gentleman either could not or would not rent the office, Mark secured the lease, and entered upon possession. He found every thing as his father had left it at his death, excepting the papers seemed to have been handled and examined by some one. This last aroused the lurking suspicion in his mind. Who could have been searching those papers? and what for? Answer: Some one as interested in finding trace of the missing money as himself. Had they succeeded? A grim smile, as he thought of his own thorough, unavailing search, answered the question in the negative.

And thus we find him on this bleak November morning, skeptical of such a thing as honesty in the world; cynical, gloomy, and despondent of his own future, and doubting the God who permitted it all to come to pass. Clients he had none, and it would be a hard struggle to secure a place in the profession, if, indeed, he succeeded at all. Bitter and sore were his thoughts as he paced up and down the old office. His father's Bible lay upon the table, and he picked it up without any particular motive. As

he opened it he saw a small sheet of paper—the one found with his father—the last message traced by the dying hand. Mark had often read it before, and he now perused it again.

"I am dying—God have mercy—I put the papers—"

That was all: no more, no less. A Court Supreme had issued an injunction, and estopped its completion.

"O, why should it have been thus? Why was he not allowed to finish what he evidently so wished to explain?" murmured the young man, bitterly. "Providence! God! what kind of justice or mercy is that which governs the world, allowing wrong and wickedness to triumph and grow rich and powerful, while right is trampled in the dust? No, no: there is no God nor Providence! It is all a myth. It must be so!"

Then his eye rested momentarily on the Bible's printed page: "And I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." He started suddenly as he read. Was it chance directed him to that passage? Was it a rebuke to his wretched cynicism? "His ways are not as our ways." How often his father had told him that! And was there, after all, a power beyond—a mysterious hand on the helm, guiding and controlling all human events? Was he blind? and should the crooked things yet be made straight? These thoughts followed so quickly, one after the other, that for the moment he was awed. He glanced about him with a kind of superstitious dread, as though out of the silence he should meet reproof of his unbelief. A knock at the door startled him. He smiled, however, as, in response to his "Come in," the door opened, and a gray-headed old negro hobbled into the room.

"Halloo! Uncle Pete!" exclaimed Mark, "is that you? Come along to the fire, and sit down. How do you find yourself these times?"

"Not berry good, dat's de truf," answered Uncle Pete, shaking his head mournfully, and sitting down in the chair offered him. "Ye see, Massa Redwood, dis col' Norf am 'stremely devastatin' to de constitution, an' me an' de ole woman hab got de rheumaticks an' de influence pretty bad."

"I am sorry to hear it," said Mark, laughing. "But there is one thing you should not do, Uncle Pete; you should not call any one 'master' now. You are a free man, you know."

"Ho, honey! I knows dat; knew it ebber since Massa Linkum give us our unenviable

rights an' de pursuit ob happiness—dough, to tell de truf, it's mos'ly pursuit an' nebber catch nuffin. But, ye see, I can't help it; it's de way I was broughten up."

Mark did not answer, and Uncle Pete twisted about uneasily on his chair for a moment. It was evident he had some weighty matter on his mind that he had come there to disclose; and at length he asked:

"Does ye know, Massa—Mr. Giles?"

"Know Giles?" A shade crossed the young man's face as he spoke. "I only wish I did know him—all about him, to a certainty. Things would be different from what they are, I think!" Then, as he noticed the puzzled look his words had caused, he added: "Yes: I am acquainted with him. Why do you ask?"

"Well, den," continued Uncle Pete, in a troubled way, "it's jes about him I's come to see ye for. Ye know where he keeps his distillery?"

"Yes."

"Well, when me an' de ole woman got our freedom—tank de Lord an' Massa Linkum for dat!—we come up heah, an' de ole woman she took in washin', an' I did what I could—white-washin' an' sich—until we got nuff to buy an acre lot wid a little house on it; an' it was right jinin' a big lot ob ground owned by Mr. Giles. Den, arter a while, a year or two, mebbe, Giles he comes an' puts up a distillery. Now, laws! one would tink he hab a plenty; but like de man in de Bible, wid plenty ob sheep, he wants to take my little wee lamb too. So, for a long time, he keeps axin'—Uncle Pete, what'll ye take fur yer lot?—an' he nebber would give nuffin what it was worf. Well, tings went on so fur a while, till tudder day, when he tol' me he hab discovered dat I hab no title to de lan', an' it hab belonged to him all de time, an' dat he would deject me out ob dar. So yesterday de sheriff sarbed me wid a writ."

"The consummate scoundrel!" exclaimed Mark, vehemently.

"Sah?"

"O, nothing," answered Mark. "Go on."

"Well, den, I did n't know what to do. I was jes' clar disconsolated, an' de ole woman she took to her bed right off. But las' night I took down de Bible, de bressed ole Bible, an' dar I looks fur de words of comfort. When ye're in trouble, d'ye ever go to de Bible, Massa Redwood?" asked Uncle Pete suddenly, looking earnestly at Mark.

The young man was conscious of a hot flush as he slowly shook his head.

"O, den, ye oughter!" continued Uncle Pete, his eyes fairly shining in the enthusiasm of his

belief. "O, it's de Bible dat can give consolation in de time ob trouble. No matter what yer trouble is, dar am allers some words right to de pint, an' to help ye out. An' so I found it las' night. I read de thirty-seventh Psalm, an' it tol' me to go to de Lord. An' so I did, shuah! Me an' de ole woman, we kneeled down, an' I tol' de Lörd all about it. I said: 'Look heah, Lord! Massa Giles hab got much lan' an' goods an' money laid up for many years, an' now he wants to take de little we've got too; ye won't let him do it, Lord, will ye?' An' jes' den I thought about ye; an' I knew de Lord put yer name into my mind, an' ye was to be his instrument for my salvation. I hab nuffin to pay ye; but de Lord will look out for dat, shuah!"

As Uncle Pete concluded, Mark was almost inclined to smile at his credulity. But was it credulity? Was he, Mark Redwood, with all his natural and acquired advantages, so very certain that the Lord's hand was *not* in all this? Was he, notwithstanding his unbelief, but an instrument in that great Hand? Was he— But, pshaw! how superstitious he was growing! Of course, Uncle Pete came there of his own accord, with no guiding but his own sweet will. It were nonsense to think otherwise.

"Well, Uncle Pete," he said, laughingly, "I do n't know about the Lord sending you here—"

"O yes, he did!" exclaimed Uncle Pete. "I'm sartain ob dat."

"Yes: I know you think so. But whether he did or did not, I will take your case, and see what I can do for you. As for the pay,—why, this old office sadly needs cleaning and white-washing; and you can come some time and do that for me."

"I will, shuah!" answered Uncle Pete. "An' de good Lord will bring ye some good out ob it, too; see if he do n't." And then, murmuring his thanks, Uncle Pete went his way.

As Mark was not troubled with other legal business, he had ample time to consider the case of Uncle Pete. And he did so, thoroughly. The circumstances of Mr. Giles's claim were these. Years before, one James Arkwright, then owning large property in the vicinity, including Uncle Pete's acre lot, had sold to Giles a certain tract of land—one hundred acres, more or less. This land was described after the usual manner, the boundary lines running in such and such directions, and to such and such distances, and terminating at various landmarks of trees, stones, and water-courses. And it was under this deed that Giles based his action against Uncle Pete. He claimed that his deed from Arkwright covered the premises, and that Arkwright had no right,

thereafter, to sell to another. Which was a correct theory if it could only be proved; and as Arkwright was conveniently dead, and unable to come back and explain, Mr. Giles trusted to have matters his own way. And how? In the deed of Arkwright to Giles, there was one clerical error or omission. One line of boundary was described as "running to a hickory-tree;" but distances were not given. On this omission Mr. Giles hoped to win.

Mark, in examining the records, noticed this omission, but thought nothing particularly of it; for, on going out to look at the premises, he found the hickory-tree easily enough. In fact, it was the only hickory-tree any where near, and, of course, must be the one mentioned in the deed. Thoughtlessly he jumped at a conclusion; and, like many another lawyer, nearly lost his case by leaping without looking. But accident—shall I call it that?—was in his favor. From that hickory-tree Mark sighted a line as given in the deed, and was startled at the result. Certainly Giles was right! The line did, must, include the lot of Uncle Pete! From the hickory the line described in the deed was explicitly clear, and he had no doubt but a survey would give the land to Giles. He felt sorry for Uncle Pete, too; and his face looked his thought as he saw the old man coming toward him from his cabin.

"Uncle Pete," he said, "I have been sighting from this tree, and I am sorry things are as they are. You can see for yourself that a line running due west from here would throw your ground into that of Giles; and this hickory-tree is one of the landmarks given in his deed."

"I s'pose it's all for de bes'," answered the old man, submissively. "I knows what a lan'-mark am, Massa Redwood; for de bressed Bible says, 'Remove not de ole lan'mark, an' enter not into de fields ob de faderless.' Yes, I knows what a lan'mark am."

Mark started as though he had been shot. "What a fool I have been!" he exclaimed, almost fiercely. "Uncle Pete, were there any other hickory-trees here?"

"Sartain dar was," answered Uncle Pete, in surprise; "dar was one jes' ober dar, but Massa Giles's man cut it down more'n a month ago."

"Show me the spot!" And in his eagerness Mark fairly pulled his astonished client with him, until Uncle Pete pointed out, as nearly as he could, the place where the tree had been. Mark poked away the earth with a stick, and found a stump—hickory, and newly cut off. The tree had been cut below the ground surface, and an effort made to conceal the spot.

From here a line was sighted; and this time Uncle Pete's lot was outside, not in.

"Eureka!" shouted Mark; and catching hold of Uncle Pete's hand, he shook it until that "man and brother" thought he had the rheumatism for a week afterward.

"If I gain this case, Uncle Pete, it will be more of your doing than mine."

"Did n't I tol' ye so? De good Lord will bring it out all right, shuah!" answered Uncle Pete, delightedly.

But the young lawyer did not hear. He was already on his way back to town.

And this was the game of Mr. Giles: Failing to obtain the land by fair means, and knowing Uncle Pete's ignorance, poverty, and inability to hire legal help, he had trumped up a fictitious title, employed the best of counsel, and proposed, by sheer weight of big lawyers, skillful chicanery, carefully manipulated witnesses, and bits of evidence judiciously introduced, to carry his case successfully through court. For you know, gentle reader, that money can do a great many things nowadays.

If some poor wretch, in heat or sudden strife,
Or perchance coolly, takes his neighbor's life,
He's a murderer; hang him!
But if he be rich—ah! our feelings wane,
And with one voice we say, "He is insane."
If court and jury fail on that, alas!
Give him new trial, *superiorem*,
Or any thing! But save him!

Yes: "money makes the mare go;" and Mr. Giles proposed to get up a metaphorical horse-race through its medium. Now, however skillful, shrewd, or astute a wrong-doer may be, he is very apt, nay sure, to leave some weak point by which his villainy may be detected. And Mr. Giles forgot one thing. In taking advantage of the omission in his deed—that of distances—and cutting down the real landmark, and substituting another, he forgot that his other boundary-lines could not, thereby, possibly tally with the description. Mr. Giles never thought of that. He trusted to his deed, to the omission, and to the hickory-tree. But there was one who did remember it. Mark, quietly and unobserved, secured a practical surveyor, and went out and made a careful survey. The result satisfied his fondest anticipations. And then he was ready for trial.

It was a cold, bright day when the Circuit Court for — County opened its February term at the county seat. The town was full of people,—lawyers, jurors, and witnesses; parties hoping anxiously that suits might be gained, and parties hoping just as anxiously that suits might be lost. Hotels and boarding-houses were doing a thriving business; saloons were patron-

ized, and so was the town-pump. On the street were faces expectant, and faces full of foreboding. Oaths, imprecations on absent witnesses, betting on verdicts, were heard from some, while silent prayer went up from other hearts, and Christian conversation from their lips. Gay hearts and sad hearts, uproarious laughter, and stifled anxiety,—what a crowd it was! what an odd commingling!

When the great bell rang out from the court-house dome, the human tide set in thitherward. Inside the bar was the usual variety of lawyers and privileged characters; "big wigs" and "little wigs," pompous attorneys, long-headed railroad lawyers, and short-legged criminal pleaders; while in the background were the younger members, who seemed to carry a whole law library in their faces, so wise did they look. May be they were trying to impress outsiders: I do n't know. Beyond the bar were the audience,—country men, city men, and all sorts of men, together with that industrious person, the man who wishes to get on a jury.

Mark entered just as the court opened. Soon after, Mr. Giles came in, and with him his attorneys. They were three of the most able, experienced lawyers on the circuit. Mark knew that, and for the moment his heart sank. But as he thought of poor Uncle Pete, and of the fraud attempted upon him, his courage came back, and he felt almost fiercely confident. Just then the judge began to call the docket. Case after case was answered as ready for trial, continued, or dismissed, until the judge called "*Sydney Giles versus Peter Morris*. Attorneys for plaintiff: Phillips, Marsden, and Cole."

Mr. Phillips, an able and unscrupulous lawyer, thoroughly read in the law, and as thoroughly red in the nose as he was in the law, arose.

"We are ready for trial," he said.

"Case for trial," wrote the judge. "Who appears for defendant?"

"I do, if the Court please," answered Mark.

Mr. Giles started. This was the first he had heard of Mark being employed, and he turned and looked. Mark met the questioning glance without a waver; then waited a few minutes until a day was set for the trial, when he went back to his office.

"*Giles versus Morris*," announced the judge on the eventful trial day. "Sheriff, call the jury!"

Mark was at his place, and by his side smiled the black, honest countenance of Uncle Pete. Mr. Giles and his array of legal talent were also there, and after the jury were called, the case began. Now I should like to give details; but space forbids. Suffice it that Mr. Giles's

case received skillful handling from his counsel. Every bit of evidence in his favor was drawn out from his witnesses, and evidence against him as carefully kept back, and slowly before the jury was reared a magnificent sophism—to them, may be, an impregnable fortress, incapable of being overthrown. Nevertheless, Mark overthrew it. His first witness was Uncle Pete, who, however, became inextricably confused under the cross-examination of Mr. Phillips, and retired much disgusted. But Mark did not rely much on his testimony. He brought forward his other evidence, the surveyor and his survey, the very deed on which Mr. Giles placed so much reliance, books from the recorder's office, and a large amount of other testimony. Last of all, he placed on the stand the man who cut down the real landmark—the hickory-tree. And then and there the beautiful air-castle, built by Mr. Phillips, went down.

But it was Mark's speech gave the finishing blow. He was thoroughly prepared. Piece by piece he took up the plaintiff's evidence, tore them in tatters, exposed the shoddy they contained, and then hurled them from him, worthless. Then gathering his own testimony, he placed it before the jury with telling effect. He spoke of the contemptible fraud attempted, and exposed the whole thing in a torrent of scorn, sarcasm, and ridicule, until Mr. Giles wished, with all his heart, he was elsewhere than in the — County Court-house. And, in conclusion, Mark told the story of Uncle Pete coming to him, of the old man's child-like trust in God, of his faith in that God for help against oppression and wrong, and finished with such an appeal that, as he sat down, a hearty round of applause greeted him from the audience. Indeed, Uncle Pete was so excited by the speech that he forgot where he was, and shouted "Amen!" in a most emphatic manner, to the merriment of spectators and the astonishment of that enemy of free speech, the crier, who had to call "*Silence!*" several times before order could be restored. After that, the jury retired to consider their verdict. It was only a matter of form, and they soon returned, finding for the defendant.

"Tank de Lord! tank de Lord for his goodness!" exclaimed Uncle Pete, as he and Mark passed down the court-house steps. "I jes' know'd it would come out all right. Now, I'll come to-morrer, an' do dat white-washin' an' cleanin' for ye, shuah!"

Uncle Pete was as good as his word. On the following morning he appeared with a goodly supply of mops, tubs, and buckets, and all through the day he besieged the office with

soap-suds and whitewash. Fortunately for Mark, his success of the yesterday had secured him a retainer in a case to be tried that day, and therefore he left Uncle Pete to himself while he was absent in court. But in the afternoon he returned. He found the office all scrubbed, the walls beautifully white—excepting one corner of the ceiling—and Uncle Pete was standing on a barrel, in front of the escritoire, giving the finishing touches.

"It am lookin' rale nice, aint it?" questioned the old man, as Mark stopped at the office door.

"It certainly looks better," answered Mark.

"Well," continued Uncle Pete, pausing in his work, and dropping his brush meditatively, "I was jes' tinkin', as ye come in, ob de metagorical lessons dat might be larned from de whitewashin' business. Ye see, ye puts on de whitewash, an' it's s'prisin' how de black spots go 'way. But laws! de black wall am dar yet; it am only whitewashed arter all. An' so 'tis wid a good many folks. Dey looks berry nice outside, but underneaf, dey am black. Dey hab been whitewashed—"

At this point the moralizing stopped suddenly, for the barrel took occasion to prove the deceitfulness of all things by tilting to one side. Uncle Pete caught hold of the escritoire to save himself; but too late. In an instant the barrel and heavy case came with a crash to the floor, while Uncle Pete demonstrated his whitewashing theory by seating himself in a large tub of that mixture.

"O dear, O dear!" exclaimed Mark, springing forward. "Are you hurt, Uncle Pete?"

"No, sah, I's not hurt," answered Uncle Pete, emerging from his bath much whiter at one extremity than he was at the other. "No, sah, I's not hurt; but I's drefful sorry 'bout dat book-case!"

"So am I," replied Mark. "It was an old one that has been in our family for a great many years. Perhaps it is not injured very much, however." As he spoke he stepped forward to raise the fallen case.

"Why, the top seems to be broken," he said. Then he paused, turned suddenly pale, and quivered with excitement. The top was not broken; it was a movable lid, with a cavity beneath. Mark had never known of its existence; and there, as he raised the lid, were the lost bank-notes—the missing ten thousand dollars.

"Thank God! thank God!" was all that he could say, while poor whitewashed Uncle Pete stood perfectly dumb with astonishment.

Yes, it was the missing money found at last. Beside it was a quantity of papers that partly explained other matters. From them and from

what came out afterward, Mark learned the following: It seemed that Giles had induced 'Squire Redwood to invest in some railroad transaction; and the 'squire was to furnish twenty thousand dollars, ten thousand of which he had in bank, and ten thousand of which Giles proposed to loan him on mortgage security. On the morning of his death the 'squire had taken his money from the bank, and had met Giles at the office. The mortgage had been drawn up, executed, and delivered, and Giles, in whom the 'squire seemed to have had great confidence, had promised to come back in the afternoon with the money he had agreed to loan. During that interval, as we know, 'Squire Redwood passed suddenly into another world, whereupon Giles, without rendering any equivalent, had the mortgage recorded. And that was the story. Thus, at last, were the crooked things made straight.

Now, according to all precedent, I ought to have Mr. Giles commit suicide. That would be the proper thing to do, I suppose. But Mr. Giles did not commit suicide. On the contrary, he met Mark in the most agreeable way imaginable, and gracefully explained the "mistake" he had made about the mortgage. "Didn't see how he came to make such a blunder," he said. "Glad he was able to make it right." Yes, Mr. Giles still lives; the same complacent, polished, oily bank president that he ever was.

And here, I think, is a good place to stop. Need I speak of the after years; the young lawyer and his wife; the little family gathered about them in the old homestead; the large and ever increasing practice, and the voice never lifted but in behalf of right? Nay: all these testify of prosperity, and that deserved. But I may add that Mark never again distrusted the Hand that had brought him so strangely through adversity to success. Through all the years that came and went, he discovered fresh evidence of that loving Hand, controlling and guiding all—a mighty Hand on the helm of human events.

"FOOTFALLS ON THE BOUNDARY OF ANOTHER WORLD."

BY REV. J. W. MENDENHALL, A. M.

THIS is the enchanting title of a disenchanting book, a compiled biography of disembodied spirits, written by that unique author, Robert Dale Owen, and published, some five years since, by that enterprising firm, J. B. Lippincott, & Co., Philadelphia. Embracing over five hundred pages, and yet without

exhausting the subject, it is voluminous enough for the purpose indicated; namely, an elucidation of certain facts not supposed to be explainable by the ordinary laws of nature as known to men. Divided into six books, after the style of old Latin writers, each containing a few succinct and erudite chapters, and the whole attended with an analytical index, the reader finds it, because of this arrangement, a manageable book, both in perusing its pages and after he has finished it.

It is not wise in any unbeliever in his narratives to depreciate the learning of the author, or to accuse him of cultivated prejudice, or pardonable jaundice; for every page gives evidence of persistent research, careful thought, and honest, but perhaps misdirected, conviction. The ostensible aim of the volume is not to prop up spiritualism, so-called, but to antedate it by discoveries in an entirely new field, and to furnish information in the form of facts and explanations not hitherto acknowledged or received. In entire sympathy with the phenomena introduced to the notice of our own country by that nine-year-old girl, Kate Fox, in 1848, he yet wishes to be understood as in no way countenancing the ordinary doctrine of communication with spirits, as enunciated by the society of Spiritualists among us. He belongs to quite a different order, and may claim to occupy a superior rank. At the outset he distinguishes between what he calls "spontaneous phenomena"—that is, spiritual exhibitions occurring as much independent of human agency as a stroke of lightning—and, on the other hand, phenomena produced by human agency. With the latter he has nothing to do, and thus separates himself by an impassable line from believers in the commonly reported facts of modern Pythonism. With the former he is at home, and assumes the responsible attitude of an historian of strange facts—an almost original investigator of manifestations not generally analyzed or understood.

Mr. Owen enjoyed peculiar facilities for prosecuting his self-imposed task; for it was while he was American Minister to Naples, under President Pierce, that his attention was first called to this obscure subject. And the book is a summary of results gathered from extensive travel over the Continent, vast inquiry into paleographic material, and unrestricted communication with persons of polite learning and liberal desires. The book is not before us for literary criticism; it contains little to offend the most scholastic taste. For its style, it is readable; as a contribution to spiritual knowledge, it is at least suggestive; as a scientific

work, it may be pronounced valueless, though it has its place.

No one can read the first book, of one hundred and sixteen pages, without conceding that the principles of investigation adopted by the author are correct; and it is due to him to say that he converts his sophisticated, prejudiced reader into an impartial, susceptible, and teachable reviewer. It may help the inquirer to appreciate the animus of the book, if he will remember that Mr. Owen has been a skeptical magnate of the first water, the progenitor of a Utopian scheme in Indiana, and a stout opposer of orthodox Christianity. Nor is it too much to designate him a literary coquette, springing from one subject to another with an enthusiasm that reaches a maximum, and then subsides.

As to the facts recorded, we must acknowledge their authenticity, and proceed to a categorical, or, if this be impossible, to a hypothetical explanation, or, regarding them as the prolific fruit of a too sanguine supernaturalistic tendency, refuse to consider them further. To do the latter is not the best way to dispose of a difficult case, or even of an opinion whose illogical basis is perfectly transparent. At any rate, it is wise to listen when one's utterance is sincere, though it be sepulchral at the same time.

For the sake of convenience, the facts may be reduced to the following summary: Phenomena occurring during sleep, such as thinking and dreaming; disturbances, popularly termed hauntings; appearances, commonly called apparitions, first of the living, second of the dead; and instances of personal interferences of departed spirits. Our task is by no means an easy one if we undertake to expound the principles involved, or to show on plausible grounds wherein we may differ from the cautiously established deductions of the author.

Are the instances given of reputed supernaturalism capable of lucid and literal analysis? If we remember that most of the cases submitted occurred in foreign countries, where superstition has held high carnival for centuries; that Mr. Owen himself was born in Scotland, and was ever trammelled by a biased education, may we not refuse to receive every account at its full value? Of the ninety or more cases recorded as illustrations of the theory of ultra-mundane interference, only seven are admitted to have taken place in this country; of twenty-seven dreams, specimens only, not one is the product of an American brain; of the twenty instances of house-hauntings, only one is allowed to be of United States origin; of twelve

apparitions of the living, four are said to have been witnessed on our continent; of twenty apparitions of the dead, all were witnessed in foreign lands; of six instances where spirits interfered with men, the cases are French^o or English; and of five instances where good spirits are alleged to have extended guardianship, only two are of American celebrity. It weighs less with us than it otherwise would that the principal witnesses are in England, Scotland, France, Italy, India, Jamaica; that they were often royal personages, or individuals eminent in society; for they were as likely to be affected by prevailing superstitions as the common people. If the French receive with *éclat* the recent notoriously superstitious or mythological poem called "Mireio," or direct pious, and worshipful steps to the tombs of saints, heroes, and lovers, they would readily believe in ghost-stories, and in the kindred phenomena under review by Mr. Owen. The high, unimpeachable standing of the witnesses is not all that is required; it must be shown that they themselves are free from supernatural and traditional bias. But it is admitted (pages 32, 38) that many witnesses of these supposed manifestations are unlettered, and totally incompetent to draw right inferences from the results of observation; so that the testimony is not to be received as indisputable.

Were the author stubbornly positive in his belief, we might be excused for declining to enter the lists with him; for, while he leans to the doctrine, of which his facts are urged as competent illustrations, he nevertheless frankly concedes that the whole is an open question. Assuming that his theory is the best explanation of these tenebrous phenomena, he is yet ready to abandon it when another, better supported, is advanced. We therefore feel as free as he does to theorize, to put forth a tentative effort, acknowledging, with appropriate respect, our indebtedness to him for the so-called facts.

While it will be difficult to account, on certain natural principles, for all the cases under review, it is hoped they will throw light on many of them, and lead to suggestions respecting others. Until the sum of natural causes is fully known, it may be assumed that there are causes in operation which might assist in the solution of the more complex or reclusive instances. That this thought is of a scientific cast is not objectionable, since no process is more common than to reason from the known to the unknown. To deny it place here is to deplume analogical results of their force and application. Because we may not now understand clouded manifestations, it is no warrant

that they are not material or natural. The time may come when they will explain themselves as the product of occult but ever-existing laws.

Believing that Mr. Owen's theory (a theory referring all these phantasms to spiritual agencies) is by no means faultless, we propose to put side by side with it another theory, perhaps equally vulnerable, but at the same time equally satisfactory, as an honest attempt at defining mundane mysteries.

To three different causes, singly or in combination, may be attributed a majority of the cases which our author seems forced to assign to the superhuman influence of departed spirits. That one group of illustrations may be assigned to physical, psychological, and atmospheric causes, acting alone or conjointly, no one, after due examination, will, perhaps, dispute. Mr. Owen (pages 18, 88) very properly cautions his readers against the too frequent temptation to consider the phenomena he records as of miraculous origin; and this reduces them almost to the plane of natural observation and analysis. Not for one moment doubting the uniqueness of this class of facts, we are not fully persuaded that they are entirely unexplainable except on his hypothesis. If we consider dreaming or somnambulism—phases of mental action during sleep—in some cases we are led into mystery, while others dissolve into certainty of knowledge. Conceding that dreams are producible, often by external suggestion, by the present condition of the body, or by previous waking thoughts; and remembering, as Dr. Carpenter, the celebrated physiologist observes, that the hypnotic mode of inducing somnambulism in the hands of Mr. Braid, its discoverer, partly lies in the mental condition of his subjects—who expect him to produce it, and are taught to believe he can not be resisted—we may conclude that both these states (dreaming and the more active one of somnambulism) are owing to natural causes, or to abnormal modes of cerebral activity, like delirium, or intoxication, or fever, wherein the mind is let loose to roam whither it will.

Not the most important dream recorded by him (page 151) is that of a Mrs. Griffith, of Edinburgh, with regard to a nephew recreating at her home at the time. Having arranged to go with a fishing-party on a certain day, he was deterred by his aunt dreaming the night before that the boat was lost, with all on board. Strangely enough, the dream was fulfilled. But it may have been suggested by her previous knowledge of the fact that he was going, and her fear of danger. Would she have dreamed at all about the fishing-party, had not her con-

cern for the nephew weighed on her mind? We should be slow to attribute the dream to spiritual influence, so long as the probability remains that natural causes were at the bottom of it. The fulfillment is the singular part of the story; the dream itself does not outrival many others of daily experience. Thousands of such dreams occur, which never come to pass; and, because nothing comes of them, they are quietly shelved by the dreamers.

On pages 159, 160, is narrated the dream of a young lady in Scotland, devotedly attached to an officer under Sir John Moore, in the Spanish war. It seems that one night her lover appeared to her, pale and bloody, wounded in the breast, and advised her not to mourn over his death. Such was the effect of the dream upon herself that she died in a few days afterward, committing the dream to her survivors. Strangely enough, again, it was literally fulfilled; he having died at about the time when the young lady had the vision. The reflections of the author are equal to an exposition of this case. Hear him: "The young lady's constant thought was of her lover placed in continual daily peril. What so natural as that she should dream of him? The wonder would have been if she had not." So say we. To this confession it is useless to add argument; but he commits a *non sequitur* when he insists that the *fulfillment* is to be taken as an evidence of supernatural visitation.

The dream of Goethe's grandfather (page 199) may be entirely explained away; and the author is too candid not to yield this much, even at the risk of demolishing his own theory.

The slight but noticeable inaccuracies in the particulars of a dream relating to murder (page 173), likewise extort from Mr. Owen the confession that clairvoyance is uncertain and questionable. Singular, too, as the dream of Mary Goffe appears to have been, the rationalist will find strong reasons for pronouncing it natural under the circumstances.

In the dream of Mr. Rutherford, the most notable of all, by which he was directed where to obtain certain legal papers, neither the gentleman himself, nor Sir Walter Scott, who first relates the account, attributes it, as does Mr. Owen, to ultramundane intercourse; that is, that the spirit of his deceased father visited him and pointed out the location of the papers: but that his mind, agitated to the extreme over the subject, dreamed out or recalled the information he had gained years before from his father regarding the papers.

Remembering that the strangest dreams may be imputed to natural influences, that many of

them portend nothing; that others are as unreliable as that of "Old Scrooge," in Dickens's "Christmas Carol," we are still slow in yielding to the doubtful position of the author. No one denies that dreams of a certain class are producible; and when extemporaneous or spontaneous, may be accounted for on no very mysterious hypothesis; and, when not accounted for, excite no apprehension, and are often banished from memory.

Regarding somnambulism, we have Mr. Owen himself (page 128) acknowledging that it may be artificial, as well as natural. It is producible, as well as spontaneous. The question then makes itself, whether the spontaneous and producible are not convertible terms? As long as we may account for a majority of his dreams, or feel satisfied that they are natural results of natural causes, may we not hope to be able at some time to throw daylight upon others more mysterious, and yet whose spiritual origin is exceedingly problematical?

But other phenomena, more unusual than dreams, are brought to our notice in this book. If we consider the disturbances generally known as "hauntings," we are amused, chagrined, and astonished, often in the recital of a single instance; and our conclusions respecting their origin may be less satisfactory than the student would desire. Our shoes are off as we tread the theater of these permutable operations, not because of the sacredness of the place, but merely that we may quietly interview the manifestations. The most important narration is that given by Rev. Joseph Glanvil, Chaplain-in-ordinary to Charles II, who makes up a case of sufficient proportions, and containing such a number of surprises, that it can not be dismissed with laughter or denial. Bedsteads became sonorous, chairs walked about the room like men, children's shoes were hurled over their heads, a drum beat itself, and the children would be lifted up in their beds; all these, and many other particulars not necessary to recall, are minutely given in the account. Fairness compels us to add that a drummer-boy was accused of originating these disturbances, and he was indicted; but a jury acquitted him. The ground of acquittal is satisfactory.

The old story of disturbances in Mr. Wesley's parsonage at Epworth, together with certain remarkable occurrences in a chapel and cemetery in the island of Oesel, and similar experiences in Hydesville, New York, constitute the only really important narratives of this class of phenomena.

What are we to do with these things? Either attribute them to the agency of departed spirits,

as does our ambitious author; or deny their authenticity, which would be bald skepticism; or endeavor to point out the natural causes concerned in their production. We are not prepared to admit that these grotesque manifestations, utterly without apparent uses, are the result of playful intention or malicious joy of spirits on a furlough from the other world. If their object is to destroy furniture, terrify animals, and disturb the peace of a whole community; if heavenly messengers are scape-goats, we devoutly pray that their visits shall cease. To assume that the cases are impositions, is not treating with fairness the honorable witnesses whose names are appended.

But it may not be so easy to acquaint ourselves with all the principles involved in these instances, and chiefly owing to lack of information of all the circumstances. Remembering that similar phenomena have been produced, we may venture to suggest that even the rarer cases might be producible. In the year 1838, disturbances like these occurred in the farmhouse of Baldarroch, Scotland; sticks, pebble-stones, and clods of earth flew about the yard and premises, and were thrown against the windows of the house; and these scenes continued, with little intermission, for five days. On examination, it was ascertained that the two servant lasses of the house were the authors of the mischief, and they were committed to prison. It is noteworthy that the disturbances thereafter ceased.

May not superstition and disease have much to do with these experiences, in magnifying the supposed mischief, or in raising the expectation that a spirit has been present? A case is given by John Hughes Bennett, Professor of Clinical Medicine in the University of Edinburgh, of a diseased young lady who is represented as having heard noises like the ringing of a small bell, a circumstance easily explainable from her condition; and yet she may have imagined that a returned spirit chose to amuse her in this way. An Indian superstition with regard to Pohono Falls, Yosemite Valley, California, is full of terror to the savage, but has no meaning to the civilized traveler other than to indicate the power of barbarism over the human mind. It is said an Indian woman was once carried over these falls—the height of which is nine hundred and forty feet—and that her dying shrieks are heard to this day. Hence, an Indian trembles as he approaches the vicinity. Another instance of a different complexion is, that one may stand at a certain point in the valley, and hear the thunder of artillery distinctly; but on inquiry, and after observation, he learns that it

is nothing but the falling of the water over Vernal Falls. But the mockery is complete, and to the uninitiated, suggests cowardly emotions. Having visited the great valley, we speak with the authority of experience.

Seeing how many of these instances take their rise in superstition and from disease, or from a low appreciation of the laws of nature, we may be excused for doubting the author's conclusion respecting them.

If, now, we consider apparitions, we find natural causes at work, sufficient to account for some of the instances, though a few start new inquiries. Many of the ghost-stories our author relates, and which he pronounces apocryphal, are on a par, for consistency of detail, with others which he somewhat presumptively denominates "spontaneous." By what principle of "natural selection" he accepts one as genuine, and stamps another as spurious, is not evident, except it bolster up or tear down the theory in hand. Great stress is placed by him on the conversion of Oberlin, the Pastor of Ban-de-la-Roche, to a belief in spiritual intercourse; but it was a natural result of continued association with a Church and people whose traditions were full of such superstitions. Many of the apparitions recorded are foolish, as judged by what we have a right to expect, and usually portend nothing. It is said an apparition is a prelude to death in the family; but cases are given in which no misfortune whatever, or event of any note, seemed to follow. If apparitions are genuine, and intended to be didactic, we have the right to ask for an explanation, to inquire the purpose; but when this is concealed, where, after the most rigid scientific scrutiny and moral investigation, it can not be ascertained, may we not refuse to believe in them? May we not put ourselves in waiting mood for further and stronger testimony?

Many of these so-called apparitions may be set down to the credit of perturbed imaginations, nervous disorders, and atmospheric agency, designating them, as a class, under the expressive title of *optical illusions*. On page 345, Mr. Owen relates that two sisters, known at the time to be in a room in the second story of their father's house, were seen by twelve different persons a short distance from the dwelling, and the amazement of the witnesses was almost terrifying; but there are facts underneath the statement that should be known. The scene occurred at five o'clock in the afternoon, after a heavy rain; the sisters were sitting near the window, and we suggest that the scene was pictorial, a photograph taken by nature's own hand, or by some refractory action of the

atmosphere, as that which occurs in the production of a rainbow. We see nothing in this beyond a natural, though not frequent, phenomenon. Optical illusions are matters of fact. The *mirage* is an instance. The traveler sees the distant lake or city or forest pictured against the sky; and if he is ignorant and over-confident, he will suffer a bitter disappointment. We might as well believe in apparitions of whole cities or forests or lakes, as in apparitions of men, living or dead. Goldsmith records that travelers in the arctic region fancy, as they look out upon the sea of icebergs, they behold cities, church-spires, vessels in harbors,—all owing to the enchantment of distance, the peculiar state of the atmosphere, strangeness of surroundings, and a little mixture of natural superstition.

Nor is the force of our statement compromised by the fact that multitudes are ready to testify against it. Examining the files of the historian, we discover that epidemical hallucinations have occurred, and no rational explanation is made of them. For instance: Thucydides speaks of an invasion of specters which accompanied the plague at Athens. In Egypt, in the time of Justinian, black men without heads were seen sailing in brazen barks. Pliny also relates that, during the war of the Romans with the Cimbrians, the clash of arms and the sound of trumpets were heard as if coming from the sky. But these instances partake so largely of the nature of fables, that Mr. Owen is willing to assign them to the story-tellers of the past.

In illustration of our theory of optical illusion, there is a case given by Dr. Carpenter, equally authentic as, and certainly analogous to, these in this book. A ship's company was thrown into great consternation by the apparition of a cook, who was known by his gait, as he walked on the water. Approaching the specter, it turned out to be a piece of floating wreck; and yet all on board would have sworn to the apparition!

May we not refer other instances to diseased sight? As a specimen, take the case recorded by Professor Bennett, who has once before been quoted. A lady was troubled with ocular specters. She thought she saw wild animals, flower-gardens, oil-paintings, children dancing before her, dressed in clothes of piebald colors. What was the matter with her? She was the victim of partial amaurosis. And does not the Scripture tell us of a man who, with half-opened eyes, saw men as trees walking—an optical illusion dispelled when sight was fully restored?

The origin of these delusions is cerebral as well as optical. When the mind has once persuaded itself that it has seen an apparition, it

is difficult to overcome the belief; and the victim, as in the cases recorded by Mr. Owen, becomes a believer in his prophetic instinct and spiritual sight, and is ready to interpret any unusual manifestation as of ultramundane origin.

With this incompetent examination of these cases, we are prone to refer them to psychological disorders, optical illusions, and such other physical causes, as to preclude the necessity of spiritual intervention. On page 247 it is stated that one Kern, who had been disturbed by "hauntings," died the same year, of nervous disease. Does it not accord with accurate observation to say that sight-seers, mediums, and victims of supposed supernatural craftiness, fail in health, become loose in morals, end their days in disgrace by crime, or in lunacy, or in premature dissolution? A system productive of misery, disease, and death, can not be divinely suggested; it must be sensual, ungodlike, and to be rejected until its demonstrations are incontrovertible. For these results, Owenism, we fear, is as largely responsible as spiritualism, and neither rests upon an *ecce signum*.

INGRABAN.

FROM THE GERMAN: BY H. EDWARD KREHBIEL.

CHAPTER IX.

THE HOMEWARD JOURNEY.

A WEEK later, Ingram stood in the hut of the priest, beside the altar once reared by Gottfried. Memmo entered, placed a basket before him, and said:

"Let the meal be an enjoyable one; the women of the steward's house were all engaged on it."

"You have a friendly care for your prisoner," replied Ingram, sadly; "but all food is bitter to him who is deprived of freedom."

"I know many a comrade who thinks differently," said Memmo, and glanced upward toward his birds. Ingram remained silent; and he continued loquaciously: "I was with Walburg in the cave by that bear Búbbo; he had drained the drink of the bishop, and slept during the attack of the heathen. The man's mind is disturbed; he spoke confusedly and wildly of his intention to become a hermit."

Ingram nodded, but remained silent. Memmo continued, as though in a soliloquy:

"Never have I seen so great a change as the faith has produced in this heathen. If I place a bundle of hay under his head, he thanks me as gracefully as a maiden. He has learned the *Pater Noster* as very few do. Perhaps he may

even become a monk; then I must teach him Latin. Once his ravens hated the *kyrie*; now I will force him to *mensa* and *filius*." And Memmo laughed loudly at the pleasing hope, as he sat upon his low stool.

In front of the house sounded the rattling of weapons; the door swung open, and Count Gerold stepped upon the threshold.

"I summon you," said he, addressing Ingram, who had started up on his entrance. "You can again raise your head free among the people. Under the lindens they have again restored peace to you, if you will pay the penalty either in cattle or lands; and the estimate is a moderate one. If you do not already know it, learn this, too, that your countrymen came upon the fleeing body of robbers on the race-course, behind the hill of the thunderer; but few Sorbs escaped. Let this intelligence comfort you. I come in person, to gain you as a companion in arms. To horse, hero! in a few days we ride over the Saale." And with a curt greeting, he left the hut.

As Ingram stepped into the free air, and raised his head in the sunlight, he felt himself lightly grasped from behind.

"Now you are all mine," cried Walburg, joyfully, in his strong embrace. Then her fingers, playing about his neck, touched the leather band which he wore around it. She stepped back in alarm. "Ingram, you still carry about you that which came from the evil ones."

"The gift of my ancestors!" replied the man, startled; "how can I despise it?"

"Think, dearest! the charm has brought much evil upon you. Who knows how much it will disturb your mind if you keep it!"

"Another once warned me as you now do," replied Ingram; "and I fear that I have trusted too much in the heir-loom. I will remove, but you may preserve it."

"Not I, and none other," cried Walburg; "one alone shall decide upon it, and that is Lord Winfried himself."

"Do you wish to lead me before the eyes of the bishop?" asked Ingram, uneasily.

"See, Ingram," admonished Walburg, "how the charm seeks to keep you from the bishop."

He loosened the thong, and offered her the little bag. She threw a cloth over the bundle, spoke a blessing upon herself, and grasped it.

"And now away from here to him. Bend low, Ingram," she pleaded with him, who hesitated; "for you must seek grace from one who is stronger than you."

She gave him a glance full of compassion and tenderness, forgot for a moment the infernal thing in her hand, and kissed him; then she

hastily drew him away with her. The bishop sat alone in his room when Walburg entered, drawing her loved one after her.

"Do you come at last, Ingram?" said Winfried, looking up. "I have long waited for you; and a dear price have we both paid until you found the way to me."

"A charm, owned by the heathen Woman of Fate, lies in the estate of his ancestors, and embitters his honest mind," said Walburg. "Release him from the power of the evil ones."

"The grace of the Lord of heaven shall free you, Ingram, and the contest which you yourself shall wage so long as you sojourn on earth. Where is the charm which alarms you?"

"Here it is, wrapped in cloth," said Walburg, and fearfully laid the bundle upon the wood-pile beside the hearth.

Winfried turned away, and repeated a prayer; then he reached for the holy water, which stood in a basin near the door, sprinkled the cloth and table, and drew out the heir-loom of the devil. It was a small pocket of worn fur, unwrapped by many knotted threads. Winfried opened wide the door and windows, then he made the sign of the cross over his knife, and, with a single stroke, cut through the threads and leather, and laid bare the contents. Dust and dry herbs fell into his hand; but among them was another smaller packet, of a red color. He opened it and started back.

Before him lay a piece of silk, wove thick as felt, bearing, in gold embroidery, a picture of the head of the reptile called dragon. The eyes glittered with brightest gold; around the gaping mouth stood the rows of formidable golden teeth, and from it protruded the livid tongue, like a dart.

"So infernal a picture could hardly have been created by human art," said Winfried, in astonishment, and held his wooden crucifix over the dragon-head. "Throw wood upon the coals, maiden; we will bury the heathen picture in the flames of the Christian hearth. It shall disappear forever from the sight of mankind; for the eyes gleam and the tongue laps as though they were alive."

The wood crackled, and the flames shot high above the coals. Winfried carefully carried the pocket, the withered herbs, and, at last, the picture, to the fire, and thrust them far in with the poker. A dense smoke, white, with a yellowish tinge, curled upward, ascended to the outlet in the roof, and twined around the rafters. Ingram lay upon his knees beside the door.

"It is hard for me to part from my ancestors," he sighed.

But Walburg held her hands clasped above

his head, and a glorified look beamed from her eyes upon Winfried, who stood before the hearth holding the crucifix on high, until the last curls of smoke had floated through the opening. Then he stepped to the side of Ingram.

"Prepare your soul, that you may become a faithful servant of the Christian God, and gain your seat in the castle of heaven. As a gift which the Lord of heaven offers you, through me receive this consecrated garment, which you are to wear when you approach the baptismal basin and vow allegiance to the eternal God."

From the charred remains of the court in which the ravens had once croaked, arose a church, and from the tower sounded the bell of the Christians. A few hours distant, near the great market of the Thuringians, stood the new court of Ingram, and the hall which he had built. Soon quite a village grew around the court which was still called the inheritance of Ingram in later generations. In the whole country the people praised his good fortune and his wife, who filled the court with a troop of flaxen-haired children, the hospitable home, and the training of his war-horses, the offspring of the Raven. He was celebrated as a warrior far east of the Saale; in the boundary wars, a terror of the enemies, a strong help to the Frankish counts. More than once was he sent to the court of the Lords of the Franks, where he was always received with favor, and plainly perceived that he had a silent advocate there. When, at last, King Pepin, the son of the illustrious Lord Charles, himself came to Thuringia, to lead an army against the Saxons and Wends, Ingram rode in his escort, and the king honored his brave sword by praise and gifts. Whenever Winfried came from his archiepiscopal seat at Mayence, to Thuringia, Ingram journeyed to the borders, to greet the great prince of the Church. The archbishop himself baptized all of the warrior's boys, and every year received from the housewife linens of the finest texture, the fruits of the looms of the court. The bishop always treated Ingram with marked gentleness and friendliness, and strove to let the people observe his high regard for the hero. But he never passed the threshold of the faithful one for the purpose of remaining as a guest, although Madame Walburg sometimes begged him with tears to do so. However, he caressed her sons, and never forgot to bring her a gift on his arrival in the country.

Thirty years had passed since the first trip which Winfried made into the country of the Thuringians. Beside Ingram stood three sons and three daughters in the bloom of youth. The

oldest son, the image of his father, was already a tried warrior who ruled in a separate court; the second, too, curbed the wildest steeds, and impatiently waited for his first ride on the war-path; the youngest, Gottfried, was destined by the will of the parents for the Church; and joyfully did he raise his childish voice in the Latin hymns which pious *paters* had taught him while guests of his parents.

And Wolfram, the overseer of the court, who honestly and faithfully ruled over the vassals of his master, said to Gertrude, his wife:

"Mighty indeed is the charm which works in the new Christian name," and he made the sign of the cross with great difficulty. "Our God demands the youngest of our master's sons for his service, and it is useless to oppose him. In vain have I sewed wolf's-hair in the jacket of the lad, and placed three raven-feathers in his pillow; in vain have I taught him to shoot with the bow, and hurl the war-club; the unwarlike name of Gottfried is too powerful. I hope he will at least become a bishop, who commands the others that wear shorn pates, and takes the seat of honor at the table."

For several years the great archbishop had not come to Thuringia, and his faithful heard the intelligence from Mayence that at times he felt the infirmities of age, and that their eyes would perhaps never again perceive him. Then Walburg begged her husband that on his next journey to the king's court he would accompany her and the sons to Mayence, that they all might once again receive the blessing of the holy man, and young Gottfried be consecrated to the Church by him.

At this time the heathen had broken through the northern borders of the Christian land, destroyed thirty churches, slain the men, and driven women and children into captivity. The aged archbishop himself had hurried to the border, taking with him all that the treasures of his bishopric could offer, to ransom the prisoners and rebuild the destroyed houses of God. He had been absent half a year from Mayence to repair the damages and strengthen the people of the border in faith and unity.

Now he was returned. While the retinue rejoiced over the return in the court, Bishop Lullus, a trusty pupil, entered the chamber of the archbishop; gently he pushed back the curtain hanging before the entrance, and approached with a pious greeting. Lullus stood long in reverent silence; he observed with surprise that the sage was speaking to himself in an undertone. Listening, he heard the words: "It is time that I prepare myself for the journey to the courts of my Lord; I long for the

bloody wound in my breast which shall open the door in the clouds."

Horror-stricken at the strange speech, the priest began:

"What disturbs the mind of my venerable father that he speaks like a world-weary man of the sword?"

"I am weary of the world," replied the archbishop; "for like a sea-farer, I steer through the billows which roll unceasingly, the keel strikes upon the reefs, the icy frost fetters and chains my feet with harsh unyielding shackles, and the wintry storm strikes my brow with his hard wing. The struggle is endless; every thing I see about me is void of pleasure, and I long heartily for the haven in which I may lay my wearied head."

"Do you count your life joyless, venerable father—you to whom the Lord of hosts has granted victory and honor as to none other?" asked the priest. "Let the eyes of your mind measure the countries over which you rule. For forty years have you battled as a warrior of God against the fiend of darkness; many thousands of souls have you won for the faith; many hundred churches and cells have been reared in the land you once considered a wilderness. The trees of the heathen are everywhere rooted up; before the one Lord they bow their insolent necks, and a gracious Lord grants them prosperity, a better home discipline, and obedience to the law. The murderous enemies of the border are restrained by valiant Christian warriors, and the lads of the lands of Hessa, Thuringia, and Bavaria are learning to read the Scriptures. You have been, as it is written, a sower who went out to sow, and glorious is your harvest. The unity of the true faith has been firmly grounded on earth through you. Why do you sorrow, since you have accomplished so much?"

Winfried arose and strode across the apartment.

"To three successors of the apostles who rule over the Church at Rome have I vowed allegiance. To you I may laud myself; I was faithful to them, and made them lords in Catholic Christendom. I bowed down for them the refractory necks of the laity, and humbled the pride and selfishness of unfaithful bishops; unity in doctrine and obedience have I enjoined on all peoples, that the priests might find willing obedience when they command in the name of the Lord. I have subjected the souls of men to them; but I was not able to compel themselves to be good servants of the Lord of heaven in all things. They are not eager to found the kingdom of the Lord in poverty and humility.

I see them lust after landed possessions, after treasures of gold and temporal dominion. They favor bad men and spare the wicked whenever it will profit them; they are wiser than we, but greater, too, has become their pride and arrogance. Three Popes I have served, and now comes a fourth, a strange man, and I fear he will distribute his favor in a new manner, as shall be to his advantage. My office it is to convert the heathen. I was appointed a steward over them by the Lord, and upon this right I stand firm against the Pontiff in Rome, as well as against the devil. When I was young I entered upon my first crusade against the savage Frieslanders. Incessantly have I cared for the obstinate ones, and held the cross over their heads. The bishops of the Franks sat indolent, buried in sensual pleasures, false in faith, and regardlessly dissipating the property of the Church, and none cared for the conversion of unbelievers. Now that I, by hard labor and fear of heart, have founded a bishopric, then they wish to take Friesland away from me, and place it under another archbishop; so that our work may be spoiled, and the seed swallowed up and suffocated by the renewed pressure of the heathen billows. You know, my faithful son and companion, that I do not desire mine own honor, but the salvation of the wretched. Humbly have I implored my new master, Stephen, to leave me Friesland, the eldest child of my cares. I know not what the cunning of the Romish priests intends. But I will relieve them of the election; I shall go into Friesland whether they like it or not. I will put the question to the great Lord of heaven whether I shall longer remain a servant of a servant, or whether he will henceforth vouchsafe to the weary old man to seat himself at his feet. I shall fight my last campaign."

On a sunny May morning, the people of the village and surrounding country were crowded within the court of the archbishop. Near to the steps of the palace stood the clerical brethren—on one side priests and deacons, on the other monks from the cloister—beside the haggard, bearded forms of the hermits who had left their tree-cells to receive the blessing of the archbishop. A solemn stillness pervaded the place; the countenances had a sorrowful and care-worn look, and tears stood in many eyes, as at the last homeward journey of a prince. The seamen lifted the baggage from the steps of the palace, four Levites carried the trunks of the bishop, containing his books and the treasury of relics, to the boat on the Rhine, whose pennon fluttered gayly in the morning breeze beneath the surmounting cross; and as each

article was conveyed away from the court, a hum of apprehension and sorrowful sighs swept through the multitude.

In the hall of the palace stood Winfried, surrounded by those whom he loved, the bishops, his scholars, and his countrymen from the land of the Angles, who, like him, had crossed the sea to teach the heathen. Women, too, had gathered around, several of them his blood relations, most of them veiled. In the midst of the bowed assembly towered the upright form of Winfried. His eyes beamed kindly as he strode from one to the other, dispensing low words of instruction and comfort. When he greeted Walburg among the throng of women she drew her little boy forward, threw herself at the bishop's feet, and said, beseechingly:

"I bring my son, young Gottfried, to the Lord; lay your hand upon him, father, that his life may be blessed."

Winfried smiled as he beheld the comely lad, and his hand touched his light wavy hair. Then he took the boy, led him to one who had his confidence, the Abbot Sturmi, of Fulda, and turned toward the door. All present sank down on their knees, and dispensing blessings, he strode toward the open door. Then his glance fell upon the proud form of Ingram, who, clad in his war-dress, kneeled upon the threshold. He stopped, and said with deep solemnity:

"I invite you, Ingram, to go with me to-day. Will you again be my guide on this journey?"

"I will, my Lord," answered Ingram, arising with eyes sparkling with joy.

"Then take leave of wife and child; for you are to bear a shield for the Lord."

Down in the court-yard the people surged like the waves of the sea. When the archbishop stepped out of the doorway, the multitude fell upon their knees, and, extending his hands, he slowly walked down to the ship. Then he turned again, greeted and blessed the multitude, and smiled upon the children who were held up by their weeping mothers that they might see the man of God. But Ingram clasped his wife, who proudly walked beside him, not a tear in the bright eyes which were fixed upon him, and with the other hand he held the hands of his three sons. And when he parted from his dear ones on the shore, he grasped the right-hand of his eldest son, laid it in the hand of Wolfram, and said to the latter:

"Be faithful to him as you were to his father."

The sailors cast off the lines, and the ship swung down the Rhine. On the banks the people lay upon their knees, and gazed at the ship until it was hidden from their sight by a bend in the river.

It was a sunny, merry voyage, like a festive journey. Wherever a chapel stood upon the heights, or a little church nestled upon the shore, the people crowded around, and rung the bell when the ship arrived and departed. Each night the travelers moored their ship among the habitations of Christians. Winfried went on shore, greeted the congregations, and rested under the roof of those who were his trusty friends; while Ingram would lie beside the mast, under the banner, and keep watch over the ship. Thus did the voyagers journey down the Rhine to its mouth. They stopped at Utrecht, and took on board the Bishop of Friesland, whom Winfried had appointed. Then they sailed eastwardly until they arrived at the borders of the heathen Frieslanders. To this place Winfried had invited the newly converted people in advance of his coming, that he might lay his hands upon the baptized, and strengthen them in the faith. His messengers had gone through all Friesland and proclaimed his coming. The travelers landed shortly before the appointed time, at an inlet near the mouth of the little river Borne, which separates the Christian from the heathen Friesland, and where the flood had thrown up large quantities of drift-wood. Winfried landed, selected the camping-ground, and consecrated it. Ingram ordered the tents to be pitched, water to be turned into the trenches, and the drift-wood to be built into a rampart. As he stood near the wall, measuring the distances and driving the stakes, Winfried passed by, and said to him:

"You seem to be very busy fortifying us. Has it not occurred to you to ask One who is above us as to his pleasure concerning us? For he can raise up armies and destroy them at will."

"Do not be angry, my Lord, that I swing the hammer until after the hour of evening prayer; for I have heard of whisperings, and wild mutterings disturb the quiet of people of the villages of the heathen; and small is the number of your defenders."

Winfried seemed not to hear what Ingram spoke, but continued, with eyes fixed heavenward:

"In the land of Thuringia the trees grew denser. You were then the first to drive the stake for me while upon my journey. The seed of the ash-tree fell to the earth, and the soul-saving truth sank into thy heart. Under God's blessing, see how a new tree has grown up! No longer does the heathen Woman of Fate float about it; but holy angels, the winged messengers of God. Perhaps they are preparing for you now, or soon, a passage to that blissful shore!"

After blessing him, he retired within his tent, which stood in the midst of the others. Ingram laid by the hammer, and, arming himself, stood guard at the entrance of the encampment. With piercing eyes, he gazed out over the plain, and up toward the northern horizon, where the sky shone with a brighter glow than he had ever seen before. He thought of his wife and blooming children at home, whom he loved so tenderly, and who were now peacefully sleeping; he thought of the many happy moments that he had passed with the wife of his bosom; of the renown he had won in battle, and of the plaudits of his comrades; he thought, too, of Wolfram, and his horses; and he smiled, and blessed all that belonged to him, and prayed for each. His heart grew light, and his gaze returned again to the horizon, until the glow passed off to the east, and the sun arose, and the small flaky clouds shone like gates of silver in the glory of the rising sun. Then he perceived how the gates were to be opened, through which he might approach to the Castle of the God of heaven as a warrior, and he kneeled and spoke the prayer taught him by Walburg. When he arose, he saw in the distant mists a dark mass, moving toward him with glittering spears and white shields. He closed the gate, sounded his war-cry, and hastened to the tents of the bishop and warriors. The tinkling of a little bell was heard, and Winfried stepped forth, surrounded by his priests, with the Word of God in his hand. Beyond the trenches arose dismal and discordant howling; as the heathen rushed against the ramparts, and pulled at the wood-work, Ingram sprang at them, swinging his spear, and urging his comrades to the battle. Then loudly arose the voice of Winfried above the din of battle:

"Hearken unto the command of God; do not repay evil with evil, but evil with good. Lay aside war and battle; for the long-wished-for day has arrived. The Lord will this day reward the faithful. There is prepared for us, in the heavenly halls, a high seat, and scores of holy angels escort us to the throne of heaven."

Then Ingram threw his sword against the invading heathen; he stepped, with outstretched arms, before his beloved master Winfried, called loudly the name of the youth who had once been his traveling companion, and received his death-wound. After him the archbishop, and then the others, ministers and laymen. But a few of the followers saved themselves across the waters, and reported the end of the pious heroes. With a numerous retinue, the chief of the Christian God ascended to the mansion of his Heavenly King.

Pious fathers bore the remains of Winfried up the Rhine; but Christian Frieslanders reared the burial-mound over Ingram on the coast, and strode around the spot with prayers. Not the forest raven, but white-winged sea-gulls flew over it; and, instead of the rustling of the tree-tops, could be heard the roar of the billows near by, as they were dashed by the tempest, century after century. But out of his court, under the beeches and firs of the forest, grew, spread, and flourished his race.

The waves and forests murmured the same mysterious song from one century to another; but men came and disappeared, and their thoughts changed incessantly. Longer became the chain of ancestors which connected each individual with the past; greater the estate which he inherited from the olden time; and stronger lights and shadows fell from the deeds of his ancestors upon his life. But with the coercion laid upon the descendant by the olden time grew his own freedom and creative power in a wonderful degree.

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

BY REV. C. P. HARD, A. M.

WE wanted to linger in San Francisco in the delighting closing of the Spring; but days were precious. We are off for the most wonderful valley in the world—the Yosemite. Across the bay in a steamer; then a three-hours' ride brought us to Modesto, the end of the railroad toward the south-east, in the direction of the valley. We have fair hotel accommodations for the night in this little place, made what it is by sight-seers, some thousands of whom, from all parts of the continent, visit the Yosemite by one route or another annually.

Expecting to be gone for two weeks we gave the midnight hour to correspondence; and the next morning, all too early, the stage-horn declared a vigorous determination that we should "sleep no more," while four horses and the driver, seated high, were waiting our appearing. Fortunately our little party of four had the stage to ourselves. By frequent change of teams we went sixty-five miles to Coulterville by evening. On the way, we met and dined with the Mexican drivers of herds of cattle, who are such excellent horsemen, and so skillful in aim, that they can throw the lasso around the foot of an animal and secure it many rods away.

The next day, having gone thirty miles in the forenoon, we came to a little hotel, near which was a yard filled with horses. Our guides proceeded to put saddles on these, and us in

the saddles—three gentlemen and two ladies, who (the ladies) had not ever previously gone a mile on horseback. The mustang pony that had our bundles in the huge bag which was on and about him, was allowed to go ahead without bridle or leading-strap. That afternoon he proved disinclined to go straightforward in the trail, but dashing to one side and the other, till corrected by our guide on his horse, the cunning creature tried to get rid of his burden by running under the low branches which might brush off his load. It might have been unfortunate for him if he had got tangled in the brush and made our revolvers go off. For, understand, we put those weapons of war in the baggage, thinking that with our experience in horsemanship and with weapons of war, it would be more safe for us to meet a bear unarmed—not the bear, but we, unarmed—than to have the artillery beside us.

Our cavalcade of six persons, as we moved off that afternoon, would have been a subject for an artist, if he could have brought out the signs of fear of getting overthrown. The last of the line had the sport of seeing those ahead go up as though they were convinced that when they came down it would be on mother earth. A slight gallop—then an exclamation or gasp or appealing look—and a walk. We should not have been in a hurry but that we had twenty miles before us that afternoon; and we made it, including the two miles of descent into the valley, while our horses slid, and the path turned at every few rods or feet, and we went with prayer and hope where a mistake of a hoof would have hurled us down, down, to no earthly rising.

That afternoon we rode all the time over carpets that nature had woven and spread, through forests that are regal, under branches that began on the trunk hundreds of feet from the ground, and amid trees as large around as several of our large maple-trees put together, and which would make the eyes of a lumberman of the East sparkle. These temples of nature, these grand halls, decorated with the evergreen, seem limitless.

In the evening we reached Mr. Black's hotel, one of the three principal public houses kept during the Summer months.

The Yosemite is not, in formation, like an ordinary valley leading to others, and where hills are scattered among winding channels and chasms. It is a depression, as though the rock beneath, in a territory six to eight miles long and half a mile to a mile in width, had sunk down thousands of feet. Nothing which we have seen can equal the grandeur of those walls

rising from three thousand to four thousand feet, over which rivers pour their beautiful and heavy floods; while beyond, in the background, the peaks of the Sierras rise still higher, crowned with eternal snow. We started upon a journey of seven thousand miles, with "Yosemite" ringing in our ears, and very often stated by us as the land of promise, though very far off. Here at last we rest. The shadow of "El Capitan," whose white side of granite is a mile long, and whose height is measured by thousands of feet, has fallen upon us.

Opposite us, the Yosemite Fall comes down twenty-six hundred feet, with a dash and a roar which are not small, as the higher cascade plashes itself into a basin of forty acres, and then shoots with arrowy swiftness a short distance in a horizontal direction, to hurry straight down a few hundred feet more. Distances are sublime here. Niagara is a pigmy vertically. And probably we are not as much overwhelmed by these wonders as we should be if we had not been for several days traveling through a land where God has massed marvels, where he grows gigantic trees, and heaps mountains high on each other, and thunders in waves and winds that shout with amazing strength, "Fearful in praises!"

He, from the hollow of whose hand there pour the Nevada and Vernal Falls and the Bridal Veil, and who threw up that Sentinel Dome thousands of feet in air, and placed Sentinel Rock on its high post as watchman over this vast work of Omnipotence, will not weary in his care for us.

It was a delight to lift our voices in songs of praise, and send the echo up to the gallery of that great palace-hall of the Almighty.

Having spent some days in trips to important sights, we reluctantly ascended the hill-side other than that down which we came, looked over it all from Inspiration Point, completed our one hundred miles of horseback ride, measured the Mariposa big trees, around one of which our tape-line required ninety-five feet, and traveled again by stage to Modesto, having been out of sight of a railroad ten days.

By David's language, there were many singular saints in his day: "To the saints that are in the earth, and to the excellent, in whom is all my delight." Was it so then? And should it not be so now? We know the New Testament outshines the Old as much as the sun outshines the moon. If we, then, live in a more glorious dispensation, should we not maintain a more glorious conversation?—*Secker*.

THE TWO BOOKS.

THE sunlight in the dewy morn,
The silvery moon at night ;
The blossoms which the field adorn,
The pines that crown the height ;
The hill and vale, the wood and stream,
The bird and humming-bee,
Are pictured pages in the book
My Father writes for me.

I read in every glittering line
Of Him who made them all ;
Who holds the planets as they shine,
And notes the sparrow's fall.
O, wondrous knowledge, vast and high,
That planned the spacious earth,
And through the land and sea and sky
Gave so much beauty birth !

The eye that all this beauty greets,
The hand that plucks the flower,
The palpitating heart that beats
Its life-watch every hour ;
This busy brain, the restless feet,
The wakeful, eager sense,
The wondrous tale of love repeat—
Love and Omnipotence.

But on the Bible's sacred page,
Still clearer can I read
Of love and power in every age,
Which all our thoughts exceed.
I trace the words, and pause and try
To grasp the mighty thought ;
How can I reach a height so high,
Unless by Thee I'm taught ?
Open my eyes, O Blessed One !
To understand the word
Written upon the tabled stone,
Or on the grassy sward ;
And may that Word my law become
Through all my earthly way ;
And love, its essence and its sun,
My glory and my stay !

THE LOVED AND LOST.

"THE loved and lost !"—why do we call them lost ?
Because we miss them from our outward road.
God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crossed,
Looked on us all, and, loving them the most,
Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.
They are not lost ; they are within the door
That shuts out loss and every hurtful thing—
With angels bright, and loved ones gone before,
In their Redeemer's presence evermore,
And God himself their Lord, their Judge, and King.
And this we call a loss ! O, selfish sorrow
Of selfish hearts ! O, we of little faith !
Let us look round some argument to borrow,
Why we in patience should await the morrow
That surely must succeed this night of death.

Ay, look upon this dreary, desert path,
The thorns and thistles wheresoe'er we turn ;
What trials and what tears, what wrongs and wrath,
What struggles and what strife, the journey hath !
They have escaped from these ; and lo ! we mourn.

Ask the poor sailor, when the wreck is done,
Who with his treasure strove the shore to reach,
While with the raging waves he battled on,—
Was it not joy, where every joy seemed gone,
To see his loved ones landed on the beach ?

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand
A little child, had halted by the well
To wash from off her feet the clinging sand,
And tell the tired boy of that bright land
Where, this long journey past, they longed to dwell ;

When lo ! the Lord who many mansions had,
Drew near, and looked upon the suffering twain.
Then pitying apace, " Give me the little lad ;
In strength renewed and glorious beauty clad,
I'll bring him with me when I come again."

Did she make answer, selfishly and wrong,
" Nay ; but the woes I feel he too must share ?"
No ! rather, bursting into grateful song,
She went her way rejoicing and made strong
To struggle on, since he was freed from care.

We will do likewise. Death hath made no breach
In love and sympathy, in hope and trust ;
No outward sigh or sound our ears can reach ;
But there's an inward, spiritual speech
That greets us still, though mortal tongues be dumb.

It bids us do the work that they laid down ;
Take up the song where they broke off the strain ;
So journeying till we reach the heavenly town,
Where are laid up our treasures and our crown ;
And our lost loved ones will be found again.

AUTUMN—A DIRGE.

THE warm sun is falling ; the bleak wind is wailing ;
The bare boughs are sighing ; the pale flowers are
dying ;

And the year
On the earth, her death-bed, in shroud of leaves dead,
is lying.

Come, months, come away,
From November to May ;
In your saddest array,
Follow the bier of the dead, cold year,
And like dim shadows watch her sepulcher.

The chill rain is falling ; the nipt worm is crawling ;
The rivers are swelling ; the thunder is knelling

For the year ;
The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each
gone to his dwelling ;

Come, months, come away,
Put on white, black, and gray ;
Let your light sisters play—
Ye follow the bier of the dead, cold year,
And make her grave green with tear upon tear.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Our Foreign Department.

THIS is verily the age of fraud and deception in miracles throughout the Catholic countries of Europe. In all the history of human blindness and superstitious folly, there has scarcely been a period when they have flourished more rankly than just at present. Among the latest of these miraculous stories is one about a woman who, in imitation of the Savior, sweat drops of blood. This occurred in Belgium—a land of the greatest contrasts in the matter of ignorance and intelligence. And extraordinary and shameless as is the story, it has been taken up by some of the principal Catholic sheets there, and served up to the public with a sentimental fancy and a gross extravagance that give it the air of a veritable Munchausen history. And it helps the matter not in the least that intelligent physicians may give a satisfactory and sensible reason for all that may be singular in the case, the fathomless ignorance and credulity of the masses as a material to work on, with cunning and unscrupulous priests as workers, succeed in placing the most natural occurrence into the realm of the miraculous.

The mania for swindle in this line seems to have invaded families as well as communities. We read of a young woman who for months succeeded in puzzling the staff of a certain hospital in Vienna with her extravagant somnambulist power, and keeping large audiences in breathless astonishment with her strange demeanor. When the game was at last played out, the girl confessed that it was all a swindle, which she had adopted as a means of getting away from family relations which had become unbearable to her. Her entire condition was a feigned one, but assumed in so masterly a manner as for a while to deceive the penetration of many experts. But the great *furor* of the period is catalepsy, which is a sort of suspension of volition when the attack comes on, so that the subjects remain, for an indefinite time, in the same condition, without the power of change. A young man has been lying in this condition for about five months, with eyelids closed, and affording the appearance of a quietly sleeping and regularly breathing man, just as one would look for an exhibition in the collection of wax-figures of the famous Madam Tussaud, of London. For a few months the young man was affected with great nervous irritability and sleeplessness, which, in the course of time, passed into a certain indifference and melancholy.

At last he was discovered one evening reading a newspaper unusually long. His father calls him, but receives no answer; he calls loud and louder, but there comes no answer. A cataleptic attack had evidently seized him, for it comes thus suddenly. The patients remain as if they had seen the head of Medusa; they gaze like statues in the same position in which they are attacked—standing, sitting, lying, writing, eating—they gaze and gaze, with widely open eyes, directly in front of them, or, sometimes, the eyes are closed, and, apparently, by the position of the face, directed above. The patient becomes motionless, and without will, and slept quietly on. The next morning it was apparent that it was a case of "*gasing-mania*," as the people popularly call it, and the entire community became excited about it. In this condition it seems that the patient becomes entirely without volition, and is as adjustable as an automaton. Hands, feet, fingers, may be placed in any position possible, and they retain it, contrary to the laws of gravity, or, indeed, any other known laws. And to this fixity of the muscles is added the greatest insensibility of the nerves—a needle may be thrust into the flesh without the least reaction or expression of pain. It was with great difficulty that the young man could be kept alive by almost forcing beef-tea down the throat; but in this way his life was preserved, and he is now said to be recovering. We need hardly add, that in the rage for miracle-swindles this case is a rich soil for the priestly husbandman, and that for months it has been made to bear successive crops of miraculous stories, all for the glory of God and instruction of man. Indeed priestly beneficence is in no hurry to cure this ill; for, the longer it lasts, the more can be drawn from fanatical ignorance.

AND still another swindle is just now flourishing in the highest feather; it is that of sacred relics. So much has been said and written on this subject, that one would consider it impossible to serve up any thing new; but we think we have an entirely new dish in this line. These false relics are the most palpable means of giving an insight into the insolent abuse of confidence in which priestly swindlers so often indulge toward their flocks, and the selfish and sordid manner with which they trifle with the reverential feelings that find so natural a retreat in the

ignorant heart. The Virgin Mary and the infant Jesus have generally been considered poor and lowly, in harmony with the birth in a manger. But this position does not harmonize very well with the latest calculations regarding the outfit of both mother and child. According to these, there must exist no less than three hundred genuine dresses of Mary, to say nothing of thousands that are palpably bogus. It is positively asserted of over three hundred that they are the veritable garments worn by the Virgin while in the flesh. If the combs belonging to her are all genuine which claim to be, the mother of Jesus must have had an assortment of more than five hundred; while these relic-gatherers count about four hundred sets of swaddling-cloths for the child Jesus. It seems to be the regular occupation of a certain class of statisticians to keep the pious Catholic devotees posted up on this matter; and, in addition to the above figures, we learn that there are in existence at least fifty winding-sheets used around the body of the dead Christ. Of the cross of Christ, which is said to have been found toward the close of the fourth century, there has been such an indefinite multiplication, that nearly every pious pilgrim to the Holy Land may return with a fragment. In short, the chapter of devout error and pious fraud is a very prolific one; and it is a serious question now, during its revival, when we might have expected its extinction, whether the State should not interfere, and put an end to the deception, where it is so palpable. But the great question is as to the means of extinguishing it. Not long ago, there was exhibited, in the region of the Rhine, a bone from the body of a certain saint: it was rather a suspicious-looking specimen of human anatomy, and was handed to the famous Catholic anatomist of Berlin, Johannes Müller. He declared it to be the bone of a well-grown calf. But *cui bono?* The ignorant fanatics would not believe even this authority, and continued to worship the calf as of old. It is not difficult to make such fanatics believe that the Virgin and the Infant, though poor, were blessed with so extensive a trousseau.

THE name of Fritz Reuter has become familiar of late years to the readers of foreign literature by a few translations of his very peculiar works, and we feel like devoting to him a few lines *in memoriam*. Mecklenburg—his native province in Germany—is under a sort of ban in the Father-land because of its whims in politics and religion, and especially because of its queer Low German dialect. For a long time the question was asked, as so often of old, "Can any good come out of Mecklenburg?" Reuter succeeded in proving the affirmative by adopting his native dialect as a means of telling many queer and quaint things to the people, and especially of cultivating the heart-virtues by many plain sayings in prose and poetry, given in a dress that made them doubly attractive after it was once understood. As Bobby Burns could interest the world with a story of a mouse, largely because of the quaint and heart-felt manner of the recital, aided by the idiom, so Fritz Reuter has taken many a simple subject and given it telling

significance by the accents in which it is imparted. Thus the world finally learned to appreciate the much-despised "Low Dutch" dialect, and find real pleasure in listening to practical wisdom imparted in its dress. Thus Reuter became not only the darling of the German people, but efforts were made to turn his queer dialect into our English tongue, though only with moderate success. But just as he had succeeded in conquering many prejudices, and forced the world to stop and listen to him, he was called on to bid it adieu. He was sixty-four years of age; but as he began his poetic labors late in life, and through vicissitudes had not owned a comfortable home for more than a dozen years, he did not long enjoy the homage of his countrymen and the world. His decease occurred during a week of great political excitement; but it called forth everywhere testimonials of the deepest sympathy, and from far and near the laurel-wreaths and flowers were sent to adorn his grave. Reuter's poetic stories are a product of his maturer years, and the best proof of the great attraction of his creations is the rapid and genial appreciation which they found among old and young, and men and women, in spite of the difficulties of the Low German dialect. Reuter, by the geniality of his nature, did much toward bringing the various German elements together, and effecting the present political and social unity; and he, more than any other man, brought his native Mecklenburg into repute with the country at large by his attractive descriptions of its plains and valleys, its men and manners, and by the use of its quaint speech.

LET all our lady readers who have an opportunity to visit Europe, not fail to see the baths of Carlsbad, in Bohemia, which are, in a certain sense, the Saratoga of the German spas—not so much for fashion as for the variety and character of the springs. The mineral constituents of the waters are so various and numerous, that nearly every ill that flesh is heir to finds some antidote here, and they are so popular that no spot on the Continent gives a more varied assemblage of German life and manners during the season. The intensity of the cure has been greatly modified of late years; so that it is now a pleasure to visit the Springs under medical advice. The idea of rising at daylight, and drinking from eight to twelve large tumblers of water before breakfast, walking a half-mile between each, is now much modified; so that the patient at Carlsbad is no longer in danger of being drenched or drowned. A course of cure consisting of about twenty-five drinking-days, with certain reasonable restrictions as to exercise and diet, is now prescribed for a variety of affections of the stomach with quite a certainty of relief; and very few go there without the desire to gain some special object for the body's good, if it be nothing but the purifying of the skin and the improvement of the complexion. Go to Carlsbad, in short, ladies, if you would flee almost any of the ills, etc.

CAN the women of our land all give thanks that, in the following regard, they are not as those of the

Father-land? We wish they could all say "Yes!" with a vigor. Listen to the story: Of late years the German ladies are breaking through their time-honored custom of allowing men to wade through the indecencies of certain scandalous cases that from time to time are dragged into the courts, without reflecting that in such events many things are necessarily said that no modest lady ought to listen to, and which it is far better for their higher and purer nature that they know not of. But of late years they will insist on crowding into such places to such an extent that their presence is an embarrassment to the courts. In a case of this kind which lately occurred in Munich, many ladies were observed in the audience who held their own notwithstanding the

gross immodesty of the testimony. At last the presiding judge, quite out of patience, suddenly arose and said, "I request all respectable ladies to leave the court." A pause ensued, during which four or five ladies disappeared. The judge looked sternly around among the audience, which was yet marked by the presence of a goodly number of ladies who refused to leave. He then, with sharp emphasis, observed, "Since the respectable ladies have withdrawn, the officers will now proceed to clear the court of those who are not of that class." In a few seconds the room was void of all persons claiming to be of the feminine gender. But how much better it would be if they would all stay away from such scenes!

Art Notes.

—THE celebration of Iceland's Millennium has drawn the attention of a wider circle of scholars to the marvelous history of this island, that has, by too many, been regarded as the home of a few half-savage people, struggling for a precarious existence, in the midst of spouting springs and eternal snows. It is not too much to say that in all Scandinavia the interest in the event has been profound and universal. Among the addresses and gifts from various cities, such as Christiania, Bergen, Gottenburg, Copenhagen, etc., we notice one accompanying the congratulations of Copenhagen of six thousand rix dollars toward the erection of a statue of the sculptor Thorwaldsen, who is a native of Iceland. It would be enough for the fame of Iceland to have produced the greatest sculptor of this century; and it is most grateful and appropriate for Copenhagen to honor the man whose works constitute the chiefest art attraction of the Danish capital.

—In the death of the late Baron Anselm de Rothschild, of Vienna, art and archæology lost a most enthusiastic student and generous patron. This member of the great commercial dynasty, that has almost held the balance of power in Europe for the past century, was reputed to be a profound student of history, as well as a connoisseur in painting, and in Jewish and classical archæology. Many an artist of Germany and Austria will shed a tear at the departure of a sympathetic and liberal patron.

—The frescoes in the House of Lords, London, have for some time past been in a decaying condition. It is now proposed to encase them in glass for their better preservation.

—The statue of Dr. Priestley, the discoverer of oxygen, was unveiled at Birmingham, England, August 1st, the centenary of the day of its discovery.

—And now the English are talking of erecting a statue of the late John Stuart Mill on the Victoria Embankment, near the Temple, London.

—In accounts of the recent Exhibition of the Royal Academy, London, the *Art Journal* gives most complimentary notices of the American artists, Bierstadt and J. C. Thorn. Of the former it says: "His painting, 'The Big Tree of California,' shows him to be an earnest student of the boldest forms of landscape; and we may remark the effective management of the light, which throws the great girth of the tree into prominence." This *Journal* also gives a very fine engraving of J. C. Thorn's painting, "The Grandfather's Grave"—paying a handsome tribute to the genius and industry of this artist, as proved by his reported triumphs at the exhibitions of the Royal Academies of Paris and London.

—The Mikado of Japan is selling off certain images, and advertises them as follows: "For sale at Kama-Kura, a very fine idol, with six arms. It is fifteen feet high, and was cast in bronze at Sheffield!"

—The *Illustrated London News* pays the following deserved tribute to the late Owen Jones, on the occasion of an exhibition of his collected works: "The collection can not fail to suggest how large a share in the great improvement of our arts of house and furniture decoration is assignable to Owen Jones. We there seem to recognize the germs, at least, of a thousand patterns and devices, which have helped to make our daily life more pleasant during many years past. To estimate the debt of gratitude we owe to this artist, we have but to recall the worse than barbaric taste that prevailed in ordinary households five-and-twenty years ago,—the vulgar staring carpets, with their floral festoons and architectural scrolls; the hideously spotted and crude paper-hangings, that gave a healthy person the headache, and drove a sick person mad; and the clumsy furniture, that was as offensive to look at as it was disagreeable to use. It may be seen in this exhibition that the leading principles of Owen Jones's system of decoration were derived from that exquisite Moresque style, which

he has so ably illustrated in his great work on the Alhambra." It is interesting to see how a master-mind will turn the results of his studies into useful channels, and thus become a grand educating and refining power throughout a whole nation. It is likewise instructive to notice how Moorish, Persian, and Indian art is becoming more and more popular in the West. Excelling, as they did, in natural decorative art, it is only surprising that a stiff, geometrical style, and an unmeaning grouping of objects, has been so long tolerated in house decoration. The revolution in taste in this regard is now seen in every home of this land.

The perils threatening celebrated works of art has been illustrated by two *chefs-d'œuvre*—Rubens's "Assumption of the Virgin," in the Gallery of Dusseldorf, and Verlat's superb triptych, "The Mother of the Messiah," which was considered the gem of the Antwerp exhibition, and which has been placed by the Government in the Museum of Brussels. Both these works are on wood. The former, of colossal size, has now been almost ruined by the appearance of two large cracks right across the face of the Virgin—one of these, nearly a half-inch wide, badly disfiguring a work which has been judged one of Rubens's best conceptions. The latter has been almost hopelessly injured in like manner by the excessive heat of the Summer. This but intensifies the interest of artists in the question of the most durable material upon which to embody their inspired conceptions. Fresco is fixed, liable to injury from the natural decay of buildings, from the recklessness of the ignorant, from the misdirected ambition of the restorer, and from the almost inevitable dampness of wall structures. Canvas is easily torn, becomes rotten, is liable to be moth-eaten. Wood is treacherous, warping, cracking, checking, and becomes worm-eaten. How can genius best hand down its works uninjured to a distant posterity?

—Dr. Hans Von Bulow, the distinguished pianist, has been engaged for five hundred performances in America, at two thousand five hundred francs in gold per night, and all expenses paid. The season will begin early in 1875, at Steinway Hall.

—Very generous preparations have been made for the entertainment of American lovers of the opera the present season. Strakosch has ventured to introduce artists comparatively unknown on this side of the water, but whose reputation in Europe is already assured. The names of Emma Albani, Marie Heilbron, Signora Potentini, and Carlo Carpi, appear upon the list of stars. The first of these received a notice in our "Notes" some months ago. It is she in whom we are naturally most interested, since, under this name of Albani, the little French singer in the Albany Cathedral (Emma Lajeunesse) comes before the critical public to challenge their indorsement and their praise. All who best know her powers claim that her career is to be one of peculiar brilliancy. Certain it is, that, after an exceptionally brief period of training, she aspires to the highest honors of the stage.

—Richard Grant White's article on Liszt, in the *Galaxy* for August, has been widely read, and with very different opinions of the writer's estimates of Liszt and Wagner. He has only added one more fire-brand to the already consuming controversy over the merits of these celebrated men. White's article is a savage onslaught on both Liszt and Wagner. Of Liszt's symphonies he says: "The compositions of this celebrated virtuoso remind us of some sermons that we all have heard, in which the doctrine was orthodox, the sentences well put together, the language pure, the illustrations scholarly, and the result barrenness and unutterable boredom—labored nothingness; and which, for all their worth or interest to gods, men, or devils, might just as well not have been." Of Wagner and the "music of the future," he says: "This music of the future is an almshouse for poverty-stricken musicians, who in their barrenness of musical ideas, are compelled, in self-defense, to set up this charity hospital, into which those only are admitted who are not possessed of a single musical inspiration. Really the paupers and vagrants of musical society (however respectable and distinguished personally), they hide their leanness of melody and their marrowless harmony, with the assumption of the vows of poverty and the forswearing of all the lusts and vanities of musical beauty; and this order they call the 'music of the future.'" We imagine that Liszt and Wagner will survive these insane statements of Mr. White. These extreme and untenable views will aid very little, we opine, in settling some of the principles in which this musical controversy roots. For it is not by such excess of satire and tirade that the cause of truth is usually forwarded, and correct theories are evolved. Multitudes will still be charmed and thrilled by the productions of both these men of genius.

—A bronze medal in honor of Agassiz has been struck at the Philadelphia mint. It is about one and three-quarter inches in diameter, having on its obverse side a finely executed likeness of the great scientist, with his name attached, and upon the reverse side the motto, "Terra marique ductor indagacione naturæ"—("Leader in the close investigation of nature on land and sea"), around a wreath of laurel, within which are dates of his birth and death, a student's lamp burning, inverted torches, and crossed branches of cypress.

—The New York *Post* is responsible for the statement that Mr. Ezekiel, a young sculptor of Cincinnati, has received a commission from the Centennial Committee of the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith, of Philadelphia, for a statue of heroic size, to be unveiled in Fairmount Park during the Centennial celebration, and afterward removed to Washington, and there set up in the Capitol grounds, as a gift of the Israelites of America, in honor of religious freedom. It will consist of a figure of the Goddess of Liberty in marble, resting upon a base twelve feet high; upon which base will be inscribed the date 1876, with the clause from the Constitution providing for religious freedom. The statue will be made in Rome.

— It is well known that Bradley & Rulofson, of San Francisco, won the medal for the best complete negatives, in the Photographic Convention recently held in Chicago. It has been suggested that the vapors from the Pacific passing over San Francisco serve the purpose of diffusing the light, and producing softer and more transparent shadows than can be obtained under a clear blue sky. Also the great extremes of temperature, that so seriously interfere with the action of delicate chemicals, are, happily, not found in San Francisco. These, with the moisture of the atmosphere, by which rapid evaporation from plates is prevented, furnish reasons for the superior character of the California negatives.

— Rev. J. Leonard Corning, writing for the *Christian Union* from Stuttgart, Wurtemberg, on the subject of "Art-galleries for Schools," has some most excellent suggestions to those who are collecting works for the illustration of art in our schools. We give room for his closing paragraphs: "Not to particularize further, I will say that nothing on experiment has surprised me so much as the wideness of the field which can be covered in art-reproductions

with a moderate sum of money. Unless it be to encourage rising genius, I can not comprehend why a man with a thousand spare dollars will put it all into some sensational chaos of color, which people dignify with the name of a 'landscape,' instead of buying some hundreds of noble reproductions, which would bring his family circle and all his neighbors into a personal acquaintance with the greatest artists of all time. And now I believe there remains only a single question in my friend's letter which requires an answer, and that is, whether I will undertake to get, on the best possible terms, and of course without grinding any personal ax, a three-hundred-dollar art-gallery for his school. Certainly I will, and with a most willing mind. Indeed had I the purse of many an American prince in the kingdom of mammon, I would put a one-thousand-dollar art-gallery into a hundred American schools and colleges, and consider it one of the best possible contributions to the civilization of my country." Would that such a heart dwelt in the breast of the Stuarts and Vanderbilts, and others of our countrymen! Some have a heart for this and other noble work, and we will rejoice and take courage.

Current History.

— On the 7th of August it was announced that a secret convention was concluded three months since between the German Emperor and Marshal Serrano, by which Germany agreed, if necessary, to aid in the suppression of the insurrection, either with money or by means of armed intervention, and undertook the recognition of the Spanish Republic by her allies. Serrano, in return, pledged Spain to an alliance, offensive and defensive, with Germany in the event of a war with France. Italy was to form the third party to the alliance.

— The Spanish Republic was formally recognized by England, France, and Germany, on the 12th of August. The *New Free Press* publishes the text of a circular note from the Russian Government dated August 19th, declining to recognize Spain. The note says Russia can not recognize a Government which is unrecognized in its own country. She has no wish to interfere with the internal affairs of Spain, and favors no party there. She will officially communicate with any Government which possesses legal authority and promises to be permanent. Germany and Austria are free to act in the matter in accordance with their own interest.

— A ministerial decree of August 14th, embodying regulations for the execution of the decree for the abolition of slavery in Porto Rico, has been published.

— Advices from Hong Kong, dated August 19th, state that the Chinese Government has given Japan ninety days to withdraw its troops from Formosa.

Meantime China is making extensive preparations for war against Japan.

— On the 29th of August, Mt. *Ætna* was discovered to be in a state of eruption. Three streams of lava poured forth from as many craters. Even should no loss of life ensue, or, as in 1669, a city like Catania be overwhelmed by the molten lava, great distress will be occasioned the poor Sicilians, for the finest fruits of the island grow on the sides of the volcano. Fire-wood, which is a far more scarce and valuable commodity in the Old World than with us, is also largely brought from the forests of *Ætna*. These are likely to be burned where they stand. The Neapolitans use snow brought from *Ætna*, instead of ice, to cool their drinks. It is lucky for them that the Summer is so near at an end. The mountain is nearly eleven thousand feet in height, and the night view of the flames pouring from three craters must be fearfully magnificent.

— Through the efforts of the Anglo-Jewish Society of London, a decree has been obtained from the Sultan of Morocco, directing that the Jews in his dominions shall no longer be persecuted.

— M. Flaminio Servi, Grand Rabbi of Casale, has prepared statistics of the Israelites in different parts of Europe. He reckons 50,000 in France, 494,000 in Germany, 1,220,000 in Austria and Hungary, 52,000 in Great Britain, 2,600,000 in Russia and Poland, 43,000 in Italy, 3,000 in Belgium, 68,000 in Holland, 5,300 in Switzerland, 5,600 in Greece, 250,000 in Roumania, 3,000 in Spain, 3,500 in Por-

tugal, 10,000 in Scandinavia, and 350,000 in European Turkey,—making in all 5,157,400 European Jews.

—Five years ago, there were only about six Protestant Churches in Mexico. Now there are ninety-eight. A paper published in the City of Mexico says those who can remember when foreigners were pelted with stones if they neglected to remove their hats while a Catholic procession passed, “can not but fully appreciate the wondrous change that has been effected in Mexico within the past decade. The difficult and delicate labors of the Christian missionaries in Mexico have been thus far crowned with success. In this city alone there are some five Protestant Churches, largely and regularly attended, and it is truly surprising to see the large number of converts that have been gained over from the ranks of the Roman Catholics.”

—The Turkish Government is having trouble with its subjects in Crete. The Christians and Mussulmans are arrayed against each other, and a strong garrison is required to keep the peace. The Christians demand that full political rights be accorded them, and complain that they are oppressed by the Turks with impunity in presence of the troops. Both parties are willing to be rid of Turkish rule. The Christians favor annexation to Greece, while the Mussulmans want to be under the protection of Egypt. Conciliation is believed to be impossible, and a serious outbreak, it is said, may occur at any moment.

—A Brazilian letter, received at New York, August 20th, says: “In the Rio Grande Del Sul an insurrection exists, owing to the fanaticism of a sectarian among the German colonists of St. Leopoldo, who professes to be a prophet. His wife Jacoba is supposed by his votaries to be the savior of the world, and his uncle is the apostle Judas, who sacrificed himself to bring about the Bible prophecies in relation to the death of Christ. The turbulence and fanaticism of this sect were headed by Maurer, his wife, and uncle. After the release of Maurer, the house of a seceder from the sect was attacked and burned, after the wife and children were shot, the man being absent. When the police appeared, they found Maurer and his sectarians, some three hundred strong, intrenched in a mid-forest settlement; and, although a force of regulars was brought up, the soldiers were repulsed with five killed and thirty-five wounded. At last dates, the troops and National Guards were being collected, and cannon were bombarding the position. It is said that the revolt has massacred thirteen more families of seceders and lukewarm sectarians.”

—Miners in Nevada tell us that the divisibility of quicksilver is so great that particles of it float down the clearest streams, invisible to the eye, and yet large enough to contain still smaller particles of gold and silver, or of both. The presence of the floating metals is shown by deposits made on copper vessels sunk in the streams, where, in a few months, hundreds of dollars' worth of quicksilver

is collected. In photograph-galleries, silver and gold float off in the water used for washing pictures, and are gathered by provident workmen, to be again used in the making of pictures. Infinitely small as the particles of precious metals are that float in clear water, invisible to the eye, they have, in the aggregate, great commercial value.

—An ingenious projectile, invented by a Russian officer, is now claiming the attention of military scientists. The scaroch, as it is called, is an elongated shell, the head of which is completely spherical—a round shell upon the end of an iron cylinder. The two parts are united by a comparatively slight thickness of metal. When fired, the scaroch leaves the gun like an ordinary shell; but when it bursts, the cylindrical part alone flies in pieces, while the spherical head continues its flight intact, and may ricochet for hundreds of yards further. The advantage of such a shell against artillery, for example, is very great. After bursting, and scattering its fragments among the guns of the enemy, the head goes on to plunge into the infantry still further back. It is to be used in Russia, however, only for cannon of moderate size.

—Nearly sixty years ago, an English expedition undertook to explore Africa by ascending the Congo. By the time the party reached the falls of the river, its commander and many of its members fell victims to the fever of the country. The survivors, to avoid a like fate, retreated to the coast. A German scientific expedition proposes to try the experiment in which the English failed. In the interior, an old Dutch factory has been secured for the members of the expedition, in which they will remain during the rainy season, and which will assist them in keeping open their communications with the sea-coast. When the rainy season ends, the party will proceed, under good escort, to the region of the cataracts and the unknown regions beyond.

—The loss of valuable documents which has attended the large conflagrations of the last few years, will cause general interest to attach to an incombustible paper and fire-proof ink recently patented by an English inventor. Though the paper is not regarded as absolutely indestructible by fire of any degree of fierceness, it is yet claimed that, under such circumstances as fire in houses, factories, or other buildings, it is “ordinarily incombustible.” The pulp, which is manufactured in the usual way, is composed of vegetable fiber, one part; asbestos, two parts; borax, one-tenth part; and alum, two-tenths parts. These ingredients, having been previously ground and finely divided, are brought to the consistency of pulp by the addition of water in proper proportion. Not only can writing-paper be thus manufactured, but a coarser substance for the bindings of books or the inclosing of manuscripts. The fire-proof ink can be used in either writing or printing, and is made according to the following recipe: Graphite, finely ground, twenty-two drams; copal, or other resinous gum, twelve grains; sulphate of iron, two drams; tincture of nut-galls,

two drams; and sulphate of indigo, eight drams. These substances are thoroughly mixed and boiled in water, and the ink thus obtained is said to be both fire-proof and insoluble in water. When any other color but black is desired, the graphite is replaced by an earthy mineral pigment of the desired hue.

—There are eighty-seven Protestant missionaries working in Japan. Of these, the American Board has sent twenty, the Presbyterians thirteen, the Reformed Dutch eleven, the Episcopalians eleven, the Methodists ten, and the Baptists six; leaving sixteen, who have come from about as many of the minor sects.

—The value of gold imported into the United Kingdom in the first half of this year was computed at £7,706,496, as compared with £8,964,081 in the corresponding period of 1873, and £8,107,248 in the corresponding period of 1872. In these totals, Austrian gold figured for £2,874,152, £4,655,869, and £3,056,235, respectively.

—The returns of emigration from Liverpool show that, in June, 14,669 emigrants sailed from that port for various places, as compared with 18,603 in June last year. This is a decrease of 3,934 on the month, and of 49,357 on the year. The number of emigrants for the quarter ending June was 47,754, a decrease of 39,064 on the corresponding quarter of 1873.

—The official journal of Rome publishes, from time to time, a report of the progress made in the sale of confiscated ecclesiastical property. The whole amount disposed of from 1867, when the law was passed, up to the end of June, the present year, is represented by the sum of 465,000,000 of francs. The Government has come into possession of somewhat more than \$90,000,000 from this source.

—Lieutenant Cameron, R. N., is succeeding in his African expedition. He has pushed on alone, in spite of difficulties arising from the disturbed state of the country, to Uji. Thence he has sent home a valuable set of observations. During March and April he intended to explore and survey Lake Tanganyika; and when he had completed this work, he was, in May, to continue his journey to the westward across the Manyema country to the Lualaba.

—The smallest post-office in the world is kept in a barrel, which swings from the outermost rock of the mountains overhanging the Straits of Magellan, opposite Terra del Fuego. Every passing ship opens it to place letters in or take them out. Every ship undertakes to forward all letters in it that it is possible for them to transmit. It hangs there by its iron chain, beaten and battered by the winds and storms; but no locked and barred office on land is more secure. It is not in the track of mail-robbers.

—It is said, in Parliamentary returns, that the South Kensington Museum has cost the English nation more than five millions of dollars. The exact amount is £1,191,709 19s. 4d. Out of this large sum the articles bought expressly for the Museum

have cost £281,672 9s. 1d., of which £30,220 18s. 1d. were paid for reproductions, plaster casts, etc.; £38,642 6s. 11d. for the art library; and £18,009 2s. 11d. for the educational and scientific collections; the remainder—£194,799 18s. 2d.—was spent for sculptor, wood and metal work, jewelry and goldsmiths' work, earthenware and stoneware.

—Dr. Saverio Cavallari, the Palermo architect and archæologist, has been devoting himself during the last year to excavating the ruins of the old Greek town of Selinunt, on the southern coast of Sicily. Not long since he found, about twelve feet below the surface, in the sandy waste just west of the so-called Acropolis, the east front of a temple and numerous images in terra-cotta. The images represent some of the old Greek deities. The temple front is a fine specimen of Greek architecture, and its discovery is considered important.

—The Berlin *Boersen Zeitung* gives some interesting statistics relative to the increase of German banking. In 1869, it states, the Prussian Bank had an average note circulation of £15,766,000; in 1870, of £24,489,000; in 1871, as much as £30,353,000; in 1872, £37,980,000; and in 1873, £43,570,000. The bullion reserve of these notes amounted, in 1873, to nearly 77 per cent. As regards the stock of gold and silver, the amount in the Prussian Bank, in 1870, was £13,160,000; had risen to £23,715,000 in 1871, to £27,650,000 in 1872, and to £35,160,000 in 1873.

—The fine picture, by Rubens, of the "Assumption of the Virgin," which is owned by the city of Dusseldorf, has met with a serious accident, owing to the negligence of its guardians. The gallery in which it was hung was suffered to become excessively damp, and the picture, which was painted upon wood, naturally suffered from the effects of the atmosphere; for, a period of intense heat succeeding the damp weather, two large cracks opened in the painting—one large enough to admit the end of a finger, and dividing the picture nearly in half. Unfortunately, the largest crack passes through the lovely head of the Madonna.

—A tricolor flag on the summit of Metz Cathedral, which has been a constant eye-sore to the Germans, has just been removed, a reward of one hundred thalers having been offered for the feat, which was attended with considerable danger, as, after the top of the Gothic tower was reached, two balls had to be scaled to reach the flagstaff. A man named Demange, a house-painter at Metz, lately made the attempt, and brought down the obnoxious emblem of French rule. He had provided himself with two planks for scaling the balls: and on surmounting the first, he staggered, and every body expected him to fall; but he recovered himself, reached the flag-staff, lowered the French tricolor, and substituted a German flag of black, white, and red. Previously, seven Germans had tried to accomplish the task; but two lost their lives, and the other five failed.

Note, Query, Anecdote, and Incident.

COMMON IMPROPRIETIES OF SPEECH.—*At all*, is a needless expletive, which is employed by many writers of what may be called the forcible-feeble school. For example: "The coach was upset; but, strange to say, not a passenger received the slightest injury at all." "It is not at all strange."

Mistaken is erroneously used for *mistook*. "You are mistaken" is used to signify "you mistake." A popular hymn begins, "Mistaken souls that dream of heaven," for *mistaking*. "I am mistaken," means, *I am taken amiss*; that is, *you misapprehend me*.

What, for that. This error is quite common among those who think themselves above learning any thing more out of the dictionary or grammar. "He would not believe but *what* I was joking."

Convene is used by many persons in a strange sense. "This road will *convene* the public."

Evidence is a word much abused by learned judges and attorneys, being continually used for testimony. Evidence relates to the convictive view of any one's mind; testimony to the knowledge of another concerning some fact. The evidence in a case is often the reverse of the testimony.

Had have. This is a very low vulgarism, notwithstanding it has the authority of Addison. It is quite common to say, "*Had I have* seen him," "*Had you have* known it," etc. We can say, "I have been," "I had been;" but what sort of a tense is *had have* been? This expression is still further changed into *had of*; as, "If I *had of* known it," in which *of* takes the place of *have* pronounced abruptly. Not only have we heard the word so spoken, but have even seen it thus written.

Had ought, had better, had rather. Vulgar absurdities, not less gross than *his'n, t'other, hain't, their'n*.

At, for *by*. For example, "Sales at auction." The word auction signifies a manner of sale; and this signification seems to require the preposition *by*.

The above, as an adjective. "The above extract is sufficient to verify my assertion." "I fully concur in the above statement" (the statement above, or the foregoing statement). Charles Lamb speaks of "the above boys and the below boys."

Then, as an adjective. "The then King of Holland." This error, to which even educated men are addicted, springs from a desire of brevity; but verbal economy is not commendable when it violates the plainest rules of language.

Either is only applicable to two objects; and the same remark is true of *neither* and *both*. "Either of the three" is wrong. *Whether* is a contraction of "which of either," and therefore can not be correctly applied to more than two objects.

Proposition, for *proposal*. This is not a solecism; but as an univocal word is preferable to one that is equivocal, "proposal," for a thing offered or pro-

posed, is better than "proposition." "He demonstrated the fifth proposition in Euclid;" "He rejected the proposal of his friend."

Sit, sat, are much abused words. It is said that the brilliant Irish lawyer, Curran, once carelessly observed in court, "an action *lays*," and the judge corrected him by remarking, "*Lies*, Mr. Curran: *hens lay*;" but subsequently, the judge ordering a counselor to "*set* down," Curran retaliated, "*Sit* down, your honor—*hens set*." The retort was characterized by more wit than truth. Hens do not set; they sit. It is not unusual to hear persons say, "The coat sets well;" "The wind sets fair." *Sits* is the proper word. The preterite of "*sit*" is often incorrectly used for that of "*set*;" for example, "He sat off for Boston."

From thence, from whence. As the adverbs *thence* and *whence* literally supply the place of a noun and preposition, there is a solecism in employing a preposition in conjunction with them.

Conduct. In conversation this verb is frequently used without the personal pronoun; as "he conducts well," for "he conducts himself well."

Least for *less*. "Of two evils choose the least."

Previous for *previously*. "Previous to my leaving America."

Appreciate for "rises in value." "Gold appreciated yesterday."

Proven, pled for *pleaded*, and *het* for *heated*, are clearly vulgarisms.

Bound, for ready or determined. "I am bound to do it." We may say properly that a ship is "bound to Liverpool;" but in that case we do not employ, as many suppose, the past participle of the verb *to bind*, but the old Northern participle-adjective, *buinn*, from the verb *at-bua*, signifying "to make ready, or prepare." The term is strictly a nautical one; and to employ it in a sense that unites the significations both of *buinn* and the English participle *bound*, from *bind*, is a plain abuse of language.

RAPIDITY OF THOUGHT IN DREAMING.—A very remarkable circumstance, in an important point of analogy, is to be found in the extreme rapidity with which the mental operations are performed, or rather with which the mental changes on which the ideas depend are excited in hemispherical ganglia. It would appear as if a whole series of acts, which would really occupy a long lapse of time, pass ideally through the mind in one instant. We have in dreams no true perception of the lapse of time—a property of mind! For if such be also its property when entered into the eternal disembodied state, time will seem to us eternity. The relations of space as well as time are also annihilated, so that almost while an eternity is compressed into a moment, infinite space is

traversed more swiftly than by real thought. There are numerous illustrations of this on record. A gentleman dreamed that he had enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and at last led out to execution! After the usual preparations, a gun was fired; he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in the adjoining room had, at the same moment, produced the dream and awakened him. A friend of Dr. Abercrombie dreamed that he crossed the Atlantic, and spent a fortnight in America. In embarking on his return, he fell into the sea, and, awaking in the fright, found that he had not been in bed ten minutes.

JOKES HIDDEN IN NAMES.—*Chambers's Journal* gives some queer stories about names, mostly concerning puns on names.

An old gentleman of the name of Gould, having married a very young wife, wrote a poetical epistle to a friend to inform him of it, and concluded thus:

"So you see, my dear sir, though I'm eighty years old,
A girl of eighteen is in love with old Gould."

To which his friend replied:

"A girl of eighteen may love Gould, it is true;
But believe me, dear sir, it is Gold without U."

The following epitaph on the Earl of Kildare is happily conceived:

"Who killed Kildare? Who dared Kildare to kill?
Death killed Kildare, who dares kill whom he will."

That on John Penny is not so good, but has wit:

"Reader, of cash if thou'rt in want of any,
Dig four feet deep, and thou shalt find a Penny."

The literature of English political anecdote is well garnished with bright sayings, of which the play upon names forms an essential feature. James the First, of England, and Sixth, of Scotland, was not remarkable for vigor and steadiness. Having heard of a famous preacher who was very witty in his sermons, and peculiarly so in his choice of texts, he ordered this clergyman to preach before him. With all suitable gravity the learned divine gave out his text in the following words: "James, first and sixth, in the latter part of the verse, 'He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven by the wind and tossed.'"

The Cavaliers, during the protectorate, were accustomed, in their libations, to put a crumb of bread into a glass of wine, and, before they drank it, say, "God send this Crumb-well down."

"The trivial prophecy which I heard," writes Lord Bacon, "when I was a child, and Queen Elizabeth was in the flower of her years, was:

"When Hempe is spun,
Eng'and's done;"

whereby it was generally conceived that after the princes had reigned which had the principal letters of that word Hempe (which were Henry, Edward, Mary, Philip, and Elizabeth), England should come to utter confusion; which, thanks be to God, is verified in the change of the name; for that the king's style is now no more of England, but of Britain."

FIGURE VERSES.—A few years since, a new French "poet" based his claim to a share of the sunshine of the public smiles on an ingenious invention. This gentleman, who rejoices in the somewhat unpoetic name of Pommier (apple-tree), hit on a method of adding the seductions of form to those of style, as witness the following effort of his muse, in which the stanza is made to assume the shape of a pyramid:

A
t a
cene,
sublime
monument,
qui s'èlèvement
leves tes assises!

Some of his pieces are square, some round, some oval, some oblong, some triangular, heptagonal, octagonal, rhomboidal; there is literally no end to the capricious oddities he has perpetrated in this way. The subjects of his "poems" are equally whimsical. Though the invention is not new, for the old Greek anthology has specimens of these "figure verses," credit must be given to the Frenchman for the new devices which he adopts for his poems.

MYRTLE WREATHS.—Modern fashionable society, which decrees that none but betrothed brides shall wear the myrtle, is not aware, perhaps, that the custom dates back to the days of the Greeks and Romans.

"The lover with the myrtle sprays
Adorns his crisped tresses."

Old legends tell us that the blessed Virgin, upon the occasion of her marriage to Joseph, wore a crown of myrtle. Still it was not exclusively monopolized by brides, for among the Athenians it was customary to crown the dead with a garland of myrtle. It was also the symbol of authority, and as such was worn by magistrates.

The sword of Harmodius and Aristogeiton were wreathed with sprays of myrtle when they went forth to deliver their countrymen from the tyranny of the Pisistratidæ, as we learn from an Athenian drinking-song by Callistratus.

This plant receives its name from Myrsine, an Athenian maiden, the favorite of Minerva, and who was metamorphosed into this flower. It was sacred to Venus, one of whose numerous appellations was Myrtia.

MAGNETIC WELLS.—The secret of magnetic wells lies in a fact long known, that iron bars inserted in the ground or standing upon the ground in a perpendicular position become magnetic. Iron tubing in wells, having more conducting surface, undoubtedly become stronger magnets, and sooner than solid bars or rods. Water is a good conductor; and, as it flows through the tubes, is an excellent medium for transferring the magnetic property to knife-blades or other articles susceptible of becoming charged with electricity. Let any man who has put down what is called a "drive well" examine it with that view, and he will probably learn that he has a magnetic well.

Scientific.

A NOVEL APPLICATION OF THE SAND-BLAST.—

The Institution of Mechanical Engineers, at one of their recent meetings, discussed the sand-blast and its applications, especially in the cutting of stone. From the paper read at that meeting we learn that this invention is likely to prove much more important, as a mechanical appliance, than could have been imagined. Common quartz sand, driven with a sufficiently high velocity, will cut wood, slate, marble, glass, iron, and the hardest steel; indeed, there hardly seems to be a limit to its power. Even corundum can be cut by quartz sand; and quartz can be cut by a jet of small lead shot or globules of cast iron. Steam or compressed air can be used for the blast, and if the steam is at a pressure of four hundred pounds to the square inch, or more, it will do more and better work than if at a lower pressure. The force of the steam may be judged of from the fact that a dull, red light is seen around the spot where the sand strikes the stone. In finishing the surface of dressed stone, or cleaning down a house-front; in smoothing metallic surfaces, removing rust, and especially in hollows, bends, and other irregularities, the sand-blast will prove singularly serviceable. It can also be used for boring deep holes in stone or other hard substances. In the engraving or grinding of glass or porcelain, the air-blast is better than the steam, as it does not wet the surface. In hydraulic mining a jet of water can be employed, charged with pebbles or stones, and the penetrating and dislocating effect of the combined fluid and solid is surprising. This could be used in tunneling, and obviate the risk of explosions and the disturbance of superincumbent rock.

THE LANGUAGE OF INSECTS AND ANIMALS.—

A writer in the *Scientific American* gives the following curious instances of communication between animals: "Our notice was lately attracted to the labors of a colony of small black ants, which had taken up its abode in a chink in the wall outside our office window. A solitary ant, evidently on a private foraging expedition, suddenly encountered a scrap of bread, which had fallen on the sill several feet from his home. Instead of nipping off a fragment and carrying it away, the insect apparently made a careful examination of the entire piece, and then turned and ran at full speed back to the hole. In an instant hundreds of ants emerged and marched directly for the bread, which they attacked, and very speedily, morsel by morsel, transported it to their dwelling. Another good instance is that of a terrier-dog, belonging to a friend from whom we obtained the facts. The animal, it seems, somehow excited the ire of a larger dog, and accordingly received an unmerciful shaking. Shortly afterward the terrier was seen in close

consultation with a huge Newfoundland. The result was, both trotted off together and found the terrier's assailant, which then and there received a furious thrashing from the Newfoundland, while the terrier stood by and wagged his tail in high glee. In the case of the ants, it is clear that the single insect must have imparted the news of his discovery to an entire community of his fellows; in that of the dogs, the terrier must have made the Newfoundland understand the circumstances of his misfortune, and so secured sympathy and assistance."

PRIMEVAL MUSICIANS.—Another curious relic of primeval man has been discovered, which shows that our very remote ancestors, in addition to being cognizant of the arts of sculpture, drawing, and engraving, were also, in a rude way, musicians. M. Piette has recently found in a cavern in Dourdon, France, mingled with scraps of pottery, bones of animals, and flint implements, a flute. The instrument is made of bone, and has but two holes, so that it could produce but four sounds. It bears a close resemblance to the similar instruments used by the savages of Oceania.

PALESTINE ARCHEOLOGY.—In the Holy Land, the Palestine Exploration Society of England has been foremost in carrying on investigations. Little has been accomplished toward definitely locating the sites of the Temple of Solomon, the sepulcher of David, or of many other structures mentioned in the Scriptures. In Jerusalem, a mysterious tomb was opened, and in it, below a bed of rough clay brick, a human skeleton was found, its head turned toward the South, but past all identity of race or period. Throughout all the territory there is inextricable confusion of origin and date. There are tombs with Greek inscriptions, bordering upon Roman roads, and over all are signs of the changes caused by the wars which have swept over the land. Over two hundred excavations have been made in and about Jerusalem. The remains of a large building, facing the cardinal points, have been found among the ruins of an entire town, which, situated twelve miles west of Nablous, once covered a square mile of area. The edifice was probably an ancient monastery. Some interesting examinations have been made concerning the Holy Sepulcher and the Dome of the Rock, the materials used in the pillars of which appear to be the remains of older structures. The English Ordnance Survey of Palestine now extends over three-elevenths of the area of the country, or eighteen hundred square miles. This includes a map of Jerusalem, which shows that the original rock on which the city was built is now covered with from twenty-five to one hundred and twenty feet of *débris*. There appears every reason for believing the truth of the

tradition that Jerusalem was utterly obliterated by the Roman Governor, Turnus Rufus, and its site plowed over.

A NEW THEORY OF COMETS.—The following novel theory of comets is proposed by a correspondent of *Iron*: "Comets are supposed to consist of thin vapors of gases, held together by the mutual attraction of their particles. Like all bodies so circumstanced, they necessarily assume the spherical form, and therefore the common notion that they consist of a comparatively small and bright nucleus and an immensely long and illuminated tail, evidently derived from their appearance in the heavens, can not for a moment be entertained. That their spherical form, as shown by the reflected light of the sun, would scarcely be discernible at the distance of our earth, even though the comet were as dense as the densest cloud of our atmosphere, would not be surprising; but if their attenuation, as described by Sir John Herschel, be considered, all wonder ceases. Sir John Herschel says, 'that the most unsubstantial clouds which float in the highest regions of our atmosphere, and seem at sunset to be drenched in light, and to glow throughout their whole depth as if in actual ignition, without any shadow or dark side, must be looked upon as dense and massive bodies compared with the filmy and all but spiritual texture of a comet.' Owing to this extreme tenuity of matter, the rays of the sun's light, as reflected by it, are absolutely invisible to the inhabitants of the earth; but the other rays penetrating into the center of the comet, are refracted by this powerful lens of twenty millions of leagues diameter into the focus which forms the nucleus of the comet, where there is, perhaps, a greater concentration of rays of light than anywhere else, not in the body of the sun. Hence, the large body of concentrated light, streaming in a narrow path through the remaining half of the comet in a direction opposite to the sun, forms that splendid appendage called the tail. It seems scarcely necessary to point out that this mode of viewing a comet accounts for the circumstance of the tail being always in opposition to the sun, whether in advancing or receding; also for the wonderful celerity shown by the tail in turning around the sun when the comet is in perihelion, and for the rapidity with which the comet darts out its tail after the perihelion passage. It explains also, on the principle of the aberration of light, the bend which the tail of some comets has toward the region they have left, also the absence of a solid nucleus, and the non-obscuration of the stars by the body of the comet. If the conjecture be correct that the nucleus of a comet is near its center, and that the comet extends in every direction around the nucleus to as great a distance, at least, as the length of the tail, then it follows that at the present moment the sun is feasting on our comet, and that when it emerges from its embraces, a few days hence, it will have suffered some diminution of size."

FISHING BY MEANS OF EXPLOSIVES.—At a recent meeting of the California Academy of Sciences, Mr. A. W. Chase, of the United States Coast Survey,

read a short paper on the capture of fish by the explosion of cartridges by means of fuses under the water, which he has practiced with much success. The *modus operandi* adopted by Mr. Chase was to take a small skiff, and row out to the kelp-beds surrounding the island. "Here," he says, "the bottom is distinctly visible. When an unusually large school of fish would swim by, I would quietly light the fuse, and drop the cartridge into the water gently. If the water was, say eight fathoms deep, I would graduate the fuse for explosion at four. The cartridge would slowly sink—generally in a spiral—and a few bubbles of air or smoke arise to the surface. When the fire reached the fulminate of mercury, there would be a sudden white flash, then a quick, sharp detonation, the blow striking the bottom of the skiff as if some one had struck it with a hammer. Then, in a space of time varying from eight to ten minutes, every fish within a radius of forty or fifty yards would slowly come to the surface. Those within the immediate vicinity of the explosion, of course, were killed by bursting the bladder and injury to the large intestines, and had to be speared up from the bottom. Those, however, at a greater distance would be simply stunned, and could be taken in with a net. Care had to be taken to avoid touching those only slightly stunned, until the net was fairly around them, as the slightest blow would arouse them from their torpor. The shock of the explosion is most severely felt downward, as the resistance is greater. The ordinary water-proof fuse will burn about one foot to every twenty-five seconds, and a cartridge will explode in from four to six fathoms with from three to four inches of fuse."

IRON DIRECT FROM THE ORE.—We learn that a process for the manufacture of iron direct from the ore, the use of the blast-furnace being dispensed with, has been invented by F. W. Gerhard. Instead of pig-iron, this process employs a compound called "iron coke," which consists of a mixture of ore (or any substance containing iron), the necessary fluxes, and the equivalent of carbon. A lump of this compound is put into the furnace, and by the single process known as "balling," a "heat" may be obtained in considerably less time and with considerably less labor than under the old method, the process of "melting" and "boiling" being entirely dispensed with. The most important feature of the invention is the great saving it effects in fuel.

MEASURING THE VELOCITY OF LIGHT.—M. Burque publishes, in *Comptes Rendus*, a new method of measuring the velocity of light. If a disk is made to revolve very rapidly, and at each turn is illuminated by an instantaneous ray of light, a radial line placed on the disk will appear to be stationary. If, then, the source of light be withdrawn, and placed at a distance, the instant of illumination being unaltered, the greater time of flight of the light ray will allow the radial line, before illuminated, to pass beyond the line of vision. A new radius will be illuminated, and the angle between the two will be the measure of the time of the light's passage.

Sideboard for the Young.

THE THREE KEYS.

A LITTLE girl in Vermont, whose mother died in January, 1864, when she was less than four and a half years old, was taken into another part of the State soon after her mother's death, to live with a gentleman and lady who had no children, but who adopted her as their own daughter, and she called them father and mother. She was a bright and pleasant little thing, full of fun, learned easily, and was fond of her new parents from the very first, who also loved her, and taught her many useful things, which she seemed glad to know, and tried to remember.

Her own parents had not much money; and, as they had seven children (five boys and two girls, the youngest a boy of only two years), this little girl, so young, had but a small chance to learn, or to be instructed in the ways of the world. She had not been taught, or, if so, had forgotten it, that there are three keys which children use when they make known their wants to their parents or others, namely, the iron key, the silver key, and the gold key. Her new parents noticed that she used only the iron key when she desired any thing of them; that is, she would take this key, though not often in a rough manner, and attempt, through their ears, to reach and unlock their hearts, and obtain what she wished. At first she succeeded in opening their hearts, inasmuch as her parents considered that she did not understand about the other keys; yet their hearts were always pained by its use, and ached long afterward; for it was so very rough and unpolished that no one could use it without paining the heart it touched. Let us look at

THE IRON KEY.

"Mother, I want an apple;" "Mother, give me an apple;" "Mother, I want to go and see Hattie." That is the rough and unpolished iron key. So are the words, no, yes, what, don't, I won't, where used by children toward parents, or persons much older than themselves, instead of—no, sir; yes, sir; what say? or, what, sir? please not; I'd rather not.

Now, this little girl had a new dress soon after she had come to live with these parents, and on the right side was a pocket of coarse cloth, in which she carried the iron key. She was not aware that on the left side her mother had made another pocket of very good cloth, to hold a silver key, and that the key was already there. Neither did she imagine that in the same dress, and easier to be reached with the right-hand than either of the others, there was still another pocket, close to her heart, made of very nice velvet, in which was resting, ready for use, a beautiful gold key—a key that rarely fails to unlock almost any heart to which it may be applied.

So, one day, after her father had gone to his work her mother called her, showed her the pockets, took out the keys, and taught her how to use them. She seemed much pleased with them, and her black eyes shone brightly as she looked them over, and promised her mother she would remember she must use them. Now let us look at

THE SILVER KEY.

"Mother, please give me an apple;" "I would like an apple, mother;" "Mother, let me go and see Hattie a few minutes;" "Mother, please excuse me," (from the table.) Now, this silver key is a very good one, and generally safe for good and pleasant children to use, but it often jars the heart; and, besides, there is something dangerous about it, and very curious, the secret of which will be explained by and by.

Sometimes, when used by children who are selfish and impatient, it will change into a rough iron key. In such cases it very rarely unlocks our hearts, but usually hurts the child who uses it more than the parents or others. Try this key in a cross manner, and notice how quickly it changes into an iron key. "Mother, please give me an apple."

Again: when used in another way, it becomes changed, and appears so much like a gold key that no one can tell the difference, for it will unlock the heart just as easily and quickly as the real gold one; and, what is remarkable about it, too, it never jars the heart, as the silver one sometimes does.

This changing the silver key into an iron one, or into a gold one, just according as you use it, is very curious indeed, and peculiar to this key; for neither the iron key nor the gold key ever change into any other, but always remain the same iron key or gold key, while the one of silver changes into both. We will now see

THE GOLD KEY.

"Mother, will you please give me an apple?" "Yes, my dear," the mother says. "Mother, I would like an apple, if you please." "Yes, darling, you shall have one," replies the mother, almost before the request is finished. "Mother, may I be excused?" or, "Please excuse me, mother." "Yes, dear," she answers. "Mother, let me go and see Hattie a few minutes." "Not now, my daughter," is the reply; "it is nearly school-time, and you might get a tardy-mark." So you perceive that when she used the gold key, it unlocked the heart in every instance, except when the request, when granted, would have been improper, or an injury to her; and as parents have seen so much more of the evils and dangers of life, they are always supposed to know better than their children what is right and

best for them to do; and, besides, the Bible says, "Children, obey your parents, for this is right." And again it says, "Honor thy father and mother, that it may be well with thee."

When her father, who knew all about these pockets and keys, came home at noon, he was both surprised and pleased to see her handling these silver and gold keys. But he suspected what had happened—that her mother had been showing her the pockets, and had been talking with her.

He had been in the house only a short time when she tried the gold key in his ears in this way: "Please let me sit in your lap, father;" and up she jumped, with his help, into his lap. She was but just seated, however, before she snatched out the silver key and thrust it into his ears in this manner: "O, please don't squeeze me so hard, father." "Well," he replied, "do you know what I did it for? Have you not been doing something naughty?" Her bright eyes looked up into his with a half-serious and inquiring gaze, as she slowly answered, "No, sir." "Have you not," he says, "worn a great hole in your right-hand pocket, and lost your iron key?" It would have pleased you then to hear her funny and hearty laugh, as she nestled her head up against his side, and attempted to squeeze him. But she was again pressed to his bosom closer than before; so close, indeed, that she began to think of her iron key, and felt after it; but she could not find it, for there *was* a great hole in her pocket, and she had lost it. Now we will explain the

GRAND SECRET

that changes the silver key into a gold one. You recollect it changed into an iron one when a child used it while she was in ill-humor, or in a hurry, and that she was in danger of being hurt by it herself, instead of her parents or others.

But let us just glance again at the silver key. "Mother, please give me an apple;" "I would like an apple, mother;" "Mother, let me go and see Hattie a few minutes;" "Please excuse me, mother." You see that is the silver key in every particular.

Now for the secret that changes the silver key into a bright and beautiful gold one. Take this little crooked mark (?), which means that a question is to be asked, and place it on each sample of the silver key, and observe how quickly and neatly it changes it into a beautiful gold key. Try it on one sample, "Mother, will you please give me an apple?" Try again: "Mother, will you let me go and see Hattie a few minutes?" Try it once more: "Please excuse me, mother?" Now is it not very funny, too, that such a little crooked mark as this (?) should change a silver key into a gold one? But you see it does; for that mark (?) can not help doing it.

And now, if you will only bear that mark (?) in mind whenever you use the silver key, it will make no difference with your parents which key you take, the silver one or the gold one. The heart is never pained by the gold key, nor jarred by the silver one changed into a gold one. Its presence is a comfort and a joy to every one, and pleases every heart.

Having now told you about the three keys, and the grand secret of their use, I sincerely wish that every little boy and girl who reads this story will always try to use the gold key, as little Flora is now trying to do, though she sometimes forgets; and that whenever they shall use the silver key, they shall be very careful that it shall not change into an iron key, and do them lasting hurt.

By using this key through life, this ever-beautiful gold key, or the silver one changed into a gold one, they will unlock many a heart that no other key will unlock. Nay, more than this: on every side hearts will open to them of their own accord; and smiles, good wishes, and good deeds will meet and welcome them wherever they may go. Sunshine will beam along their way, and o'er their path many a bud will blossom, and many a flower will shed its fragrance. Even the very songsters in the wayside trees and groves will seem to vie with each other in efforts to fill the ears and souls of these immortals with the sweetest strains, while they are journeying through the world.

THE LITTLE KING-BIRD.

You may call Miss Jenny Wren a little shrew, if you please; but she can't begin to keep up with the little king-bird, after her nest is made. Then, from a very peaceable, comfortable bird, she changes into a little fury, almost—all out of love for her pretty birdlings, you will understand. If any other bird ventures to come near her nest, she flies at it with bristling feathers and dauntless heart, compelling birds a great deal larger and stronger to beat a hasty retreat. Even the great bald-eagle dreads this persistent little antagonist, much as a man might dread a hornet he could not catch. If one approaches, the little king mounts up in the air far above his head, and pounces down on his neck, dealing out the blows with his little bill both right and left. The old eagle shakes himself, and wheels back and forth as swiftly as his strong wings can bear him, but all in vain; the little mosquito on his back keeps its hold. A pair of them are enough to conquer the proudest spirit of our national bird.

There is one little fellow, however, who is a match for him; and that is the purple martin. He can fly as fast as the little king-bird, and often leads him a weary chase. There are always enough to tease cross people, and the red-headed woodpecker seems to delight in teasing this little shrew. They may often be seen playing bopeep around a tree or rail, the king-bird chattering and scolding, and trying in vain to pluck a feather out of red poll's cap.

She does not care for honey, but she will nip off the bees whenever she can get a chance; so farmers are not very friendly to her, and often bring her little life to an untimely end. It is rather ungrateful though, after her valuable services in destroying every day a hundred or more of the mischievous insects which destroy his grain and fruit.

Be thankful for the thousands of little birds the Creator has taught such useful lessons, and never be so cruel and unwise as to kill one.

Contemporary Literature.

DR. LIANTARD, of the New York College of Veterinary Surgeons, prefaces a translation of a lecture by M. Bouley, General Inspector of the Veterinary Schools of France, on Hydrophobia, with the remark that "one of the best means of preventing the spread of hydrophobia is to make the people acquainted with the insidious and varied symptoms of that fearful disease." To this end the Messrs. Harpers publish Dr. Bouley's treatise on *Hydrophobia*, "the means of avoiding its perils and preventing its spread," a pamphlet of sixty pages; of which we have to say, what we have said of a few other publications of supreme importance to human welfare, that it should be sown broadcast by public appropriation or benevolent associations. Every body ought to read Dr. Bouley's tract. It corrects any number of popular misapprehensions, of which the following is the most common, namely, that rabies in the dog is characterized by raving madness from the outset. This is not so. The disease is of a gentle type at first; the dog is merely sick, sad, dull, morose, likes to be alone, keeps in dark corners, is anxious, agitated, restless, comes and goes, lies down and gets up, goes out, smells about, looks round, and scratches with his fore-paws, sees phantoms, bites in the air. At first he is affectionate, and wants to lick the hands and face of his master. Beware of his *saliva*; for it is a deadly poison, if it gets into a sore, or a scratch, or a wound. At first he is not inclined to fight and bite, is desirous to caress those he knows, and obeys the voice of his master. The mad dog is *not afraid of water*; he does not refuse food; he satisfies his desire to bite on inanimate objects; he gnaws the wood of doors and furniture; tears carpets, curtains, slippers, shoes; chews straw, hay, hair, wool; eats earth, dung, etc. Abundant flow of saliva is not a constant symptom. The voice of the mad dog is changed in tone, becomes hoarse, prolonged, jerky, and howling. He is always violently irritated by the sight of animals of his own species. When the disease reaches its height, he runs away from home, and attacks with energy all the living beings he encounters, but always prefers to attack dogs. The surest preventive of inoculation from the terrible bite is immediate and severe cauterization, or burning with gunpowder, squeezing, sucking, binding a ligature about the limb to arrest circulation. Spontaneous hydrophobia is rare. Out of one thousand dogs, nine hundred and ninety-nine take it from a bite. Suspected dogs ought to be watched and quarantined for at least *eight months*. There is little or no difference in the seasons of the year. At all times and seasons we should be equally on our guard, and use efficient measures for protection against dogs. As many dogs run mad in Winter as in Summer. It is a cruel

practice to muzzle healthy dogs in the hot season, and as useless as cruel. When a dog has been bitten, he does not run mad till he has gone through all the preliminary stages, and given his friends fair notice that he is ailing and sick, and needs to be securely shut up till it is certain his disease is not the terrible and fatal rabies. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

CHURCH history and biography are interesting as showing the progress of Christian civilization, and the triumphs of the Gospel over human hearts. And there has been no lack of books in this department of literature. Our own Church has furnished ample materials for such works. We have had no lack of biography, and no lack of subjects of the most interesting character. The history of our Church, too, has been written, both in monographs and in volumes at large. Of the former kind is *Indiana Methodism*, by F. C. Holliday, D. D. (Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.) It contains an account of the introduction, progress, and present position of Methodism in the State, together with a history of the literary institutions under the care of the Church, and a sketch of the principal Methodist educators in the State. The author has gathered together in this volume a mass of valuable material relating to Methodism, and without which a history of the Church would be incomplete. Some of his narratives are of thrilling interest, and are reprinted in the words of the original writers. But all this is not necessarily history. It is a reservoir from which the historian may draw. It is the source from which history may be written. It is the annals, the undigested documents, which must be consulted, but from which only here a line and there a fact may be taken. Such is the volume before us. It contains matter which we can not spare, but, along with it, very much that ought to have been omitted, or condensed into a single paragraph. Tables of figures are valuable in public reports and collections of statistics—they ought to be summarized into sentences in history. The reader does not specially care to be informed as to the minutiae of a conference session, with all the dry and tedious details of what this charge contributed, or wherein that station is deficient; how much this preacher received, or what sum that preacher failed to get on his salary. These ought to appear in the Minutes of the Conference; but we can spare them from history. We want *results*, not *details*; history, not the rude mass from which history is shaped.

After the Truth, by Mrs. Sarepta M. I. Henry. (Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati; Nelson & Phillips, New York.) The story of a boy consecrated in early

life to the service of God in the ministry. Uninfluenced in his course of life, he comes to his sixteenth year with a strong desire to be a farmer; but, becoming a Christian, he finds the words of Paul to Timothy, "Preach the Word," addressed particularly to himself, and earnestly sets about the work which comes to his hand. The power of believing prayer, and the influence of practical religion in the home circle are so fully and truthfully set forth that the book can not fail of doing good wherever read. In the presentation of the Sunday-school lesson, "The Image of the Vision," much useful information is given to the young concerning the metals and minerals mentioned in the Bible.

THE interest which attaches to the person and character of Christ is a hopeful sign of the future. It is a dead Church which does not regard the life and work of its founder; and the charm which invests them both is of itself sufficient to engage constant attention. The Christian world has of late been more than usually attracted to the examination of our Lord's human history, teachings, and offices. More than a dozen Lives have been written or revised within the last decade of years; and now Rev. William M. Willett has given us another re-statement of Christ's life, in his *Messiah*, published by B. B. Russell, Boston. It is a compact volume of 442 pages duodecimo, and is written in a popular style, without any pretentious display of learning, and yet embodying the best results of later criticism. It breathes an excellent spirit, and will be read with profit and pleasure by those to whom the Messiah is an unwearying study.

BOOKS for girls have been common for more than a century. Every library catalogue contains such titles as, "Young Ladies' Counselor," "A Father's Legacy to His Daughters," "Advice to Girls;" and several series of books have been written especially for the gentler sex. It would seem as if all the topics of interest for the fair had been exhausted, and there was nothing more to say; but Dr. Dio Lewis, in his *Five Minute Chats with Young Women and Certain Other Parties* (New York: Harper & Brothers), shows how many new things can be said, and old things put into new forms of speech. There is a wholesome and vigorous tone in these chats. The author talks directly to the point which he wishes to reach. He has no tergiversations, or compromises with error; he tries to comprehend the truth, and to utter it. Though professedly a book for young women, there are "certain other parties" who would do well to read it, and take therefrom a few hints. If they are wise, or desire to be so, *Verbum sat*.

It is a trite saying that we live in a fast age; and now we have one phase of this age presented in *A Fast Life on the Modern Highway*, by Joseph Taylor. (New York: Harper & Brothers.) The author endeavors to give his readers some glimpses into the railroad world from a new point of view—his standpoint being within the railroad circle rather than without. It is a light, amusing, frothy kind of a

book, which one may quickly run through when traveling on "the modern highway," but from which he may still get a pretty good idea of railroad life. It describes the duties and labors of all the employees of a railroad, from the superintendent down to the brakeman and stoker.

JUVENILES.—Our young people are in no danger of having nothing to read—the only danger is in their having too much. Books are rapidly used up; and old books must make way for new. In the juvenile library, as in the matter of dress, there is a fashion of things, and the prevailing fashion is that which rules. Just now, in the literary line, it is teaching the young moral lessons by means of fiction. It is no longer possible to class fiction among the things forbidden to Church members and religious families. Of course there must be a selection, and the domestic library must needs contain a judicious admixture of tales and stories. For juvenile readers, Robert Carter & Brothers, New York, have just published *Little Trix, or Grandmamma's Lessons; Maggie's Mistake, a School-girl's Story; and The New Scholars*, by Joanna H. Mathews,—all well written, interesting, and pleasant narratives of young life.

THE Sunday-school department of the Church is worked with great efficiency under the management of Rev. J. H. Vincent, D. D. The *Year-Book* of the Union, a pamphlet of 146 pages, published by Nelson & Phillips, is full of information. It reports 17,936 Sunday-schools; 195,484 officers and teachers; 1,324,187 scholars of all ages.

SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME, the veteran editor of the *New York Observer*, with the virus of four scribbling generations in his veins, could hardly be any other than a graceful essayist. *Under the Trees* (Harper & Co.; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati) is a substantial, beautiful, and attractive volume of three hundred pages, containing thirty miscellaneous letters and papers from the pen of this gifted author.

The Nimrod of the Sea. Stories of whalemens and their adventures, by William M. Davis (Harper & Brothers; Robert Clarke & Co.), with thirty illustrations, will be a popular book with boys, and entertaining and instructive to landsmen, "old salts," and boys of larger growth. It belongs to a class of works that afford a never-failing fund of amusement to all readers.

My Miscellanies, by Wilkie Collins. (Harper & Brothers; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) A volume of brief sketches, originally published in *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*. As the gifted author says, "With something of the ease of letter-writing, and something of the familiarity of friendly talk."

Miss Moore, a tale for girls, by Georgiana M. Craik. (Harper & Brothers; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) A nice story for girls to read, containing some good hints to governesses as to the successful management of stubborn little misses in short skirts and pinafores.

Our Letter-Bag.

WOMEN'S WRONGS.—The question has been discussed on all sides; and now the spirit moves me, and I *must* speak. Last Summer, I think, the REPOSITORY contained several articles on "Women's Wrongs." Well, now, I want to ask what good the author thought those articles would do. They were written for, and printed in, a journal almost exclusively for women. Does holding up women's wrongs between them and the sun either mitigate those wrongs, or make them any easier to bear? Or do the men, who may chance to read them, feel any more kindly toward women in general, or their wives in particular, for being held up to the gaze of the public as bears? Not that I am taking the part of these human bears, by any means; for I too have experienced many of those little grievances and hurts. But, as I have found by experience, it does no good to fret over these small things when the world is full of larger ones; and I try to put them by, though a tear or a very angry pain accompany them. And as to such articles, I feel that every one that I read does me a vast amount of harm, and no good. They are seditious, and fill a woman's heart with rebellion at a lot which can not be changed. I think if we can't tame the beast (and this we can not), we had better learn to endure. And those who are set up for our teachers would do infinitely more good to portray to us our small blessings, instead of woes. The aforesaid articles, and many others of like nature, say, "Although these things be small, yet they go far to make a wife miserable." So also would the blessings go far to make her happy if she would only spend the same amount of time in thinking upon them. *I want to be happy*—I do not enjoy being miserable one bit; and when these teachers tell us of our miseries that we already feel too keenly, they only add to our unhappiness.

I have no doubt that those husbands in almost all other things were very good husbands. And if some one would give us the "wrongs of men," even if he had ever so good a wife, they would make as great a mountain of sin against us as those our male friends are guilty of. I have no doubt I should very much enjoy having my husband think me a "perfect angel," and be always thinking of me, and exerting every power to please. But if he should do so, I would grow all the more selfish; and if sometime a conscientious scruple should attack me, I would put forth my angelic hand, pat his head, and say, "That's right; just go on." But we must remember that the husband would enjoy playing angel just as much as the wife.

MRS. B.

A SCOLD.—The statement which you are pleased to make in the September REPOSITORY that "the hides of authors are proverbially as impervious to

criticism as the scales of crocodiles or the shell of the armadillo," is probably true, or you would not say so; yet you must admit that every picture has two sides: and since you have painted yours in somber hues, allow us impervious-hidden authors (the muscles and bones of editors are covered with delicate cuticle) whom you so coolly compare to "crows," in modest meekness and with humility becoming our positions, to amuse ourselves by doing a little sketching on our side. As regards criticisms, perhaps if they were administered in a more courteous manner the effect would be not so perceptibly impervious. But how often are we snubbed with a spirit that plainly says, "There, now, do n't you dare trouble us again!" Our "hides," perhaps, are not unlike the crocodile or armadillo, scales, shell, and all. In nature, we may be similar to "Mother Prim's crow," even to the very blackness. Our "stuff" probably is "not worth a toss into the waste-basket," and we may "expect to know more about our manuscripts" than you feel like telling us; but we are not as unsophisticated in regard to the duty of an editor as you would have us be. No doubt you are overwhelmed with manuscripts; called upon to return perhaps cart-loads, not worth the stamps it will require to send them; but, bless your everlasting heart (if you have one), that is what you are kept for, and a man's business should always be a man's duty. Is yours the most perplexing of all callings? Have not lawyers, doctors, merchants, etc., difficulties to contend with? and can not you testify to the many trials "grievous to be borne" belonging to a minister's life? Why, most respected sir, there are worse occupations than sitting, fat and sleek, in a great, easy editorial chair, reviewing manuscripts. No matter if nine-tenths of them *are* amazingly stupid, that is neither here nor there; if you don't want them, when four lines convince you of their utter worthlessness, you are saved the labor of a further examination, and have that much more time "to envelop, stamp, and remail," which duty you have no right to complain of when stamps are inclosed for the purpose. If you insist on our being reasonable, you must in turn be just. Doubtless a lift in the shape of a few postage-stamps is a nice thing to many of your profession, yet the appropriation of the same is a species of theft which ought not to be tolerated. One would think editors, as a class, were born before Adam, and consequently not even scratched by the Fall, to say nothing of the mangling and bruising process, and were only expected to fly around like angels above the common perplexities of every-day life. But suppose you *were* born before Adam, and have hoarded up wisdom in every generation since, your very wisdom should endow you with a share of that charity which "suffereth

long and is kind." Because you have developed into massive oaks is no reason you should look with contempt on the tiny acorn at your feet. There is a very old Book and a very good Book which says, "Despise not the day of small things." It likewise hints at something like millstones being hanged about people's necks if they offend little ones.

JANE INGLEWOOD.

CREMATION.—Out upon the boasted civilization of the nineteenth century! Will some one please bring forward the often decried record of the Dark Ages, that we may compare or compute the rapidity of our progress back to those gloomy days? Can it be possible that the originators of this movement are in earnest? Are they really so devoid of knowledge relative to Mother Earth's capacious bosom as to believe she can make no more room? And if our ashes are to be gathered into urns, costly or simple, as circumstances warrant, how long, think you, ere another cry will arise for room on the surface of earth? If the schemers planning this movement continue to press it upon public attention, I hope we shall see such an uprising of public scorn and contempt and indignation, as shall overwhelm them in the never-receding waves. May the popular wrath be poured out, without stint or mercy!

Shall the sweet and chastening associations of the grave-yard be exchanged for the awful funeral pyre? Can not the "march of improvement" leave us our grass-grown, daisy-tufted mounds, beneath which rest quietly the bodies of our loved ones? What if there were no "green graves of our sires?" At present, graves are given to the poor who require them. Should cremation become the rule, will receptacles be given them in which to entomb the ashes of their dead? or must the winds of heaven carry to remote and unknown distances the ashes of their departed friends? Then, O how desolate will be the bereft ones! Under the saddest circumstances of death and burial, there is still an unspeakable consolation in standing at the grave within which we know our friend lies; in bedewing the precious sod with affection's tear, or planting the sweet wild-rose above the unconscious head. And O, how dear are the tender recollections surging o'er our hearts as we revisit the hallowed spot! The treasured hillock seems to smile upon us almost with the warmth of his smile as he was wont to greet us in life. O no; never, never, *never* will we part with our present custom of burying our dead! Let it not be the record of this age to banish the green graves from our midst, whether the plea be the health of the living, or the crowded condition of the earth. Neither plea can be convincing.

A. H. C. T.

KIND WORDS.—I can never tell you what a pleasure the REPOSITORY has been to me, so far this year. It always comes just in the right time, and on its face comes a soul-cheering, hearty smile, like to that of a pure, intelligent, mind-refreshing friend. With real, quiet joy of heart, have I seen my little girl take it up to read. I have thought, O, how

much better for her mind and heart than the *Ledger* or the sickening trash of the generality of the popular literature of the day! O, how sad the thought that so many innocent young minds are fed with such food until their thoughts and characters take form and coloring for all time and eternity, and how little parents seem to feel their responsibility in this respect!

I thank you and the kind friends who give me this rich mental monthly feast, very much, indeed. May you never lack for the good things of this life, and may heaven be yours at last! I have just received the August number. It is very good. I thank you for the Somerville papers. They gave me new views, and a more pleasing insight into the character of that great woman, Mary Somerville. And then the pictures, how beautiful! "Mother's Head Nurse" is very sweet. I hope to be able to pay you the subscription price for next year. Accept the prayers and sympathies of a Southern Methodist, who is one with you in the great aim to glorify God, to do good to men, and at last get home to heaven.

Mrs. H. M. G.

CONVENT INFLUENCE.—A young lady, a Protestant, who had been led, by circumstances, to spend some time in a Roman Catholic convent, says:

"One thing that struck my mind very forcibly while in the convent, was the evident aim to subordinate the whole world to the power of the Romish Church. And it seems to me that the singleness of purpose, and devotion, and the concentration of the labors of so many sisterhoods and brotherhoods to the one object is a power, and has a significance which we do not begin to comprehend, and can not at all ways ignore.

"I must admit that I never saw any thing out of the way while I was with the 'sisters;' on the contrary, much that we, as Protestants, would no doubt be wise in emulating. For instance, the refined kindness of manner, the tact and delicacy and gentleness, which distinguish many of them, is inimitable; and I know that by it they win affections, and souls too.

"I remember one of them who used to seem absolutely pained to hear any thing said derogatory to an absent person. 'O, young ladies,' she would often say, in a tone of mild reproach, 'they are not here to defend themselves;' and I would feel rebuked at learning such a lesson to gossip there, and wish there were more such women in the world. But I would never, in the world, be willing to have a young sister of mine placed at school in a convent, unless I was also willing beforehand to have her become a Roman Catholic or a nun. Not because I saw any attempt at proselyting there, but because there is so much to attract and win, especially an imaginative mind."

E. M.

A WONDERFUL BOOK.—If to-day thirty or forty different men, that were in the same circumstances, lived in the same country, and spoke the same language, would together write one book of one thousand pages, but each one write independently, we

should find in this one book as many contradictions as there were men writing it, and, it may be, still more. If it were not so, we would think it very strange. Now, the Bible was not only written by thirty or forty different men, but these men lived also in different countries, and spoke different languages. Among these men we find fishers and herdsmen, poets and philosophers, judges and kings. Moses wrote in the desert, David and Solomon on the throne, Daniel and Isaiah in the palace, and Paul and John when they were in bondage. They wrote in Jerusalem, Babylon, and Rome; in the Hebraic, Chaldean, and Grecian languages. And what makes it still more marvelous, these men lived scattered through a period of time of sixteen centuries. They wrote therefore not only independently from, but were also, most of them, unacquainted with, each other. And yet in view of all these strange facts, the Bible stands before us as a model of harmony and unity. Can a book written under such marvelous circumstances be merely a product of the human mind? Never! The books of the Bible flowed like water out of many different tubes; but they came from one fountain—the Holy Ghost. They treat of many different things of the past, present, and future; but they have one central point, one focus—Jesus Christ. They were written by many different writers, but they had one Author—the Lord God, “which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty.”

We will view this wonderful Book from another stand-point:

No literary work has had more enemies, none has been assailed with more audacity and perseverance, and none has been criticised more severely than the Bible. Mighty kings and emperors have left no means untried that were at their command to destroy this Book. If the same pains had been taken to destroy any other book, it would have disappeared long ago. The Bible is not only not destroyed, but to-day has a larger circulation, is read by more millions, in more different languages, and has a greater

influence upon the destinies of humanity, than any other book. How can we account for this, if the Bible is not the work of God?

JOB, CHAPTER XIV.

Few of days and full of trouble
Is the man of woman born;
Frailer than the floating bubble,
By the tempest rudely torn.

Like the flower of budding beauty
Man unfolds and fades away;
Like the hireling from his duty,
Resting at the close of day.

As the mountain shadow flying
From the breaking morning light;
As the tree whose stock is dying,
Smitten with a mortal blight;

As the rolling flood is cumbered,
As the sea whose bounds are set,—
So his days and months are numbered,
So his sum of years are met.

As the ocean's failing water,
As the stream in dry decay;
As the rocks and mountains totter,
In the earthquake's crumbling sway,—

So man lieth down, nor riseth
Till the heavens be no more;
He nor hate nor love deviseth,
Earthly fame and hope are o'er.

Though his sons may come to honor,
Or by sorrows be brought low;
Yet he knoweth not nor heedeth:
Death hath neither hope nor woe.

But the darkness is not ever,
And the doom is not for aye;
Chains that bind us God shall sever;
Tears of anguish he shall dry.

Lo! the fallen tree it sprouteth;
Night hath ushered in the morn!
Lo! the angel's voice it shouteth,
“Children, rise, to glory born!”

God shall call, and they shall rally
From the caverns of the sea;
From each mountain-top and valley
God shall set his exiles free.

J. PAULSON.

Editor's Table.

DEATH OF BISHOP MORRIS.—The venerable Thomas Alsbury Morris, D. D., Senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died at his residence in Springfield, Ohio, September 2, 1874. He was born in the Kanawha Valley, Western Virginia, a few miles from Charleston, April 28, 1794, and was in his eighty-first year when he died. Though his advantages for schooling in his boyhood were few, he made good use of what he had, and in process of time became a fair scholar, and master of a correct English style, both in writing and speaking.

In his nineteenth year, under the preaching of Rev. David Young at a camp-meeting held in July, 1813, he was strongly convicted of sin; and it

was not long until he united with the Church on probation. He soon obtained the evidence of his acceptance with God, and was appointed a class-leader. Becoming much exercised on the subject of holding prayer-meetings, and offering words of exhortation to his neighbors, he was encouraged by the brethren to make the trial. Accordingly, he commenced his public labors in this direction, and so acceptable were his efforts that he was regularly licensed to exhort. When his parents, who lived twelve miles distant from the place where he was employed, heard that he had given a number of public exhortations, they sent a message to him to come and preach at their house. In the neighbor-

hood where they resided, it was not customary to hold meetings for prayer and exhortation in the absence of a preacher, and not being familiar with Methodist phraseology, they announced that young Morris would "preach;" whereas it had been his intention to hold only a meeting for prayer and exhortation. However, on the assembling of the audience, consisting mainly of his old neighbors and companions, he resolved to make his first effort at preaching; and then and there, for the first time, he stirred up the gift within him, and preached the Gospel of Christ. Shortly afterward he received license from the quarterly conference of the circuit, signed by Rev. David Young, Presiding Elder. The date of this license was April 2, 1814.

From this time, Mr. Morris continued to preach as opportunity served, until he was recommended to the Ohio Annual Conference, where he was received on trial at the session held in Louisville, Ky., September 3, 1816. And now began the real work of his life. His first appointment was the Marietta Circuit, where he remained two years. During this time he traveled seven thousand miles, and preached nearly a thousand sermons. The record of his labors from that period till his death, nearly sixty years, is an honorable one, and in the history of our Church his name will occupy a prominent place. His life dates back to the heroic days of Methodism. His early associates were its pioneers and founders, and he thus grew up with the system, sharing in its trials and rejoicing in its triumphs. He passed through the troublous periods of the radical controversy, the antislavery conflict, and the separation of the Church South, with the genuine respect and confidence of all parties, and his character gave weight to every position which he occupied. Few men were more calm in excitement, or more cautious in pronouncing opinions. It was this temperament of his mind, as well as his lack of personal ambition, that secured for him the affection of the whole Church.

In 1831-3, he was preacher-in-charge of the Cincinnati Station, the most important appointment which he had yet served. Here his hands and his heart were full of his mighty work. It was a season of great sickness, owing to the first visitation of the cholera in this country, and he greatly endeared himself to Cincinnati Methodists by his kind offices, his incessant labors, and his sympathetic manner. Day and night he visited among the members, prayed by the bedsides of their sick, buried their dead, instructed their children, and brought the consolations of religion to many of their homes. Perhaps no portion of his life was more occupied or more successful than the two years of his pastorate in this place.

In the Fall of 1833, he was appointed presiding elder of the Cincinnati District, but before the close of the year's service, he was elected editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, which was then just established, and the first number of which was issued May 2, 1834. In this office he well illustrated the old saying, "Making bricks without

straw;" for not only did he have to write his own editorials, but he was under the necessity of furnishing a part of his correspondence. However, the paper succeeded; and for forty years it has been one of the leading religious journals of the country. In this office Mr. Morris was not suffered long to remain. By the General Conference of 1836, which met in this city, he was elected one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and immediately took to what he himself styled "the big circuit." For over thirty years he executed the duties of this great office in an effective relation to the Church, and was only relieved of its labors and responsibilities when age and infirmities came upon him.

Bishop Morris was the author of a volume of *Miscellanies*, containing biographical sketches, traveling letters, historical scraps, and essays; a treatise on Methodist Church Polity, and a volume of *Sermons*. In his pulpit ministrations, no minister in our Church has more nearly resembled Mr. Wesley than Bishop Morris; and his printed sermons are characterized by the same simplicity of style, the same pith and directness, the same lucid arrangement, and the same earnest and practical enforcement of the truth. He never wearied his audience by tedious harangues, but always closed when he was done, often with apparent abruptness, and usually before the congregation expected it.

For the last fifteen years of his life, his home was at Springfield. Here he enjoyed the society of his friends, and the respect and veneration of the Church. His health had long been infirm, but he was not considered in more than usual peril of his life until but a day or two before his decease. Only the week previously he addressed an affectionate letter to the Cincinnati Conference, then in session in Wilmington. In it he spoke of his comfortable bodily condition, and his bright hopes of a reunion with our Lord in the heavens.

The bishop was thrice married, his last wife surviving him. He had two children, both by his first wife; a daughter who died years ago, and a son, now Francis A. Morris, D. D., of the St. Louis Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

"THE DEAD LINE OF FIFTY."—The Bible limit of life is three score years and ten. Of these years, the first third are spent in education, physical growth and development, mental and moral expansion, getting ready to live. By the time he is thirty, a man, by immemorial usage, is ready for priesthoods and senates, the pulpit, bar, and forum, headship in the family, the army, the State, the Church. As a rule, a man can not expect more than twenty or thirty years of active, busy life, whatever his business or profession. A Chinaman wisely retires from business at forty-five, and expects his sons to support him as a gentleman of leisure and advisory counselor, for the remainder of his days. If Shakespeare's Seven Ages represent so many decades, the sixth, that of "the lean and slippered pantaloons," begins at sixty, at which age the work

of most men is done, and they are on the decline. Confucius comprehends his mental history in decades, and confesses to no decline: "At thirty I stood firm; at forty I had no doubts; at fifty I knew heaven's decrees; at sixty my ear was an obedient organ; at seventy I could follow what my heart desired without transgressing what was right." Socrates was as hale as Vanderbilt at eighty, and Plato was polishing his inimitable "Dialogues" at the same ripe age. These are exceptional cases. In choosing leaders, men prefer enthusiasm to wisdom.

"Old men for counsel; young men for war."

Action is better than advice; the positive is better than the negative; an ounce of poor poetry is better than a pound of sound criticism; the dogmatism of crude eighteen is more palatable than the slow caution of experienced eighty.

At the late session of the Cincinnati Conference, one of its veterans, the Rev. Dr. Asbury Lowrey, asked leave to retire from the effective ranks of the itinerancy to the supernumeraries, in view of the fact that he had "reached that period of age and ministerial service" that implied "the general impairment" that always attends a life past its meridian, and that he did not "think it best for a minister to continue in the uniform work of the itinerancy until he reaches the bitter end of unacceptability." "There is a time when God calls men into the ministry, and a time when he calls them out." These are wise words, and the Conference wisely granted Dr. Lowrey's request.

In olden times, the pastoral relation was as indissoluble as the marriage relation, and was ended only with death. In these days, Churches with permanent pastorates retire their ministers, like army officers, on half-pay. Dr. Cox, of Brooklyn; Dr. Spring, of New York; Dr. Sprague, of Albany; Dr. Beeman, of Troy; Dr. Todd, of Pittsfield; Drs. Arms and Bond, of Norwich, and numerous others, were so retired, and supported as superannuates, and succeeded by younger men. Regretfully, or secretly exultant, the advancing ranks of the strong and healthy and active press out of the service those who have done their work and become old and feeble. They have the field now; but it is a brief possession. "Every dog has his day." Their turn will soon come, perhaps: like the old draught-horse, to be turned loose to die on the common, or, like the useless aged of the Africans and Asiatics, left in some exposed place to die of starvation. In the order of Providence, the "dead line of fifty" is not a fixed line; it is movable.

Those who mature early, fail early. "Soon ripe, soon rotten." Some are as forward at twenty as others are at thirty. Some have spent as much vital force at forty as others have at sixty. Years simply are no measure of ability to do. Some men do their best work between three and four score. Let every man work as long as there is work in him, and let the Church provide that those who no longer bear the brunt of the battle, have positions in the rear suited to their day and strength. Work we

must; but we can not all, if we would, "cease at once to work and live."

A FEW of the patrons of the REPOSITORY were sensitive last year about the reproduction, in mild story, of some of the scandals of former ages; but what were these to the "scandals" sown broadcast in all the papers of the land in July and August last? Verily, the nineteenth century and Protestantism are outdoing Romanism and the sixteenth century in the gusto with which the public gloats over the records of scandal and crime.

THE Harvard College examination for girls, the first ever held, resulted as follows: Three passed clear; one, "perhaps;" two more conditioned in elementary studies; one failed. In general, it was remarked, "Our schools, for girls particularly, do not teach physics with experiments as desirable, and fail when this work is brought to good tests."

THE RETURN OF THE SWALLOWS.—Very beautiful were some of the customs of the ancient Greeks. Their social usages and religious observances had their origin in their love of nature. In their sunny plains, on their shaded mountains, beneath their clear skies, and beside their blue waters, they loved, and worked, and worshiped. Less superstitious than the Egyptians, more devout than the Hebrews, they turned all things of earth into divine gifts to men, and mingled religion with human concerns. In all things they were disposed to revere the gods, and to offer sacrifices in their honor. Not alone the return of Spring with its flowers, or Summer with its grains, or Autumn with its fruits, was made the reason of thanksgiving and festivals; not alone was Ceres for her bread, or Bacchus for his wine, celebrated in songs and dances; but when the birds came back, and the South-wind brought the swallows, popular songs were sung, especially by the Rhodian boys, who went about singing, and afterward begging. The ingenious Athenæus has preserved for us one of these songs, the like of which are still current in modern Greece. In his comedy of "The Birds," Aristophanes makes mention of this swallow-festival, and we do not doubt that girls as well as boys welcomed their return with equal gladness. The young maid in our picture, amid the springing grass, is courting the twitter of her loved birds, and rejoices in the season that inspires "mirth and youth and warm desire."

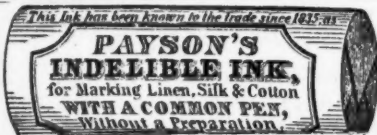
TROUT BROOK.—This is the name given to a wild mountain stream in Vermont. Its cool waters and rocky bed well adapt it to the habits of the trout; and it is in just such a spot as represented in our picture that we should expect to find this delicate fish. The painting was kindly loaned for our use by the artist, P. Fiske Reed, who was for several years a resident of Chicago, and who now has his studio at Lockland, near this city. There is a picturesque beauty in the scene here represented, and we are not surprised that it attracted the eye of the painter, and inspired his hand as he put it on canvas. The engraving is a worthy translation of the painting, and the painting is superior.

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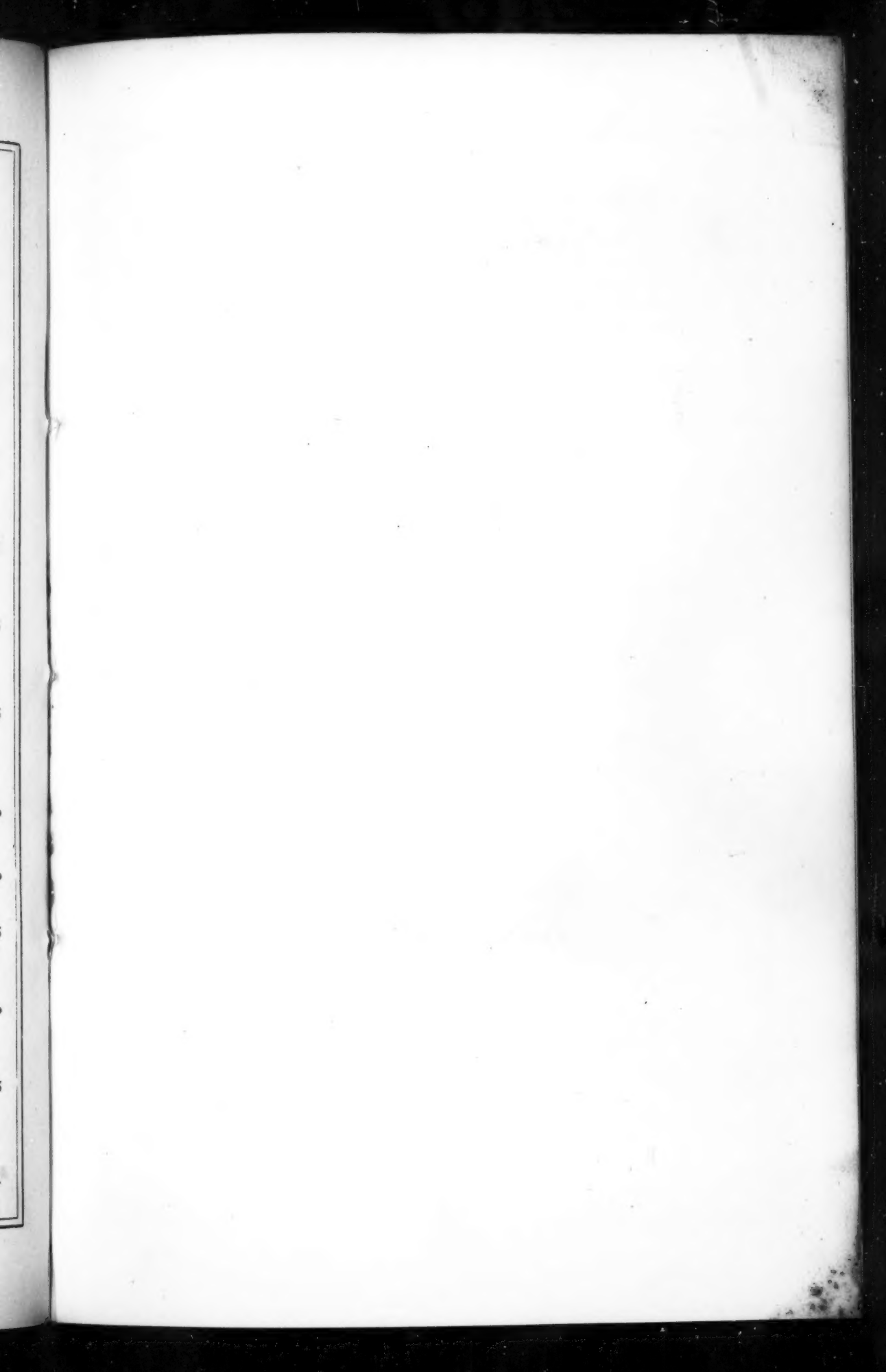
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